MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

THE RIFF RANDELLS

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#236
JANUARY
2003
$3

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US Rate: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. **12 issue sub for $30.** In California, send $19.49 for 6 months or $32.55 for 12 months (tax).
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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-157, 159-163, 166, 169-170, 172-175, 178-181, 184-211, 213-227, 229-235 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $30
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $85
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $100
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $150
Full page (7 1/4" x 10") $400

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time. Send ads on paper, properly sized.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible.

COVER: Mike Thorn

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Also available from: No Idea, Sound Idea, Revolver, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.
See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:
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maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

TIM BROOKS

FUTURES-LP & live/JABARA-LP	ARTICLES OF FAITH-Complete Vol. 1-LP
THE FINGER-We Are Fuck You-LP	WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-Sucking-LP
TOTAL FURY/OATH-split EP	CUT THE SHIT-Bored to Death-EP
BALZAC-Atom Age Vampire in 308-2xLP	V/A-Nå Eller Aldri-LP/SONS OF CYRUS-LP
DSB-Wings Continue to Strive-LP	HIT ME BACK/GC5-live

ROB COONS

CUT THE SHIT-Bored to Death-EP	DROP DEAD/TOTALITÄR-split EP
TOTAL FURY/OATH-split EP	V/A-Four Corners-LP
FUTURES-Electric Wave-LP & live	V/A-Mosh Circle, Jerks Punks-CD
DSB-Wings Continue to Strive-LP	THE RITES-Your Last Rites-EP
JABARA-Why We Wish-LP	I QUIT!-Old Miserable Bums-EP

ARWEN CURRY

JABARA-Why We Wish-LP	MILKY WIMPSHAKE-Lovers Not Fighters-LP
FUTURES-Electric Wave-LP & live	PETROGRAD-NineOneOne-LP
I QUIT!-Old Miserable Bums-EP	KILL-A-WATTS-Let's Get High Voltage-EP
JUSTIFIED ANGER-Gas Hikes-EP	JACKSON 8-EP/SCATTERED FALL-EP
KOHU-63/ZLO-split EP/MUSTANG-LP	ORDER-Taep'o Dong-LP

JONATHAN FLOYD

TOAST-Sound Of A Grave New World-CD	ARTICLES OF FAITH-Complete Vol. 1-LP
CRO(W)S-Dirty Bunny-CD	DROP DEAD/TOTALITÄR-split EP
HIGHSCORE-Unsuspecting Actors-LP	MILKY WIMPSHAKE-Lovers Not Fighters-LP
LOST SOUNDS-Rat's Brains & Microchips-LP	DISCLOSE-Apocalypse of Death-12"
ONE MAN ARMY-Rumors & Headlines-LP	STOCKHOLM SYNDROME-live

JEFF HEERMANN

LOST SOUNDS-Rat's Brains & Microchips-LP	MENOPAUSE-live
PARKINSONS-A Long Way To Nowhere-LP	RIFF RANDELLS-Lethal Lipgloss-10"
PIRANHAS-Erotic Grit Movies-LP	ALAN MILMAN SECT-Stiches-LP
HUNCHES-Yes No Shut It-LP	MYSTERY GIRLS-Turned On, Tuning In-EP
TRIGGERS-live	RAEL REAN-Weakdays-EP

KENNY KAOS

RANCID VAT/HAMMERLOCK-split EP	NEGATIVES-Out in the Cold-EP
KILL-A-WATTS-Let's Get High Voltage-EP	EPOXIES-Clones-45/RAEL REAN-EP
RIFF RANDELLS-Lethal Lipgloss-10"	SOVIETTES-TCCP-EP
ONE MAN ARMY-Rumors & Headlines-LP	HEADLINERS-LP/MEXICAN BLACKBIRDS-LP
BROKEN BOTTLES-Radioactive-45	LOS ASS DRAGGERS/LOS PERROS-split EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

DAN MELCHIOR'S BROKE REVIEW-LP	LOS ASS DRAGGERS/LOS PERROS-split EP
FEEDERZ-Vandalism-LP	RIFF RANDELLS-Lethal Lipgloss-10"
PIRANHAS-Erotic Grit Movies-LP	KILL-A-WATTS-Let's Get High Voltage-EP
HUNCHES-Yes No Shut It-LP	MYSTERY GIRLS-Turned On-EP
LOST SOUNDS-Rat's Brains & Microchips-LP	TYRADES/FM KNIVES-live

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

OUT ON HOLIDAY, DEAL WITH IT

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

RAY LUJAN

SANDIEST-Never-CD	THE SIGHTS-If That's-EP
PRETTY GIRLS-CD	NEON HEARTS-Popular Music-CD
WHORE DADDY O'S-Good Drugs-EP	KNOCKOUT-Searching-CD
ONE MAN ARMY-Rumors & Headlines-LP	WOOLWORTHY-Recycler-CD
SOVIETTES-TCCP-EP	LEECHES-Suck-CD/SKOOL'S OUT-After-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

I QUIT!-EP/ARTICLES OF FAITH-VOl. 1&2-LPs	RAEL REAN-Weakdays-EP
THE FINGER-LP/V/A-Nå Eller Aldri-LP	FLATPOINT A/V-Death Culture-EP
BROKEN BOTTLES-Radioactive-45	CUT THE SHIT-EP/ONE MAN ARMY-LP
MILKY WIMPSHAKE-Lovers Not Fighters-LP	BLOCKO/EIGHTY SIX-split EP
YAPHET KOTTO-EP/PETROGRAD-LP	WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-LP/JABARA-LP

WILLIE NELSON

FUTURES/HIT ME BACK-live	DROP DEAD/TOTALITÄR-split EP
RACE BANNON-Satan's Kickin' Your-CD	TOTAL FURY/OATH-split EP
DISCLOSE-12"/TO WHAT END-EP	PG 99/MAJORITY RULE-split LP
I QUIT!-Old Miserable Bums-EP	CRUCIAL SECTION-EP/DEAD FOR A MINUTE-10"
JABARA-Why We Wish-LP	SUBTRACTTO ZERO-LP

DONNA POOLE

KILL-A-WATTS-Let's Get High Voltage-EP	THE SIGHTS-If That's What You Want-EP
RAEL REAN-Weakdays-EP	WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-Sucking-LP
MYSTERY GIRLS-Turned On-EP	FM KNIVES-live
EPOXIES-Clones-45 & LP	RADIO REELERS-live
JACKSON 8-Who Said it Gots to be Good-EP	I QUIT!-Old Miserable Bums-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

ANTiSEEN/HOOKERS-split EP	LOWER CLASS BRATS-Deface the Music-EP
V/A-United States of American Oi! Vol 2-CD	BROKEN BOTTLES-Radioactive-45
WHISKEY REBELS-CD/NEGATIVES-EP	PRESSURE POINT-To Be Continued-CD
TEMPLARS-Return of Jacques de Molay-CD	THE RITES-EP/LAST IN LINE-Congested-EP
RANCID VAT/HAMMERLOCK-split EP	THE MAIN-45/POBEL&GESOCKS-CD

MIKE THORN

DSB-LP&CD/MUSTANG-LP/JABARA-LP	CUT THE SHIT-EP/STRAIGHT TO HELL-EP
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-Sucking-LP	KILL-A-WATTS-EP/PETROGRAD-LP
DROP DEAD/TOTALITÄR-split EP	LOCAL OAFS/PRICKS-split EP
DISCLOSE-12"/FINAL BLOODBATH-EP	TOTALT JAVLA MORKER-CD
SIN DIOS-CD/BALZAC-2xLP/THE RITES-EP	DESOLATION/BUMBKLAAT/GC5-live

RYAN WELLS

ORIGINAL POLKITCH-New Classic-EP	DROP DEAD/TOTALITÄR-split EP
LOST SOUNDS-Rat's Brains & Microchips-LP	HUNCHES-Yes No Shut It-LP
PIRANHAS-Erotic Grit Movies-LP	MILKY WIMPSHAKE-Lovers Not Fighters-LP
JACKSON 8-Who Said it Gots to be Good-EP	KILL-A-WATTS-Let's Get High Voltage-EP
FEEDERZ-Vandalism-LP	FM KNIVES-live

ZINE TOP TEN

Go Fuck Yourself #1	Jersey Beat #72
Abort! #10	King Kat #61
Disunderstood #1	Loitering Is Good #8
Doris #20	Moon Rust #3
Zoop! #19	Uncertain Nervous Systems: Ant Tracks

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Anandi	Aragorn
Peter Avery	Michelle Barnhardt
Jerry Booth	Julia Booz Ullrey
Chanel Bowman	Tim Brooks
Amy Browne	Kat Case
Karoline Collins	Robert Collins
Catherine Cook	Rob Coons
Carl Cordova	Paul Curran
Andy Darling	Mikel Delgado
Ben Ditch	Kara Electric
Jake Filth	Jonathan Floyd
Gardner Fusuhara	Doug Grime
Harald Hartmann	Jeff Heermann
Vince Horner	George Impulse
Chloe Jensen	Kenny Kaos
Carolyn Keddy	Melissa Klein
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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#155/Apr '96. "Holy Bible" issue. Hockey Teeth, Turnips Surfin, Pussy Crush, Cro Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag, Knights of Malta.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City , Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue., Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct. '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Oct. '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead

#235/Nov. '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

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IMPORTANT CRAP!
NEW AD RATES!

Starting issue with #234 (Nov. 2002), MRR's ad rates have increased for the first time in three years. Please note that since a good number of you have asked for them, we will be allowing up to four full-page ads on a first-come first-served basis. Thanks again for your continued support...

1/6th page (2 3/8" x 5") $30
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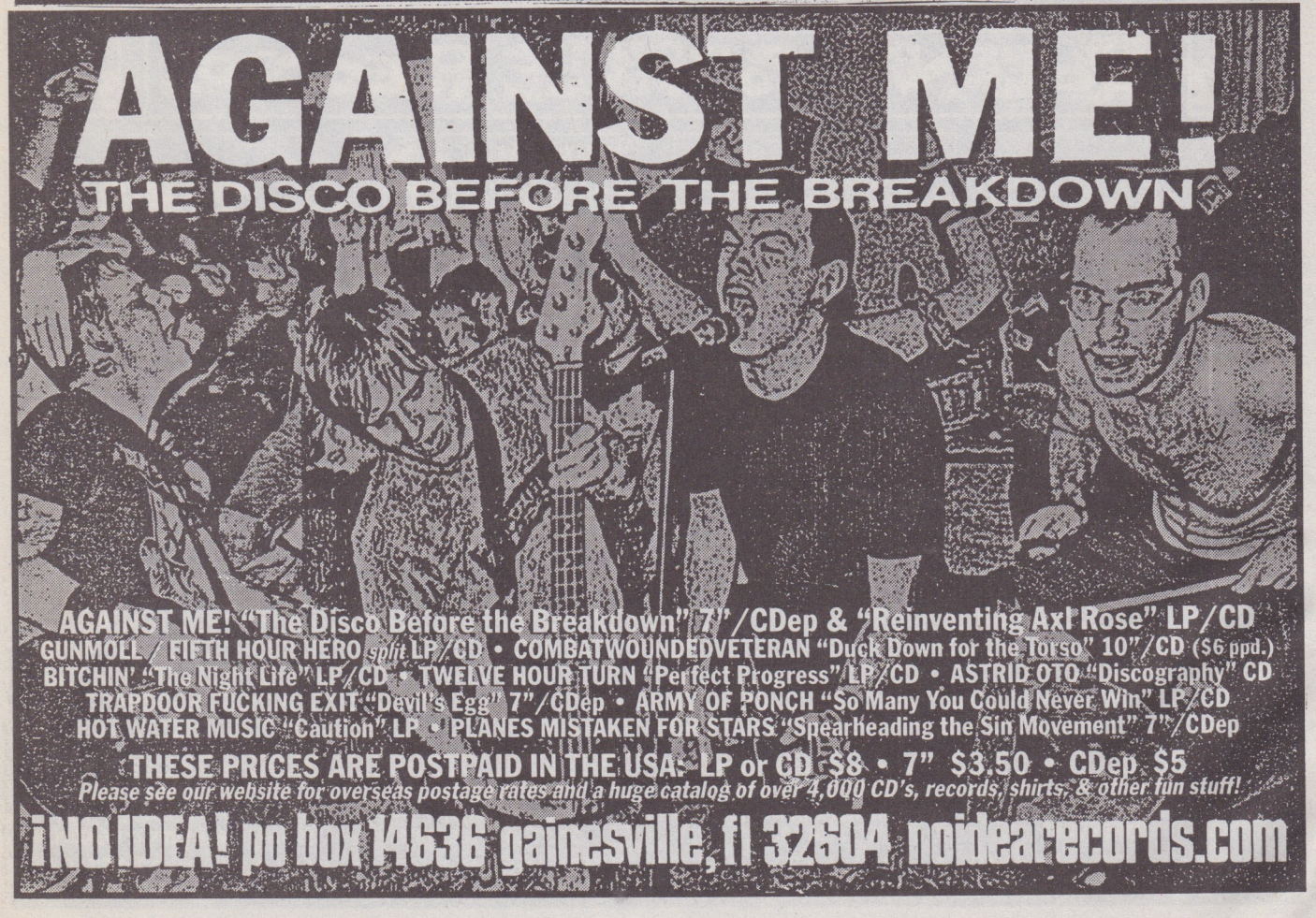

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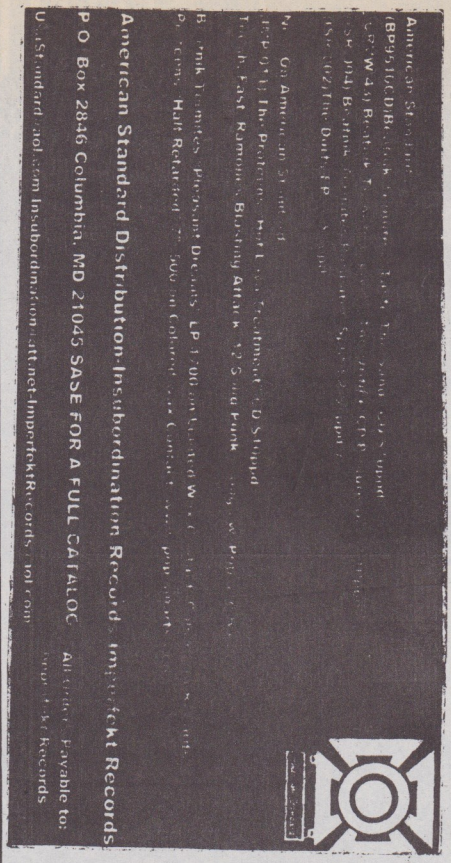

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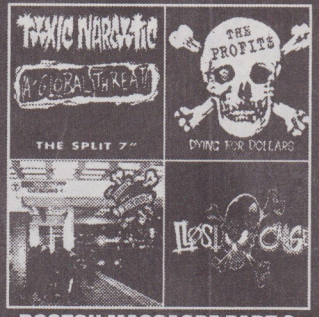

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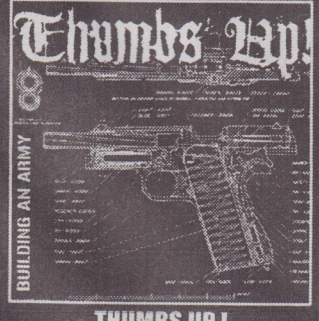

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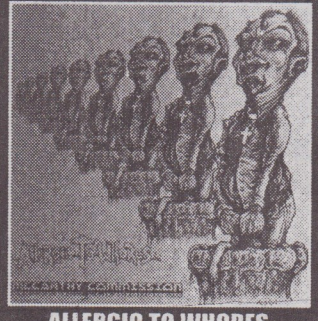

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Arwen/MRR-
Hi. I feel a little strange sending emails to people I don't really know or anything, but something in your column in the November issue of Maximumrocknroll kinda reminded me of a subject I've been ranting about lately and I wanted to write to you about it. If you're not in the mood for the lunatic rambling of some dumb 15 year old punk rock girl, you can skip this or whatnot. Either way, I wanted to write.

Near the end of your column, you talked about how young girls getting into the scene have so little support and often don't get the recognition that boys do and stuff. It's so true, and it really fucking pisses me off sometimes. This is a subject that I've been especially pissed about over the last week or so, so when I read your column it seemed kinda like you wrote about the exact thing I'd been bitching about.

It's just that the scene is so damn male-oriented. Things are held up to a male standard so much. If you're a girl and you want anyone's respect or want to get anything done, it seems like you have to work twice as hard to get half as much, and a lot of people will still try to marginalize you and trivialize you and bullshit. Like, being at a show and having guys tell you to get outta the pit cause you're a girl and you might get hurt. But hey, they might be nice about it and offer to let you hold their jacket. (But then when they inevitably realize that you can and will stomp the shit right outta their Doc-Martens-tight-pants-ooh-I'm-such-a-tough-guy asses and offer you their beer and stop giving you shit...that feels kinda empowering). Still, that bullshit really pisses me off.

Women really need to be given more recognition for some of the outstanding stuff we do, instead of everything being focused on guys. And furthermore, we need to be respected as women. A lot of times, it seems that women are rarely acknowledged unless they can sorta prove themselves as "one of the guys." I grew up learning to fight with the boys in my neighborhood and my older brother, and being told to "be a man" and "take it like a man" (along with cooking and sewing and all that girly stuff) so I tend to slip into that role pretty naturally. Still, I think it's sad that women are recognized based on our ability to act like a guy, rather than for being what we are: women who are, in our own way, stronger and tougher than a lot of guys.

And a lot of girls on the scene can be horrible to each other, too, even when we should be trying to support each other, which is really sad. I personally consider myself pretty lucky in that regard because my best friend is five years older than I am and she's more or less like an older sister or something, she'd always try to "take care" of me at shows and make sure nobody fucked with me or anything. But still...

And in the punk rock microcosm, like the rest of society, the sad fact remains that guys do pretty much whatever they want, while girls have to watch out cause we're more vulnerable to being labeled as a whore or whatever. and no matter how much anyone thinks they don't care about other people's opinions, nobody wants to be labeled the "scene slut." (and on that note, how 'bout waiting after a show to try and interview the band for my zine and guys say "sorry sweetie, I think they have girlfriends, don't even bother" and all that shit. Well...OK. But I wanted to interview them, not sleep with them. Grr. And then there's the fact that horrible nasty shit happens all the time. A woman is raped every four minutes, so we all damn well better be watching our backs. Kinda sad that we even have to do it within our scenes, though.

I dunno, all this shit just really pisses me off, especially over the last few weeks, now that I've started thinking about it a lot. I mean, my local scene is like family to me in a lot of ways and I wouldn't trade it, but it's not exactly a woman-friendly environment. as for me, I guess I'm just gonna keep working on my zine (I'm hoping the first issue will be ready really soon), I'm working on starting an all-girl punk rock band with my best friend and..um..whatever girl we find as bassist. we need a lot more ladies trying to step up and take an active role booking shows, playing in bands, etc..and not just being girlfriends and groupies and merch girls for their boyfriend's project, and that is just not an easy thing to do. I dunno, I guess I just want for myself, and for other girls, the chance to contribute something to the scene, and not just the scenery. And all the other punk rock women out there kicking ass and getting shit started and done in their own cities have my admiration and respect.

Anyway, sorry to go off on this long crazy rant, but the last few paragraphs of your column just kinda summed up one of the big huge things I've been pissed about lately. And as a woman who contributes to and is a part of the punk rock scene (and runs half of MRR, no less!), I'm sure you know how this bullshit goes all too well.
Sincerely,
Marisa la Orgullosa

Dear Readers/MRR-
It's the first time I am writing to MRR after so many years of reading it and unfortunately it is to tell an old friend how full of fucking shit he is. I just got done reading the unbelievably pompous interview with Mark McCoy of The Oath in #234. Now, I feel I have to write since the interviewer and Mark decide to bring my band Limp Wrist into the picture, so here I am, giving a broader view of how things are.

The interviewer goes into bringing

up this supposed Ebullition vs. Oath controversy and in the same breath drags LimpWrist into the scheme of things. What is your issue? Is it this "controversy" or my band? But most importantly I think people need to realize that this supposed controversy was not addressed and never brought up again in the entire interview. It seemed a little planned and funny to me but I am not sure if everyone has caught onto that. This weak ass attempt to fabricate a controversy over their record is total fucking crap. If there was such a controversy and issue over Mark's band and their artwork then why can I still go over to Ebullition and get the record? Actually, I have been to several shops in the L.A. area and have found the record in all of them, so stop trying to make it seem like you have been censored or pulled from the shelves because you haven't been and on a "real world level"(since you seem to know so much about it Mark) no one really cares. Also, if there is such an Ebullition controversy why are you still working with Ebullition? He does all of your label's work for you. I would think "controversies" such as this one you are all promoting would possibly get pretty ugly, but surprisingly all is well. As far as the artwork goes I have seen it, so what? I was not one bit shocked or moved to feel I could not stand to look at what was in the booklet, actually who really was? I highly doubt any of your actual audience would take offense to it. Again, I think it is a weak attempt to create a story around yourselves when it is obvious to many that it is nothing more than you pumping more air into your own fucking head. Mark goes onto ask, "Who is Limp Wrist saving?" Mark, Limp Wrist never promised you or anyone fucking anything. What is this saving shit? What are we changing? Do we have to Mark? What are you changing? I think it's funny that all of a sudden you have come out to being really critical of our band. Well, Mark let me help you save a little face it seems that you have it clear on who and what we are, well why the hell did you ask us to be on your compilation? Now wouldn't you look really fucking dumb releasing a record with us on it after talking your shit? Here is a change we're making Mark, send us our song back because we just pulled out of your comp. I think there are other issues that Mark has failed to mention but since we are bringing things out into the open here they go. Since you did mention ideas that are gimmicky and lack resonance I want to let folks in on some totally absurd and gimmicky ideas you brought up to me not too long ago. The Oath was asking Limp Wrist to do a split LP with them, this was brought up since we did a few east coast shows with them. Limp Wrist said no to this idea, which they brought up several times and we were just not interested in doing it. Not long after the tour had ended, Mark had emailed me because he had a few ideas, one being a full U.S tour with the Oath which we said no to again. Second, a split LP his idea was to do the LP between five labels: Lengua Armada, Youth Attack, Coalition, Gloom, and Paralogy. We would each be pressing a thousand copies of the record, each thousand would have different covers and each thousand would have several tracks which would be different from all the other labels pressing... I basically told Mark his idea was dumb. He got pissed at me for being honest regarding how I felt about a really bad idea. His following email was not too cool and it stopped there. About a week or two later I went to San Diego and I had a feeling I would see Mark and I did. He came up to me and seemed excited to see me and I was standing there confused, so I asked him what the hell the email crap was all about. He basically apologized and said he was just in some weird mood or something of that sort, so no worries. Since then it seems to me Mark has not gotten fucking over it. I guess what I am getting at is that I don't really understand where you are going with your comments about Limp Wrist especially when you have so badly wanted to do projects with us. I also feel that instead of taking cheap shots at what we do via your interview in MRR you could have settled some of these things in person.

I almost feel like I should apologize to all you readers for having to do such dirty laundry in the pages of MRR but oh well, I guess it has to get done once in awhile.

Martin Sorrondeguy

MRR-In 1997, two friends got together and decided to open a store that would sell punk rock records and have shows that anyone could go to. They suceeded; the store is called Mission Records and lies in the heart of San Francisco's mission district. The last five years have brought a lot of ups and downs for the store, and a lot of changes, but the original inspiration has remained strong. We still have punk shows every weekend, kick ass punk records, an amazing jazz section, the best zine library I know of anywhere (thanks to Epicenter), and remain a space where kids can come to hang out, read some zines, talk to folks and maybe drink an occasional beer. However, the constant financial problems have finally reached a crisis point for what may be the last time. The store has not been supporting itself for a long time, which means we are unable buy new stock, which results in the store doing even worse, and so on, and the shows were never money makers. But we feel that the space is important, and hope that other people agree. We are the only all ages, DIY show space in San Francisco, and we need the punk community's help to survive. We appeal to anyone out there, labels, distros, or individuals who can help in any way to do so. We need approximately $5000 ASAP, so any financial donations would be hugely appreciated, but if you can't do that, maybe you would consider donating a copy or two of your latest release, or a little back stock, for us to sell? It would make more of a difference than you might think. We sell records, tapes, t-shirts, zines and books. Local punks- come get involved! Thank you everyone, and hopefully we'll still be here next time your band comes through and we can set up a show for you! love,
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MRR/Felix Havoc-
Just a few comments in response to your column on bootlegging in issue #233. I agree with you on most of the points you mentioned. I do seek out and purchase

bootleg records when I can find them. I don't pay the super inflated prices but have been lucky to find some things for cheap.

Of course there are total rip-off merchants like Lost and Found that have flat out stolen stuff then pressed up large quantities to make big $$$. I think the smaller bootleggers are not a big deal because then I can acquire the music I want at a cheaper price then I would get trying to bid for an original on eBay.

Some that come to mind are (at least in the sXe arena) records like the Project X 7", which has been booted many times. Schism should have kept pressing them since there was a demand for it. The original goes for just over $100.00 but i got my boot for $5.00. How about that Judge Chung King record? Revelation presses up a hundred copies to instantly make it ripe for a bootleg. Once again I got a bootleg copy on white vinyl for $6.00 from some kid that had a box of them outside of Gilman one night. Other good bands I have got boots of are Siege, Neos, Unit Pride, YOT, and Infest (although Infest has been releasing their old stuff recently).

Bands that have shit that people want should just go ahead and put it back out or just deal with the bootlegs.

I guess bootlegging will remain in that gray area and rare records will continue to be booted. I'll keep buying them.

Eric, Hayward, CA

Dear MRR-

Y'all are doing a great job with MRR and I'd love to hear that MRR radio has once again laid siege to the airwaves- though I gotta give ya's big ups for getting it on the net. Best of luck with that format, hopefully when I get out I can tune in on the web. It was really cool back in the day, when the radio broadcasts were around, even though I didn't live in an area where I could pick up the show (from what I recall, there were only a handful of stations outside the immediate bay area that carried it- man, it's been years!). So, I guess if I were out in the real world now, I wouldn't have to hope with each new issue a station in my area would be listed. Right on, I'm really happy for you, you must be really happy about it, and I hope to read about how things work out with the new incarnation of MaximumRockNRoll Radio. Take care all at MRR and let's here it for the shitworkers! CHEERS! Shana

P.S.- If you play "Drop Out" by Treason off the War/Peace compilation (or Christ on Parade's version on Sound of Nature) you will have very good luck indeed. Not that I'm making a - hint, hint - request, or anything. I don't even have a computer here in prison, I just think that's a fuggin great song, and y'know it's like one of those "oh, you gotta hear that song!" type tunes, and I'd be stoked if ya's played it so folx could hear it. I'm lame, I know.

Hola, Amigo!

This is Helge Schreiber of the German "Plastic Bomb" Fanzine writing to you. Haven´t written to MRR in ages. I guess my last scene report has been in 1994...my first one being in MRR #8. Perhaps you also remember the "Welcome to Cruise Country" photozine from 1987?

Anyway, the reason for writing you is the advertising of Chicago´s Haunted Town Records. Last issue (#233) I got an erection seeing the Naked Raygun Live LP/CD ad by HTR. So I got in touch with the HTR and checked out their home page. Their release seem to be very much street punk, oi and most of all pretty much ok.

HTR seems to trade quite a lot. They sell racist crap, like Ultima Thule and Headhunters, who are here in Europe well known right wing bands. HTR also sells records by the German DIM Records, who are strongly connected with the right wing scene.

In your new MRR #234 issue HTR openly runs an ad for the Headhunters, even saying that "all members of Ultima Thule" are being featured.

MRR has got an political approach, which we don´t have to discuss here. I just would like to give you a hint. Just act!

Cheers

Helge / "Plastic Bomb"

RESPONSE FROM HAUNTED TOWN...

MRR/Mike-

Thanks for sending this my way. Yes, I would like to respond, but it's not the first time I've heard from these fine paranoid folks. Before responding to them however I would like to respond initially to you. First off,we do not sell racist music. Also, the record that got these guys all hopped up, a record by the band the Headhunters, I challenge you to listen for yourself, go ahead and listen to everything they've ever done (one full length and a 7" on our label). Listen and tell me if there's any truth to their accusations. Funny, but that particular 7" got a great review in your magazine. I think that pretty much says it all. I read this letter like the others I've gotten from these guys and all I can see is that they have an axe to grind with certain labels or bands or whatever, from over there. And as far as I can see, that has absolutely nothing to do with my dealings with those folks. Haunted Town does trades with dozens and dozens of labels from all over the world. We do not get involved in politics, or at least would rather not be involved. Letters like this are very disappointing. "Plastic Bomb" seems to paint things with such a broad brush that anyone within a hundred miles could find themselves in their crosshairs. They are also complete and utter hypocrites. Their own releases are distributed by label(s) that carry some of the same titles that we've sold. Titles that "Plastic Bomb" told us were "fascist". Titles that sparked all this nonsense in the first place. It's true. Sounds like a classic case of "one law for them and another law for us..." And to "Plastic Bomb": We do not speak ten different languages, we do not spend our time traveling the world doing background checks on the members of every band on every record that we get through trades. We are not interested in gaining mainstream appeal like you guys clearly and obviously are, we don't spend our time running around trying to save the world from themselves, we are not politicians, we are not running for any political office, we do not fucking care who you vote for or if you vote at all. We run a simple punk rock record label out of a fucking house, that's it. And if we happen to have 3 copies of a 7" record by a band that you don't agree with for whatever reason, tough fucking shit. It's punk, no rules, don't like it don't listen to it. Get a fucking life! Your problems are not my problems. Your world is not my world. Not even fucking close, believe me. And to quote you from your letter to MRR... "I just would like to give you a hint. Just act!" Hint?! Hint

about what?! Just act?! What the fuck is that supposed to mean? I don't know whether to laugh or scream. You guys are paranoid freaks.
Cheers
Matt/Haunted Town Records
MRR: Thanks again for sending this my way, whether we agree on things or not, it's appreciated.
MORE RESPONSE-
Maximum Rock And Roll-
Here in Europe it´s too easy to say: You are a racist! For us it is a big difference to love your country and hate other people. Some 'zines and record companies are not interested to find the truth. And we wonder: Who is prejudiced? We or "Them"? They don´t know us at all. If we have been rasict or nazi, than we would stand for it. We don't because we are neither, so the case is closed.
Cheers
Uffe
Ultima Thule/Headhunters

MRR-
I think Reagan SS are really nazis—notice the "Hail The New Dawn" title is a Skrewdriver reference and the SS and the eagle on the JBA split. It's a good EP though.
—Kyle Nonneman
nothingisttrue@hotmail.com

MRR-
Just got your new issue #234. There where 2 things that I want to mention. I saw that 2 records, reviewed in this issue ("Perkele" & "Brewed in Sweden 2") were released on Blind Beggar records. This is a label with contacts to the fascist scene. Perkele is a Swedish right wing band, (that released former stuff on Bootboy Records) and "Brewed in Sweden" was mastered in the Ultima Thule Studios. Bands like Radio 69, Down & Away and Da Skywalkers just published statements that said they didn't know what in what neighborhood they are. (Both records were mentioned in Bruce Roehrs Playlist).... alright, Swen.

Greetings MRR and readers-
This letter is being written as a warning to the readers and staff of MRR. It's actually a little bit of a late response to something I read in the August 2002 issue (#231). I'm a little bit behind on my reading and I only just saw it yesterday. This is regarding a zine review for a publication named "Alternative Press Review", put out by an entity called A.A.L. press.
On March 18, 2002, I sent $32 to A.A.L. press for a subscription to "Alternative Press Review." After waiting around three months and not hearing anything from them I sent a letter asking what was up on June 15, 2002. Still not having received my subscription or even a response, I sent a formal letter requesting my money back or face legal action on October 6. It is now November 13, 2002, and I still haven't received anything from these people. No subscription, not even a letter. In any event, dear readers, just a note of warning. Send money to A.A.L. at your own risk. Perhaps they are only into ripping off convicts, I don't know. But I understand the guy behind this puts out a zine called "Anarchy" too. So don't support this parasite. Obviously he has nothing better to do but come up with ways to rip people off.
Thanks and keep up the great work.
Peace, love and anarchy, solidarity in struggle, Jim.
James Duane #214699
Riverside Correctional Facility
777 West Riverside Drive
Ionia, MI 48846

MRR-
Thank you very much for the review of the self-titled Caligari CD in issue #235 (December 2002). However, there was a slight typo in the record label mailing address. In the review it is listed as PO Box 34342. The correct mailing address, however, is Init Records, PO Box 3432, Mankato, MN 56002-3432. If anybody is interested in ordering it, they'll need to know that or their money will never reach me. Also, the Init Records website address didn't make it in the review; it's http://www.initrecords.net
Thanks, Steven W. Init Records

MRR-
I'm writing this letter on behalf of some locked-up punks here at Snake River Correctional Institution in need of some help from everyone out there. We are asking everyone to consider donating some hardcore albums and/or videos to the recently started music program here at S.R.C.I., as we are in dire need. Most of us haven't heard shit for music in years and would appreciate any and all help in this matter. I will pay for shipping and handling. In order to receive donations, I must submit a request to the administration here listing all items that are being donated and their value. Once approved these items can be mailed to a specifically designated staff member here, and then will be used by the music program. Do not attempt to send anything directly to me or the mail room will send it back to you. We don't have a record player (though I suppose one could be donated), so if we could get either CDs or tapes that would be way cool. They can be used but they must be original recordings, no copies. We're especially interested in videos documenting the punk scene and it's servants! The music program is for turning people on to different kinds of music. Well, if anyone can get something hooked up for us then make a list of everything to be donated with it's approximate value, send the list to me and I'll get it approved through the appropriate procedure. Once everything's approved I'll send a check to cover postage to ship it out here, along with the instructions on how to address the package. Please send me a name to use as a contact on your end. Thank you for any help you can give us. Sincerely, Waylon
S.R.C.I. Waylon Holderman #12341718
777 Stanton Blvd
Ontario, OR 97914

Dear MRR-
There was some good news to be found in Scott D's letter in issue 235. As long as white power skinheads are causing trouble at Sex Pistols and Offspring concerts the punk scene doesn't have to worry about them.- Olga P.
olgapinschotte321@hotmail.com

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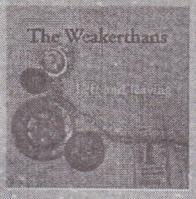

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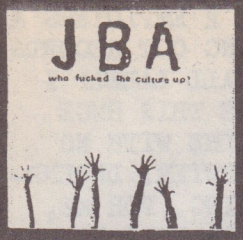

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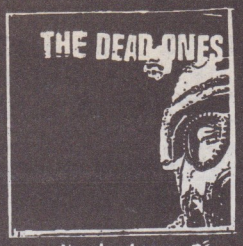

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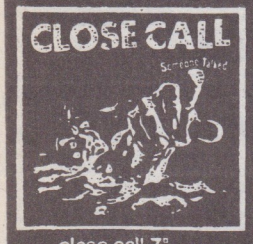

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AMDI PETERSEN'S ARMÉ Blod Ser Mere Virkeligt Ud På Film 7" Second ep from Danish HC ragers. Sounds like the missing Dischord 7" from 1981, or lost Black Flag sessions from 1980, but in Danish! **HC7029**

VITAMIN X Down the Drain Second full length. Fast intense Hardcore from Holland. The perfect mix between straight edge youth crew and fast-core thrash. **LP HC1207 CD HC5007**

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CAUSTIC CHRIST S/T Two guys from Aus Rotten, 1 from React and 1 from Submachine combine to create a new hardcore powerhouse. Combining the stylings of early Corrosion of Conformity with faster Swedish hardcore resulting in a manic HC sound. **HC 7028**

RIISTETYT Tervetuola Kuolema One of the great Finnish hardcore bands of the 80s returns. No weak rehash here, full on hard driving Finnish style hardcore that put Tampere on the map! Licensed from Fight Records, remixed with a bonus track! **HC 7027**

IDENTITY PARADE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTOFER PASANEN, 1995–2000 150 Pages, Black & White, Hardcover Havoc records is proud to present our first effort at publishing. Kristofer Pasanen has compiled an amazing book of his live photographs of bands taken over the last five years. Hundreds of bands are photographed from Crust to SE to Emo; see the website for a complete list. **HC-IDP (BOOK)**

SKITSYSTEM Enkel Resa Till Rännstenen Second LP from the masters of dark Swedish hardcore. Heavy and brutal b-beat mixed with crusty HC and thrash styles. A pulverizing steamroller of Swedish hardcore. Split release with No Tolerance Records of Sweden. **LP HC1205 CD HC5005**

(Now on CD!) NINE SHOCKS TERROR Zen and the Art of Beating Your Ass The "lost" LP re-issued. This is a totally remastered and remixed second release of the hard to get first LP which came out on Devour Records of Japan in 1999. An over the top wall of thrash. Brutal no-holds-barred sonic assault. This is the most powerful material by the most intense band in hardcore today. CD contains all Nine Shocks' recorded material other than the Paying Ohmage LP. 38 tracks total, including all the 7" and comp tracks. **LP HC1204 CD HC5009**

MISERY The Early Years Incl. the Born, Fed, Slaughtered, Blindead, and Children of War 7"s, the Misery side of the split LP with SDS, and the Production Through Destruction LP. 71 Minutes of Amebix style apocalyptic crust. Split release with Crimes Against Humanity Records. **CD HC5004**

HOLDING ON Just Another Day LP / CD Crucial hardcore from Minnesota's Holding On! Mixes the crunch of Judge and Chain of Strength with the anger and raw power of Negative Approach. Totally pissed off, raw, powerful Hardcore! Split release with THD, Havoc and 1% records. **LP HC1203 CD HC5003**

DS•13 Killed by the Kids One of the best bands in hardcore today. Amazing second LP of early 80s-style thrash/ HC/ punk. Excellent production, Pushead cover art. **LP HC1202 CD HC5002**

VARIOUS ARTISTS When Hell Freezes Over Compilation LP Featuring Code 13, Misery, Dreadnaught, Onward To Mayhem, Arden Chapman, Segue, Feed the Machine, Scorned, Calloused, Fallen Graces, & Pontius Pilate. All new material by 11 Minneapolis punk/ HC bands. Styles vary from street punk, to crust, to grind, but it's all punk and all Minneapolis. Split release between Havoc, Sin Fronteras, and local bands. **HC1201**

CODE 13 Complete Discography 1994–2000 All the 7"s and comp tracks with one unreleased song. **CD HC5001**

ASSEMBLY OF GOD Submission Obedience Denial New band with members of Brother Inferior, Burnpile, and Subsanity. Fast punk/HC a lot like the later Brother Inferior material. **HC7026**

VITAMIN X People that Bleed Third 7" by this Dutch SEHC band. Fast HC sound similar to DS-13 or Life's Halt. Great political SE lyrics and high energy HC. **HC7025**

TEAR IT UP S/T Ex Dead Nation, killer fast hardcore with lots of drive and energy. **HC7024**

DS•13 / CODE 13 13 song split 7" Sweden and Minnesota united in fast, raw hardcore pride. **HC7023**

REAL ENEMY / HOLDING ON Twin Cities Hardcore split 7" Political straight edge and youth crew hardcore. **HC7022.5**

NINE SHOCKS TERROR Mobile Terror Unit 7" EP Awesome raw fast thrash from Cleveland. **HC7022**

KAAOS Nukke Re-issue 1985 Finnish HC, classic stuff. **HC7021**

CLUSTERBOMBUNIT...and the Dirty Little Weapons 7" EP Brutal dis-core from Stuttgart, Germany. **HC7020**

UNITED SUPERVILLAINS (USV) Escapist 7" EP crucial fast HC similar to old Boston bands like DYS, Siege and SSD full speed ahead! **HC7019**

SPAZM 151 S/T 7" EP Second 7" by this Texas HC powerhouse. Hardcore like Black Flag, Poison Idea or Battalion of Saints. **HC7018**

DEMON SYSTEM 13 Aborted Teen Generation 7" EP U.S. press of this amazing Swedish hardcore band, fast aggressive powerful old-school hardcore. **HC7017**

CODE-13 A Part Of America Died Today 7" EP Third and best EP from Minnesota thrash punk defenders of the faith–twelve songs. **HC7016**

TAMPERE SS Kuolutt & Kuopattu 7" EP Demo and comp tracks from this crucial Finnish hardcore band of the early 80s. **HC7015**

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PROTEST! S/T 8 track EP Originally released as a demo in 1983, this is Finnish HC in the classic Propaganda Records style. **HC7012**

HEIST Pain Is Causing Life 7" EP Wicked fast and brutal HC in the Infest tradition. Second EP by this Australian thrash outfit. **HC7011**

DISTRAUGHT S/T 7" EP Brutal heavy hard-core from Brooklyn, NYC. New remixed second press with bonus track. **HC7010**

MURDERERS S/T 7" EP Legendary chaos punk/ HC. Manic HC-punk like Disorder, much more thrash than their recent stuff. **HC7009**

CODE-13 They Made a Wasteland and Called it Peace Furious hardcore punk from beneath the streets of Minneapolis. **HC 7008**

H-100'S Texas Death Match 7" Snotty, harsh, early 80s hardcore with a seriously bad attitude. 3/4 of Nine Shocks Terror. **HC 7007**

MASSKONTROLL Warpath 7" EP Brutal Swedish-style hardcore similar to No Security, Doom, etc. ex-Resist, pre-Detestation. **HC7006**

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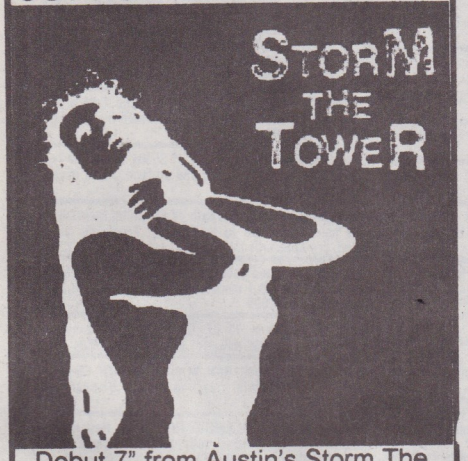

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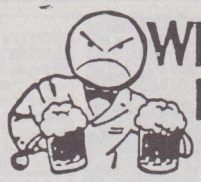

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"Just to wake up tells me I must be brave."
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Part I: Help Queer Youth Survive Any Way You Can

Last month was about addiction, and I guess this one has to be heavy too. Have I somehow doomed myself to talking about some form of heartbreak, just because of what I've decided to call my fucking column?

OK, so this amazing kid died and we need to talk about it. You need to know about her. Her name was Gwen Araujo, and she was this gorgeous 17-year-old tranny girl with pink hair. She lived in a SF suburb called Newark. She went to a party in a denim miniskirt and some spineless little bitch figured out she was a tranny while they were in the john together. When the information was revealed to some boys who were probably checkin' her out and couldn't handle what that implied, their fear took over. She was strangled by four guys who ranged in age from older teenagers to men in their late 20s. These guys will, no doubt, be locked up forever because they aren't white (they would probably have not gotten much of a sentence if they were).

So prejudice has destroyed five lives, and we have some very ignorant reporting on the situation from the local press, including those horrible yuppie assimilationist queers at *The Bay Times*. *The San Francisco Chronicle*, *The Bay Times*, and every other paper in which I read about Gwen's murder consistently used the incorrect pronouns; they referred to her as "he" without even acknowledging that this could be considered offensive and inaccurate. Even those articles containing quotes by her parents, appropriately calling her by her chosen name, "Gwen," made this mistake.

To kinda clarify things for those of you who have not previously had adequate access to information about the appropriate way of addressing transgendered people, here's a quick low-down. If you are a tranny and I misstate something and it pisses you off, please email *MRR*, and they'll forward it on to me, and I'll check myself before I wreck myself. Or you can send me real mail, which is better, at the address at the bottom of my column. These definitions are rough, and in no way exhaustive; there are plenty of people (including myself) who do not identify as transgendered but who feel alienated by mainstream Amerikan gender norms. Hopefully, most punx do. It is part of what punk rock was based on, experimenting with identity and refusing to accept someone else's prescription for your life.

OK, so a female-to-male transsexual (referred to in some queer communities, by transsexuals and other queers, as a "tranny," an "f to m," a "tranny boy," or, of course, just a "boy" or a "man") is a boy who was born with what our society considers "girl" parts, who has realized at some point in his life, or has known forever, or some combination of the two, that he is a boy or a man. Sometimes people take hormones or have chest surgery (genital surgery is rare) and sometimes they don't. Either way, their identity should be respected, and they should be referred to as "he" unless otherwise specified by said individual—some people hate pronouns altogether or want different pronouns to be used in different situations, like at their jobs or something.

Gwen was a male-to-female transsexual. A male-to-female transsexual (more commonly referred to in some queer communities, by transsexuals and other queers, as a "tranny," an "m to f" or a "tranny girl") is a girl who was born "biologically male" who is really a girl or a woman. Again, some people have surgery ("post-op") and some people don't (sometimes called "pre-op," which is misleading because some people never get surgery because of money or because they don't want to).

Some folks consider themselves transgendered and not male or female, and some people use the term genderqueer to mean pretty much the same thing.

A transvestite is someone (generally a straight man) who identifies as their biological gender but who likes to wear clothes generally attributed to the opposite sex. Transgendered people are not transvestites.

PART II: Mainstream Media Coverage of Violence Against Girls and Women

One thing I noticed about all of the coverage of Gwen's death was that there was no mention of rape. I've talked to one of my friends about this several times, including earlier tonight after we saw another film about a teenage girl who was repeatedly raped over the course of the movie. My friend brought up the prevalence of sexual violence in film and its relative absence in other types of art. I agreed and mentioned that there is like, no fucking factual reporting at all out there on the subject, and how I think it is repeatedly *sexualized* in film and that is why it is there; people want to see it, they get off on it; serious discussion of violence doesn't have the same entertainment opportunities.

We both felt that absence of discussion of the possibility that Gwen was raped seemed deliberate.

I mean, I know I'm supposed to be glad we heard about it at all, the way I was supposed to ignore the obviously sexualized coverage of dead child beauty pageant queen Jean Benet and be happy that anyone is actually talking about child abuse. I am supposed to be amazed that there is even half-sympathetic coverage of the death of a tranny in the mainstream media. And, yeah, I'm glad there is space given, but I'm not impressed with what's been in it.

I remember when I first got RE/SEARCH's *Angry Women in Rock* book in the mid-90s, and I read the interview with Valerie Agnew from Seven Year Bitch. She spoke extensively about Mia Zapata, the lead singer of the legendary Seattle band, The Gits, who had died the death all us tough girls fear, lived out a familiar reality we visit in our nightmares. All of our lives we disobey the messages nailed into us: *Don't walk alone, sober up, don't dress like that, don't tell the truth.* That tough-as-fuck girl, whose voice was a chain-smoking growl that you knew belonged to a mouth that could drink you under the table, was raped and murdered in Seattle in the early 90s. Agnew said a lot of really amazing stuff about Zapata in the interview. If you don't know what happened to her, or what she contributed to the punk scene, you should check out that article; I am not trying to construct an adequate history here. It's just that when I read about Gwen's death, I was struck by the absence of any discussion of sexual violence in what was so obviously an extremely brutal hate crime.

This is what brought up Mia Zapata and the interview with Valerie Agnew. Agnew repeatedly mentions the fact that in the reporting of Zapata's murder, there was never mention of the fact that she was raped, just that she was strangled; she was furious. She, along with other friends of Zapata, worked hard to get that fact included in the reporting of the situation. Having all of the gruesome details included was not the point; they just needed an accurate depiction of the tragedy, an acknowledgment that this was a crime against Mia for having the guts to be who she was, a woman whose identity was obviously very threatening to her killer. It is important to acknowledge that rape is sometimes a punishment for sexuality, or for gender; for innocence or lack thereof. Rape is a threat that certain types of folks live with more than others—for example, girls who are near a beauty norm who dress "provocatively" (think about that word); boys who are considered "effeminate" or "wimpy"; transgendered people; prisoners;—but it happens to all kinds of

people. Mia Zapata wrote songs about the threat of sexual violence. She was aware of the risk she was taking by being who she was. This was also true of Gwen. And it is true to some degree of pretty much all punk girls and any kind of formerly or presently female person who challenges gender or sexuality.

I don't know what happened to Gwen. I do know that rape is under-reported in the media and overly dramatized with an intention to sexualize.

If our stories are left out and never mentioned by other people, will we forget to mention them too?

Because part of what goes along with this tangent is that this dialogue has been erased from the punk scene in the past few years. For awhile, rape was talked about by punks; however awkwardly and with however much ignorance and hate, it was still something that was discussed. Now I can think of few situations where I have heard meaningful, or even just passionate, discussions on the subject, aside from some extensive conversations I've had independently with a few of my friends. And of course, there are a million other discussions that have been left out too.

One reason I brought up these situations is to honor those who are gone by remembering some small part of their history. Another is to try, however awkwardly, to make punks more aware of how they communicate with trannys inside and outside of their communities. Cuz what could be more punk rock than refusing to go along with a gender identity that isn't really yours? I won't even bore you with a historical perspective, but all those old school punkers in NYC loved the tranny girls.

I don't want to forget all of the amazing things people have done in their communities to raise awareness of these issues. People have been really upset out here about Gwen's death. A friend of mine told me that Wild 94.9, one of two hip hop stations in the Bay Area, had really positive and respectful coverage, including updates on Gwen's wake and tearful phone calls from listeners. Gay Shame, a local queer activist group that actively calls out queers who suck corporate cock, held a funeral for Gwen in the streets of the Castro. I'm sure there were a lot of amazing memorials throughout the Bay Area and the country that I don't know about.

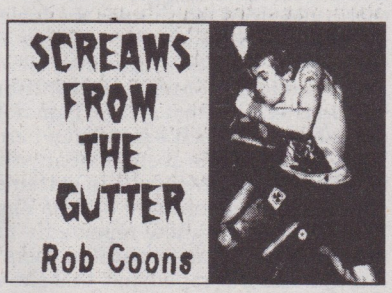
So, that's it this month. Take care and fucking take chances, cuz we really may not have all that much time left, with the fundamentalist republicans taking over the world and food being fucked with by laboratories. So kiss someone you are scared to kiss and fuck shit up.

Resources:

Angry Women in Rock: Last Gasp, 777 Florida, San Francisco, CA, 94110

Go Fuck Yourself (rad tranny-made fanzine about sex, with lots of info on binding, pumping, sex toy making, etc.): Annie Danger, 379 40th Street, Oakland, CA 94609

Kat Case, PO Box 401160, San Francisco, CA 94140



If you haven't heard yet, then you better start booking those plane tickets now. 625 Thrash, Six Weeks, and Prank Records have combined forces and put together a show at the end of January 2003 that is bound to blow minds and eardrums. It looks like Slap A Ham's almighty Fiesta Grande has finally found a replacement. So far the line up includes NICE VIEW, SHANK, MUNICIPAL WASTE, KYLESA, HOLIER THAN THOU, BURN YOUR BRIDGES, HELLNATION, BREAKFAST, CRUCIAL UNIT, GUYANA PUNCH LINE, LACK OF INTEREST, and ARTIMUS PYLE. Yes you read that correctly—that means there are going to be two bands here from Japan and one from Scotland. Though I have seen many bands from Japan, I have only seen one other band from Scotland (OI POLLOI). Needless to say I am beyond myself with excitement to see all the bands listed above. This show is about two months away, so keep yourself updated by checking 625 Thrash's website for the latest news.

In the last "Screams" column I mentioned MRR radio is back on air. We are currently cranking out the shows on a weekly basis. We have set up a new website and it can be found at maximumrocknroll.com, and in my opinion it is looking pretty sharp. You know, when I first got into punk back in Indiana, MRR radio played a big part in influencing my musical interests. Like many kids who get into punk, I started off on many of the classics, like the Circle Jerks and Black Flag. Not too long after I got into punk, I found out that my local college radio station was playing MRR radio shows on a weekly basis. Listening to those shows exposed me to a variety of punk bands, including many incredible foreign bands. Those early MRR radio shows established the roots of my interest in the international punk rock scene that continues to this day. So when I found out that I was going to get a chance to DJ, I felt that things had come full circle and now it was my turn to introduce folks to many incredible bands from around the world.

I am sure that many of you know by now, but the punk community suffered two horrible losses over the last month or so. Matty Luv from HICKEY (plus the FUCKBOYZ and a million others) and Giuseppe who was a founding and current member from RAW POWER, both passed away. Though I didn't really know either of these people, both of their bands have affected my life immensely over the years. I saw Hickey so many times I seem to have lost track of an actual number. And Matty's brilliance and sense of humor always dazzled me when they played and through the songs he created. You always felt like Hickey was sticking up for the downtrodden of our society, by taking a big imaginary stick and whacking "the man" over the head with it in their ever-so-subtle way. Unfortunately, I was on a plane on my way to Mexico the day of his wake so I missed out on the celebration of his life and what he left behind. But the lyrics "El Farolito save my soul, it's a long way back to Mexico and I don't know if I'm ever gonna make it home" were on my mind the whole way down.

Giuseppe, who I mentioned earlier, was also a major player in my punk rock influences. As I have probably mentioned in this column, RAW POWER's *Screams From The Gutter* was the first punk record I ever bought—responsible for the name of the very column that you are reading. Songs like "Don't Let Me See It," "Hate," "We're All Gonna Die," and "State Oppression" still turn me into a head-bobbing, fist-shaking ball of energy. I fortunately got to see them on one of their passes through the USA and I won't be forgetting that show anytime soon. Ciao Giuseppe—you and Matty will be missed by more people than I think either one of you could ever have imagined!

HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE - "Idiotia Hyperactiva" CD: I know this record has been out for a while and it has gotten lots of accolades from the punx. But for many grindheads like myself it was promptly overlooked until somebody was kind enough to wave this pile of mayhem right under my nose. And now I hope to do the same for you. HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE will be happy to knock you upside the head with some hard-hitting punk fucking rock. This is hook-filled garage rock gone berserk. The songs are short, fast, loud, and drenched in attitude. The distortion is cranked to ten as they tear through such lovelies as "I'm A Crime (Waiting To Happen)" and "Girls Have No Testicles." And I just read that they played a show recently with SKIT SYSTEM and NASUM over in Sweden. Fuck, why wasn't I there? Anyway, I think this was just released on Sin City Records here in the USA, so check it out no matter what. (Repo Records, members01.chello.se/fiatcong/indexFrameset.htm)

SERES HUMANOS/KONTRAATTAQUE - split cassette: According to the letter that accompanied this tape, both of these bands have recently broken up. Fortunately, this tape is a good documentation of what they were both capable of producing. SERES HUMANOS, who are from Mexicali, tear through a couple of tracks of raw grinding thrash. Heavy distortion and hammering drumming take you through song after song of desperate, angry music. KOTRAATTAQUE follow up their side with more blistering fast punk that will give you a good thrashing and just reeks of rage. Good stuff! This is same label that does the TRAGATELO/KONTRAATTAQUE split cassette that I reviewed two issues ago, and apparently that is still in print as well. (Kontraattaque, PO Box 39432, Downey, CA 90239)

G-77 - "Peine De Vie" CD: Hard, charging hardcore with an edge of metal and a very gloomy tone to the music. They play

through lots of melodic instrumental parts and then slide right into mid-tempo and fast guitar-driven hardcore. The vocals are harsh and I can definitely hear the influence of bands like CATHARSIS creeping into their style. The lyrics are all in French, but I can imagine they are pretty hopeless and depressing. While this is nothing mind-blowing, it is definitely worth a listen. (Exutoire ;exutoirerecords.com)

AGITATED - "Go Blue, Go Die" CD: OK, let's hear it for the obscure band of the month. This CD compiles a bunch of songs from AGITATED who formed way back in 1982 in Akron, Ohio and only existed for about one year. I had never heard of them until I got this CD and now I am glad that I did. These are buzzing punk songs filled with lots of attitude and youthful vigor, and it is just what you would expect from a Midwest punk band from 1982. The first 12 tracks are from studio recordings and the last five tracks were recorded on a boombox and it shows. Super raw stuff, to say the least. One could easily slip one of those first 12 tracks onto one of those great *We Got Power* compilations of yesteryear and nobody would bat an eye. (Smog Veil, 316 California Ave. #207, Reno, NV 89509; smogveil.com)

FIND HIM AND KILL HIM/THE DREAM IS DEAD - split EP: THE DREAM IS DEAD who are from Indiana, blast through some crazy hardcore that reminds me a bit of another Indiana band called BURN IT DOWN. THE DREAM IS DEAD blast into some frenzied hardcore when they are not playing choppy metal that thrashes and surges all over the place. FIND HIM AND KILL HIM, from California, go the opposite direction and trounce you with some go-for-the-throat hardcore. Fast hammering drums, thrashing guitars, and barking vocals make a desperate attempt to kick all four of their songs straight down your throat. Let's fucking GO! (findhimandkillhim.com; thedreamisdead.com)

CULT OF LUNA - "The Revelation Embodied" CD: Somebody recently recommended that I check out this band. I immediately picked up this release and have had it in heavy rotation ever since. CULT OF LUNA who is from Sweden follow down the path laid out by such powerhouses as NEUROSIS and ISIS. You know the spiel...surging dark riffs, crushing bass lines, songs of epic length, and deep blistering vocals. I know this CD has been out for a while and they have an EP out on Hydra Head. Consume and prepare for the knockout blow. (Rage Of Achilles, PO Box 20508, London, NW8 8WT ENGLAND; rageofachilles.clara.net)

V/A - "Destroy All Borders" EP: Right fucking on. I know this has been reviewed in *MRR* before, but it just made its way into my mailbox so here we go. Here is a compilation that covers bands from France (FACE UP TO IT), Malaysia (MASS SEPARATION), Germany (CRUDE B.E.), Guatemala (FUERZA X), Brazil (ESTILHACO) and the USA (MELEE). All the bands are fast and play a variety of styles from metal and grind, to straight up thrash. The insane grindcore of MASS SEPARATION took top honors on this EP. Check it out! ($3ppd: Where's Your Anger?, PO Box 471, Boston, MA 02134; wheresyouranger-punk@yahoo.com)

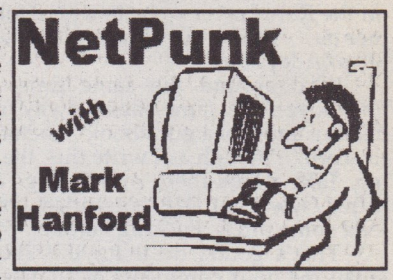
CUT THE SHIT - "Bored To Death" EP: Damn, I have been wetting myself over this band since I got their demo a few months back. Finally they get something down on vinyl and I am super excited. Negative, angry lyrics belted out over fast thrashing punk that takes influence from many other East Coast hardcore bands like TEAR IT UP and DOWN IN FLAMES. Speaking of TEAR IT UP, the guitar player of CUT THE SHIT used to be in TEAR IT UP. This is the kind of music that makes kids run around in circles, jump on each other and drool all over themselves. Don't you love it? (Gloom Records, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212; gloomrecords.com)

INFEST - "No Man's Slave" LP: Holy fucking shit this smokes! As many of you already know these are the "newer" INFEST songs that were recorded back in 1995 and then had the vocal tracks laid down a few years later. In all honesty it doesn't matter when these tracks were recorded, because every one of them smokes and this is an absolute must-own record for any fan of fast hardcore, thrash and "powerviolence."Two words come to mind listening to this, which are aggression and negativity. This fucker comes out of the gates and crushes you like a steamroller. Lyrics like "Get me out of here. I can't fucking take this. I'm going to explode all over you. Can you feel my pain? Reaching boiling point. Gonna take you all out. Make you all pay. In my world. My fucking world. My way" just makes me want to punch holes in the walls. These guys set the standard and kicked the door down on hardcore thrash in the early 90s and they reinforce that legacy with this amazing release. (Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510; deepsixrecords.com)

As always, thanks for reading. I like getting shit for review at PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712 or you can email me at xgoatcorex@hotmail.com.

"Killing is the democratic thing to do, To defend our flag keeping democracy true. To this flag—we hail to you. America! The dead, white and blue."

DEAD NATION, "Face The Nation"



Since my last couple of columns have had themes, I've ignored many of the websites that all of you have sent my way over the last couple of months. This month, I'm going to feature some of the better ones that you've turned me on to (or reminded me to revisit) recently. Don't forget, if you have (or know of) a website you think is worth mentioning in this column, send it my way. Just email netpunk@diehippiedie.com . Now, let's get on with it.

A big thanks goes out to Sergio, who provided a bunch of great sites for this month's column. Sergio has a couple of pages of pictures that he's taken at shows at http://www.angelfire.com/super2/welovepop/sergiopics.html . Good stuff here—check it out.

I thought I'd already mentioned this, but in looking back over old columns, I can't find any mention of it. Sherman Austin, the anarchist behind the very worthwhile and informative anarchist website, RaiseTheFist.com, was arrested a year or so ago for info that was posted on the site. The ordeal isn't over yet, and you can get more info and updates at the site. You'll also find lots of other anarchist related news, commentary, articles, forums, and the like. Take a look—http://www.raisethefist.com/ .

Another anarchist site worth taking a look at is Infoshop.org (http://www.infoshop.org/). They have information in several languages about anarchism, the anti-war movement, anti-capitalism, tons and tons of links, and more. In addition, they recently printed a 24-page booklet that explains anarchism to the non-anarchist. If you're interested in distributing copies of the booklet, they'll send you a box of them. If you are serious about anarchy, you'll do more than preach to the converted, and check this site out.

On a lighter note, Rockin Van is one interesting read. All about vans (the band touring vehicle, not the shoe) and sex and rocknroll, Rockin Vans has some a bunch of interesting stories, all related to that box on four wheels that you can live, drink, or fuck in. Even if you don't have one, you still have to appreciate the dedication and effort they've put into this fine site—http://www.rockinvan.com/ .

Another website worthy of your attention is that of Modern Drunkard Magazine (http://www.moderndrunkard magazine.com). While available in print form, *Modern Drunkard* puts a ton of their content online, including drink recipes, stories about getting drunk, hanging out in bars, and generally being degenerate. Really, how can you go wrong?

For some raging mp3s, decent photos, flyers, links and other stuff, take a visit to Flat Earth Records website at http://www.flatearth.free-online.co.uk/ . Flat Earth puts out a bunch of different stuff, but most of it leans towards crust. They have at least one mp3 from each of their releases available, which means there are over 50 songs for you to download. I always appreciate free music.

I mentioned Spontaneous Combustion quite awhile back, and I'm happy to say that their site has grown since last mention. For one thing, they stopped publishing their paper zine and have gone to an all web format. There is too much cool stuff here to list. Interviews, reviews, a history of the 'zine dating

back to 1985, message boards, and more. There is also a record collecting section, with a G.I. discography, among other things. You'll find Spontaneous Combustion at http://www.spontaneous.com/ .

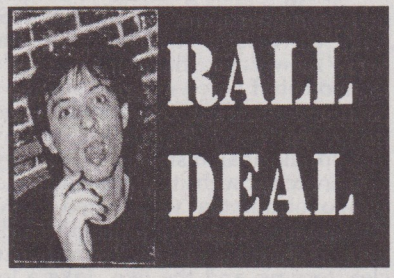
If you're into the heavy grindcore shit (and I mean shit in the good way), visit Braindead at http://braindead.ht.st/. They have the latest news from various bands and labels in the genre, as well as a slew of links to mp3s, some legit and others pirate.

On a sad note, there have been a number of punk rock deaths recently. On October 6, Raw Power guitarist Giuseppe died of a heart attack. Raw Power had been playing since back in the day (I still remember their raging show at Satyricon back in '84 or '85) and truly had the punk spirit. There is a guestbook on the Raw Power website where folks have been leaving comments. Take a look—http://www.geocities.co/Sunset Strip/Alley/6165/ .

Also around the same time, Matty Luv of Hickey / Fuckboyz / etc. fame passed away from a heroin overdose. I've heard rumors of a guestbook / memorial at http://www.mattyluv.com/ , though as I write this, the page is not currently loading. Take a look there, and then go to the Fuckboyz archive at http://www.nothing enterprises.com/fuckboyz/ and download some mp3s. Fucking heroin...

That's gonna do it for this month. Once again, you can email me your comments or suggestions for sites to feature to netpunk@diehippiedie.com or visit the Netpunk columns online at http://www.diehippiedie.com/ . See ya.

"There you go again."
—Ronald Reagan, 1984



When George W. Bush wanted the Taliban out, he issued an ultimatum: give up Osama or face the consequences. Mullah Omar and his merry band of Islamist yahoos were fearsome literalists; in a forgotten last-ditch attempt to keep their jobs, they offered to turn over bin Laden. But Bush didn't *want* bin Laden—he wanted the Taliban gone. Days later, bombs began raining on Afghanistan. Bushist ultimata are merely eviction notices.

A year later and a couple of time zones west, Saddam Hussein seems to be falling for the same trick. He just doesn't get it: Bush doesn't *want* arms inspectors. He wants Iraq. Nothing Saddam does or offers to do will make any difference. War is inevitable.

Bombs will fall. People will die. We Americans will only care about the Americans who die—and we won't care all that much and not for very long. But what happens after the last oil-well fire has been extinguished? We'll be like a dog that, after months of careful plotting, has finally snagged a passing car. What the hell will we do with the oil-rich, fractious, mountainous, marshy, desert country full of Sunnis, Shiites, and Kurds we will have captured?

Just as the US never gave any serious consideration to who should run post-Taliban Afghanistan (remember King Zahir Shah?), we're about to take over Iraq without having the slightest clue about what kind of government to install after Saddam or who will be in charge of it.

In 1998 Congress passed the Iraqi Liberation Act. Under that law, the US officially recognizes six Iraqi groups as possible alternatives to Saddam Hussein's Baath regime: two Kurdish militias currently running Iraq's northern "no-fly zone," the Iraqi National Accord, the Iraqi National Congress, the Teheran-based Supreme Council of the Islamic Revolution in Iraq (SCIRI) and a movement to bring back the Hashemite monarchy.

The Bush Administration, divided by turf battles, is unable and unwilling to declare which—if any—of these outfits should rule Iraq after the coming war. On Oct. 28, a new conservative daily newspaper, *The New York Sun*, reported that the administration was considering naming a special presidential envoy to the Iraqi opposition. But, the *Sun* wrote: "The matter has become entangled in the vicious policy struggle between the Pentagon and the vice president's office, on the one hand, and the State Department and the CIA, on the other hand."

These things being relative, the State Department and CIA are the reasonable moderates within the Bush Administration. They prefer giving UN weapons inspectors a real chance to avoid war and deny that there's any connection between Saddam and Al Qaeda. (Al Qaeda operatives are active in Iraq, but in Kurdistan, where Saddam's government has no control.) They back the Shiite-aligned SCIRI and the Iraqi National Accord, which tried to depose Saddam in a 1998 coup attempt. The Defense Department and Dick Cheney, on the other hand, are the hawks. They favor a pliant umbrella organization, the Iraqi National Congress.

"Tensions are so high," reports the *Sun*, "that ground rules have been established banning representatives of the State Department from meeting with representatives of the Iraqi opposition without a representative of the Defense Department present, and, likewise, banning representatives of the Defense Department from meeting with the Iraqi opposition without a representative of the State Department present."

US officials have a hard time keeping their story straight even within the framework of each fiefdom. "Americans agreed that the future Iraqi government should be an elected government," SCIRI leader Mohammed Baqir al-Hakim said on Oct. 21. "They also agreed that a military ruler wouldn't work." SCIRI's main supporter, Secretary of State Colin Powell, however, told the Associated Press exactly the opposite: "The United States," the AP quoted Powell, "is considering a model for post-war Iraq that resembles Japan after World War II, when Japan was occupied by an American-led military government. Another model, Powell has said, is the postwar occupation of Germany."

For its part, the Pentagon is promising the Iraqi National Congress to train 10,000 troops for combat against Saddam.

Lost among all the internal squabbling is the possibility that none of the six approved groups may prove to be any better than the violently autocratic Saddam Hussein. Human Rights Watch accuses both Kurdish militias of "a wide variety of human rights violations, including the arbitrary detention of suspected political opponents, torture, and extrajudicial executions," including alleged ethnic cleansing of Iraqi's Turkmen ethnic minority. Kurdish policy towards women is indistinguishable from that of the Taliban; the Kurds take hard-line Islamism still further by endorsing the "honor killing" of women who have sex outside marriage—even if they have been raped.

The Taliban, mushy liberals by comparison, stoned *rapists* to death.

All six of the approved groups subscribe to conservative Muslim or hardcore Islamist conventions. Several endorse the same Sharia law used to justify stonings and burqas in Afghanistan, all would curtail the rights of Iraqi women (who, under Saddam, enjoy the most freedom of any Arab state) and only one can be called pro-American. "Our objective for the long term in Iraq would be to establish a broad-based representative and democratic government," said Bush foreign policy adviser and special envoy to Afghanistan, Zalmay Khalilzad. But most analysts believe that replacing Saddam with any, some or all of these groups will accelerate the balkanization of Iraq and the rise of Islamic fundamentalism around the world. That is, after all, exactly what happened to Afghanistan.

Tell us again; hell, tell us once—why the fuck are we about to do this thing?

Contact: www.rall.com

I moved out of my Mom's house when I was 16. I lived in a bunch of wild punk houses and later rented apartments. After I'd been on my own for five years or so, I really started to think about buying a house instead of renting. When I started my record label and construction business, I start-

ed to think about getting some sort of warehouse/loft space that I could live in and work out of. In the early 90s I used to go out to NYC and hang out at Neil from Tribal War's place in Brooklyn. I was so impressed with his set up inside an old church that I decided I was going to try to find a place like this in Minneapolis. There were a few obstacles, though. I was young and had absolutely no money. I had started my label with a few hundred bucks, and I was working as a roofing subcontractor but barely making any money. Anyone can tell you that the first few years starting any business is rough, and I learned all the lessons the hard way. I tried to qualify for a loan from a bank, but my income was non-existent, I was laughed out of the office. Still I was determined. I was sick of paying rent and I knew ownership and building equity made sense, plus my neighbors were constantly complaining about the loud music and the dog barking.

I started looking around, mostly at boarded-up buildings, fixer-uppers, tax-forfeited property, anything cheap. I met with realtors, made offers, but my lack of cash pretty much stifled most any chance I had. Finally I lucked out—Lori from Babes in Toyland introduced me to one of the guys in Run Westy Run, whose brother had a space for rent that he might be interested in selling. I checked it out, a run-down old building across from some railroad tracks that had formerly been an upholstery shop. Dudes were hanging out front selling crack. Hookers were loitering in the alley. The place was old, dirty, and in disrepair. I thought this was my chance. I was full of urban pioneer spirit. I moved in right away. For a while I rented, and in 1994 bought a 50% interest in the building on a "contract for deed." We split the place half and half, I got the first floor and he got the second floor and we shared the garage and basement. We embarked on a radical program of rehabilitation. The place was a total wreck. The upholstery shop had been in the same family since 1917. The last 20 years or so the business had wound down and the old guys left running the place had really let it go. I put in new windows and doors, sanded floors, hung a lot of drywall, redid the electrical service, built a new garage, and much more. Over the next eight years we made a lot of improvements but anyone who's ever been there could still tell you the place was not that great. Still, it served our purposes. I had the label and a band that needed rehearsal space, plus space for my construction business. Kevin was a sculptor and needed studio space. We both needed living and work space cheap and here it was. There is a long tradition of artists and musicians renovating old commercial spaces into studio lofts. Our place was nothing chic or fancy, very utilitarian, but years of steady improvements made it just good enough.

About four years ago there started to be some talk about redevelopment in our neighborhood. The area had steadily declined for the last 20-30 years. In the mid 90s the area hit rock bottom. There were tons of boarded-up houses. Most of the long-term businesses moved out. Our block became the heart of a major drug and prostitution market. I took advantage of this climate of urban decay to start the Bombshelter, an underground punk club in the basement of a boarded-up gun store. I've written before about life in the Phillips neighborhood in this column, and I wrote in *Profane Existence* about how I got involved in the local neighborhood organization. I was serving on the housing committee for the neighborhood and started to hear a lot of talk about redevelopment of our neighborhood.

Several major infrastructure projects were underway that will potentially radically alter the shape of the Phillips neighborhood of Minneapolis. The first is the Midtown Greenway. This is a project to rip out the old rail corridor that runs through south Minneapolis and link it to the existing bike and jogging trails along the river to the east and lakes to the west. This project has already been completed in the more affluent western end of the trail. And work has started recently in the portion that cuts through Phillips. Our run-down old warehouse space went from being "on the tracks" to "adjacent to the midtown greenway." The other major infrastructure improvement is Light Rail Transit (LRT). The LRT is a long planned solution to traffic congestion and an attempt by the Twin Cities to remedy this town's appalling sprawl and incredibly poor transit system. I think light rail is a good idea, although the way it's been planned and implemented in the Twin Cities has been pretty open to criticism. Either way, the rail line, which is currently under construction, runs right along the edge of our neighborhood.

Another major factor affecting Phillips was the radical rise in housing prices in the Twin Cities during the recent economic boom. The Twin Cities job market is one of the best in the country. Thousands of immigrants have flooded the Twin Cities to take up the abundant low paying service jobs. Over the past five or six years housing prices metro wide have doubled, and doubled again. Houses that sold for 40-60K in the mid 90s now sell for 150-160K or more. The decline of the area meant that most of the housing stock was rental property and undervalued. Housing prices in our area remained low for a while, but then dramatically increased to catch up with the rest of the metro area. In fact, due to the shortage of affordable housing and brisk rental market, investment property prices (apartments and duplexes) really took off. As returns from the stock market dwindled a lot of investors started looking into real estate as the one vehicle that was still making money. A lot of investors looked at Phillips as an area that had low prices, but steady rental incomes and a lot of potential for the future with the major transit projects running through it.

Local activists spent a lot of time trying to figure out how to try to manage this process. We agreed that development was coming to Phillips whether the existing residents liked it or not. And we had to figure out how to use our power as a neighborhood organization to guide this development as best we could. So a master plan was developed after hiring some architects and urban planners. Our plan was actually pretty radical. We would forestall corporate developers by doing major redevelopment projects sponsored by the neighborhood organization and local non-profit developers. Three major redevelopment areas were identified. One of which was my block. This was because our block was on the mid town greenway where it intersected with Bloomington Ave., the main north-south commercial corridor, and Lake St. the main east-west commercial corridor. Suddenly Fort Havoc, which is the corner lot, became an important piece of real estate in a major community redevelopment project.

The community development projects we created were based around affordable housing, increased density, environmental sustainability, and use of mass transit. When all three projects are completed they will add hundreds of units of affordable housing in formerly blighted areas that maximize transit resources and local amenities. The other prong of our redevelopment strategy was building new affordable housing on the vacant lots left over from the city's tear-down mania of the 80s and providing grants and low interest loans to homeowners to fix up their houses. I am continually amazing at how a bunch of old hippy activists and a punk rocker were able to get hundreds of thousands and later millions of dollars in funding to push these projects forward. Like I wrote in *Profane Existence*, I think I got more done in serving two years on the neighborhood housing committee than in ten years of protests, slogans, and banners. From the beginning our goal was keep out corporate developers and keep the area affordable while trying improve living conditions and drive out the drug dealers and criminal gangs.

So I wound up on the board of a redevelopment project that was destined to redevelop the block I lived on. I helped select the architect and developer, helped design the project, and helped get some of the funding. All along I realized Fort Havoc would have to be torn down, but figured I would get a better deal being on the inside track than on the outside. After three years the project finally got funded for Phase One, a 37-unit apartment building with a daycare center and two live/work buildings. After a long process involving lots of lawyers, real estate agents, city and federal bureaucrats and more lawyers, Kevin and I agreed to sell Fort Havoc to the developer of the apartment building. The negotiations were tough but not acrimonious and we got a pretty good price plus a relocation package that was pretty attractive. Meanwhile I found a new place, a similar commercial building with some apartments above that was run down and the owner was considering selling. I managed to negotiate a purchase contingent on the sale of Fort Havoc. After months of negotiations and delays, I sold Fort Havoc and bought the new place on Nov. 1. I'm now involved in a blitzkrieg campaign to fix up the new place and move in before the end of November. I have to be out of the old Fort by Dec. 1, after which it will be torn down to build the new apart-

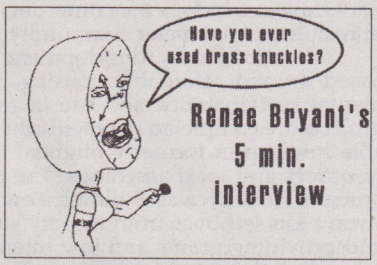
ments.

I can't believe I pulled this off! I was super skeptical throughout the whole process. When I bought this place I was just looking for a cheap place to live and start a business. Now, eight years later, I found myself sitting on a piece of fairly hot property and got a premium price for a slightly renovated old upholstery shop. Kevin and I sold out and paid off our loans and each took our half of the proceeds from the sale. For one afternoon I was rich, I had a check for 110,000 dollars. But later that afternoon I bought my new place and was back in hock to the bank for another 135,000.

I'm not sure if there's a moral to this story. But this is how it worked out for me. You might hear rumors that I was "forced out by the city" or that I got millions for Fort Havoc or that I gentrified Bloomington Avenue. But the above is the straight story. I took every dollar of equity from the sale of Fort Havoc and put it into my new place, so other than a very large down payment, I realized no immediate windfall from the sale. So rumors about me rolling in cash from big time real estate deals are also untrue. I've applied to the housing committee in the neighborhood I moved into and plan to stay involved in community housing and development activities. No more tearing down my own block though. Next month, back to the good stuff, hardcore music!

If you are in the Twin Cities Dec. 29 you might want to check out Thrash Fest 4. DS 13, Limp Wrist, Nine Shocks Terror, Tear It Up, Caustic Christ, Spazm 151, Holding On, Path of Destruction, and Damage Deposit. Details at www.havocrex.com

Speaking of Damage Deposit, this is the new band I'm singing for. You can check out our demo at www.havocrex.com/damagedeposit



For the last ten years popular culture has been saturated with images of S/M and B/D (sadism/masochism and bondage/discipline). The latest is my favorite of all time: the movie *Secretary*. *Secretary* stars James Spader as a dominant lawyer who starts a S/M-B/D relationship with his super-submissive secretary. It is an awesome fantasy of how a S/M-B/D dominated, mutually caring, and respectful relationship could possibly work in the "real world." I consider this movie a "must see" for everyone. People are so confused by "the scene" (not your punk scene...the other one). When people discover that I worked as a dominatrix they are dumbfounded. Somehow they confuse a dominatrix with a whore, and the two are severely different. People seem to think anyone that would want to be spanked or tied up is "fucked up in the head." S/M-B/D is a fantasy. We all enjoy fantasy. That's why we watch movies, visit theme parks, read books, etc. S/M-B/D is sexual fantasy and fetish. That is what is so satisfying and honest about *Secretary*—it reflects what a turn on and how erotic it all can be.

I first discovered I was into a bit of pain with my pleasure when I was sixteen. It started with being bitten really hard and moved to candle wax play with a same-age boyfriend. When I was finally legal I met a man at a club that told me I looked like his ex-girlfriend, who was a dominatrix.

"What's that?" I asked in all innocence and honesty.

"That's someone who gets paid to beat men," he educated me.

"That really exists?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, there are private dungeons all around Los Angeles," he replied.

"Really!?!" I said, wondering how I could get signed up for such a job.

Five years later I discovered such a "dungeon." I called information, called the owner, announced that I was a "switch" in my personal life (meaning I liked to go between submissive and dominant), and was interested in applying for a job. The owner ran the only female owned and operated dungeon in Los Angeles and invited me to go to the dungeon to meet her. I walked into the waiting room, spoke with her briefly, and was hired on the spot. Thus began my illustrious adventure as a professional dominatrix.

Eight years later as I reflect on such "work," I can honestly say that I take great pleasure in delivering desired pain. If someone enjoys being whipped, it is my great pleasure to inflict that pain. The funny thing is it is not an erotic pleasure I reap from such action, but a sadistic pleasure. The only time I feel an erotic pleasure is when I am fortunate enough to dominate a woman. In my personal life I get serious pleasure from going submissive and switching.

S/M and B/D is about role playing and fetish. It is a parallel universe. It involves spanking, rope play, wax play, cross-dressing, various manners of bondage...basically if you can fantasize it and it doesn't directly involve "sex," it can find its way into a dungeon. Any fantasy involving sex and fetish must be enacted with consenting adults in a bedroom.

In the last eight years I have said over and over again, "that's the craziest shit ever, nothing could be crazier than that." The next thing I knew I would be asked to call a man "Mr. Poopy Pants," pretend that I was a teenage babysitter, and lecture a full grown man for pooping his pants in public. That's an extreme example, but still a part of the fetish community and one of the many insane stories I have from my adventures as a dominatrix. *Secretary* helps to show the more vanilla section of our society how fetish and S/M-B/D can be an erotic, fun way to put some zing into a relationship. That is something I knew when I was sixteen, enjoyed as a professional, and enjoy in my private life too.

Go see *Secretary*. Go buy *Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns* by Phillip Miller. Try a little kink. You don't have to be a dominatrix to live out your S/M-B/D fantasies.

Recently it was brought to my attention that "some people" think I'm a "man-hater." For the record, I am not a "man-hater." I am just easily annoyed by the behavior and stupidity of certain males. I am much more forgiving of females. This assertion was made by a sloppy drunk who tries to get down my pants on a regular basis and gets hurt feelings when I don't reciprocate the admiration. I do consider the source. Hearing this makes me reflect on the possibility of any validity to the statement. Am I a "man-hater?" Do I have a lot of satisfying friendships/relationships with men? I have excellent friendships with gay men and submissive men. Within my band it's like a marriage—you suffer through the good and the bad. I see these men more than I see my family. I rely on these men to write amazing songs that inspire purposeful lyrics. I need them. I know it. My stepfather and I love each other but more than that, tolerate one another's opinions and differences. I respect my stepfather. Moving away from Freud, what do I value in my "relationships" with men? I suppose the answer is simple—it's sex. I value the ability of a man to give me great pleasure. I have a picture of Linda Fiorentino (*The Last Seduction*) on my wall. I've had it forever. It's from an interview she did with *Vogue*. She's spinning around and her skirt is flying up showing her tight 30-something ass. There is a caption in big red letters that says, in her words, "Men are simple, they just want to have sex." I agree and add to it that there are some women who are simple and they just want to have sex. I am one of those creatures.

What else could explain the recent phenomenon of yours truly having a relationship with a 21-year-old? The cruel joke of nature to give me my sexual peak at 30 and men their peak at 17-21. I felt like one of those men with their young trophy, arm-ornament girlfriends. Except I had to keep saying, "He has an amazing cock." Sure, he's still into backyard wrestling with his friends. Sure, he still lives at home—but he does pay rent. Sure, I have to define certain vocabulary words I use because he doesn't understand what the hell I'm saying. Sure, there's not a whole hell of a lot to talk about, but, oh my goddess, what a superb cock that man has. Look how quickly he can attain another erection after coming. Isn't it cute how he's afraid to give me any sexual pain because he doesn't want to hurt me? Anyway—point being, I don't hate men. Oh, on the contrary, I love men. Maybe one day I will learn to respect them.

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In part one of my AIDS trilogy, I wrote about parents, educators and politicians who enforce today's "Abstinence-Only" AIDS education programs. Their *selfish* refusal to overcome their own personal discomfort with the fact that teens are sexual has caused a huge increase in new HIV infections in young people. This is perpetuated in spite of the fact that all studies show that the *more* education we provide regarding various different methods to avoid HIV infection, the greater the decrease in HIV transmission.

In part two, I wrote about why AIDS continues to decimate heroin and other IV drug users, and how George W. Bush's stubborn denial to remove the ban on Needle Exchange programs is due to his *selfish* over-protectiveness of his public image as an anti-drug president. This is continued in spite of the fact that all studies have shown that needle exchange programs do not create new drug users, and in fact needle usage actually goes *down* when you put addicts in regular contact with service programs that are a bridge to treatment for drug addiction.

In part three of this "trilogy of terror," I will address the issue of homosexuality and AIDS in the USA. AIDS disproportionately affects gays in this country largely because of a trick of bad luck (no pun intended.) Although AIDS had first been recognized as a primarily heterosexually transmitted disease overseas, someone somehow introduced it to the US gay community. The investigative author Randy Shiltz revealed in his groundbreaking book, *And The Band Played On*, that epidemiologists at the CDC suspected that the person to have brought the virus into the USA was a gay airline steward who picked up the infection overseas. Other people aren't so sure. But no matter how it came to be introduced to these shores, the virus happened to hit the gay community first, and it became entrenched there. Why it continues to remain entrenched there is a whole different series of complicated issues.

I was examining the CDC (Centers for Disease Control) website. The CDC is the government agency that tracks epidemics of diseases. On a page entitled "June 2001 Exposure Categories" was a list of how many people contracted HIV that year.

MEN WHO HAVE SEX WITH MEN: 361,867
INJECTING DRUG USE: 247,157
HETEROSEXUAL CONTACT: 85,738
RISK NOT IDENTIFIED: 75,142

And on and on and on. Please notice that when it comes to sexually transmitted HIV, they define people as "at risk" based on *who they are* and not by *what they do*. One of the most common statements I see in regards to this is the message "men who have sex with men are at risk for HIV infection." Whenever I see this phrase "men who have sex with men are at risk for HIV" it makes me enraged! If you are a man who has sex with a man and you make sure that you have non-penetrative, 100% safe sex every time that you have it, then you are *not* at risk! It's not *who* you have sex with but, *how* you have sex that matters. I'm disgusted that all these years into the epidemic, the CDC still doesn't know how to track infections in a way that allows the data to *mean* something of value. They should be tracking it based on the means of transmission! They should be collecting data on how many people contracted HIV through unprotected anal intercourse...through vaginal intercourse...by swallowing semen or other infectious secretions...and by HIV infected vaginal fluid or vaginal blood penetrating into the urethra or through a sore in the membrane head of the penis. If they did a better job of attempting to track transmissions in this way, then the American population would have a clearer understanding of which sexual practices are understood to be lower risk activities for HIV infection and which ones are associated with a higher risk. But no! Instead, they choose classify whole groups of *people* as risky, and not the activities they may perform. These classifications assume that all of the people in the designated group must behave in a cookie-cutter fashion in exactly the same way. What kind of "medical science" is this? This is science based on stereotype.

I feel that this categorization of people as being "at risk" based solely on who they are and not on what they do has had very harsh consequences, especially for gay men. I believe that when many gay men read so-called "AIDS prevention messages" that state "If you are a man who has sex with men you are at risk," it leads to a kind of hopelessness. Vague messages like this are so lacking in specific, detailed strategies on how to prevent infection, that many young gays mistakenly think that it's futile to even try to fight it because HIV infection is just plain inevitable. This is *so* wrong.

What the message should say is that "men who have *unsafe* sex with men are at risk." At least then it would be *factually and scientifically accurate*. There are some AIDS prevention messages out there that even go so far as to state that there is no such thing as safe sex at all, only "safer sex." This wrongly implies that *anything* you do is risky for HIV infection. Masturbation, mutual masturbation, frotage, dry-humping, and many other non-penetrative sexual acts are completely risk-free for HIV infection—but these so-called "prevention" messages don't say anything about that. These messages are essentially saying to homosexuals that "no matter what kind of sex you have, if you are gay you are at risk and will eventually get it." It's the equivalent of saying "people who eat food are at risk for food poisoning" rather than "people who eat contaminated food." Gay guys begin to think that all forms of gay sex are a Russian roulette game. They believe that it's just a matter of time before they get it, so why should they bother trying to fight it? Ask yourself if it is it any wonder why they feel that way. The statement "men who have sex with men are at risk for HIV" is the equivalent of saying "be heterosexual or die!" (Which is probably the real message the government wants to send.) And so these men who have sex with men, knowing that they cannot become heterosexual even if they wanted to, ultimately begin to feel that by their very nature they have no option other than to be "at risk for HIV." If you think this is an extreme thing for me to say, I urge you to consider putting the shoe on the other foot. Ask yourself the following: Why do we never hear any gross, blanket statements such as "men who have sex with women are at risk for HIV," or "women who have sex with men are at risk for HIV?" After all, aren't heterosexuals at risk too? Yet to phrase it in that all-encompassing way gives the impression only people who live a lifetime of celibacy are safe from HIV infection, and that it is depressingly inevitable for anyone else. They deliberately don't phrase it that way when speaking to heteros, so why do they phrase it in that way about homos? I believe it's because it's been decided that one group people are *supposed* to get brainwashed with fatalistic messages about their unavoidable doom. I probably sound paranoid, but to me it sounds like it's as if they hope that by telling all homosexuals they have no choice but to die of AIDS, it will become a self–fulfilling prophecy.

Then there's the other side of the spectrum. The results of a study were announced at the 2002 International AIDS Conference. The study was of over five thousand gay and bi guys in the USA aged 15-29. The results were not good. Ten percent of the guys tested HIV positive. 77% of the positive guys had no idea that they were. Over half of the guys who didn't know that they were positive had recently engaged in unprotected anal intercourse with at least *three* other guys. When these positive guys in their teens and twenties were asked why they had never been tested before, the usual answer was that they thought they were at *low risk* for getting HIV. Yet they had been engaging in very high risk behavior like butt-fucking with no condoms. Why didn't these guys know that this was a high risk behavior? Obviously, they are not getting any AIDS education. But where were they supposed to get their AIDS education? From their *parents*? From the "abstinence-only" school system? Where?

What little AIDS education there is in schools is entirely geared towards preventing *heterosexual* transmission. When you see an AIDS prevention message on TV, it's always directed at heteros. When was the last time you can remember seeing two guys talking to each other about AIDS in an AIDS prevention ad? I can't recall *ever* seeing one and I live in New York City, one of the largest epicenters of HIV in this nation. Yet, right off of the top of my head, I can think of *many* AIDS prevention ads and

public service announcements that have depicted a guy and a girl talking to each other about AIDS. Even "don't have sex until you're married" is a perfect example of a message that excludes gays...because we *can't* legally get married in this nation. Every gay male grew up and lives in our heterosexual-dominated society where it is made clear everyday that heterosexuals are the only ones who really matter. Back in the days when it was thought that only gay guys got AIDS, this majority in this country didn't give a flying fuck about it. They cracked AIDS jokes. "What do you call a fag on a bicycle?—Roll AIDS! Ha ha ha." No, it was only *after* it became clear that heterosexuals also contract AIDS that anybody in the straight world started to take the disease seriously. Even today, I sometimes catch the Rikki Lake Show, or some other program where someone will invariably say, "We need to care about AIDS because it's not just gay people who get it anymore." The implication is that no one should care if gay people contract HIV, and that it's unfortunate that gays aren't the only ones who get it because if they were, then there would be no reason to care about HIV at all! Who cares if *those people* croak?

Young gays often feel they are seen as worthless. That's why so many feel the need to overcompensate by broadcasting how "fabulous" they are. They come from a society where they were taught complete self-loathing. Self esteem issues and depression are a major factor in why many gay guys throw themselves into random, multiple-partner sex. They've had so much misery and rejection in their lives from parents, schoolmates, church, and society, that they just can't stand to be rejected anymore. What is the ultimate symbol of complete acceptance? Sexual intimacy. They want to go where they feel accepted by as many guys possible. They need the experience of total acceptance and happiness. Many would risk anything to get it. Obviously, some would even risk their lives. I have spent *many* a late night on the phone talking with friends who compulsively go to sex clubs. What I have learned from these conversations is that the confirmation (or should I say illusion) of *being desired* is probably the primary reason why they go. If it were only about being horny they'd have popped a porno into the VCR and gotten it out of the way. What these guys need is more than just the physical need for release. They have felt so outcast and *undesired* by the rest of the world that they are driven to confirm that numbers of cute guys *want* them. Society's message that gay men are nothing more than useless, inferior "fags" is everywhere. Having *Will & Grace* on TV will not negate it. Homosexual men are not valued as equals. We are seen as amusing companions at best, and depraved abominations at worst. And we *feel* society's rejection. Boy oh boy, do we feel it. It makes sense that Ecstasy should be the drug of choice for many gays. It's a drug that floods the brain with serotonin to produce chemically induced happiness.

Sex with multiple partners will not cause you to contract HIV...*if* you are 100% safe every time. (But you could contract lots of other stuff, like scabies, crabs, venereal warts, pinworms, giardia,...yech. See Part One of my AIDS Columns in *MRR* # 233) The sad truth is that most men are not safe 100% of the time, although they should be, and they certainly *could be*. But the fact that many aren't always safe is the reason why the number of sexual contacts that you have has an impact on your risk for HIV infection. The more sexual contacts the greater the odds that you may slip up. And yet, even if you only have sex once in your entire life, if that sex is unprotected you could easily become HIV-infected. Whether you have sex with one person or one thousand people, who cares? I don't believe the number of people you have sex with makes you any more or less "cutting edge" or "radical." I really don't. To me radical thought is in your mind, not in your dick. There is nothing sinful or immoral about orgies and there is nothing prudish or uptight about monogamous sex with just one person. Yet these are the accusations that people have hurled at each other, which have divided us from understanding the real enemy...the HIV virus. Neither the right nor the center nor the left seem to be interested in fighting the virus. They'd rather fight with each other over who's a "slut" and who's a "prude." I think fighting the *virus* is what's truly "radical."

The so-called "radical-queer" subculture, is just as fucked up as the so-called "mainstream" gay culture if you ask me. When I read "radical-queer" literature or see an underground "queer" movie what does it seem to promote to me? It isn't a war against AIDS. It isn't a radical change in society's attitude towards gays. It champions their tortured, angst-ridden isolation. If so, how is "queer culture" any different from any other part of society that wants to banish homosexuals somewhere far removed from anyone else? But, apparently, they think that alienation is cool somehow. That...and sex in public restrooms. I don't think I can agree that group sex in a filthy public bathroom is the most positive message "radical-queers" could be spreading. The whole history of how homosexual public bathroom sex began has everything to do with shame. A hundred years ago those closeted men wouldn't dare actually bring someone home with them. The neighbors would figure out they were gay...(or their wives.) So they developed bathroom homosexual sex with strangers, detached from emotion. Society's disapproval is what forced those men of yesteryear to hide in the shadows. They'd sneak off to secluded rendezvous spots for physical contact. The emotional aspect of male-to-male love was never permitted to materialize. It wasn't *allowed* to develop. In those days, the discovery of their nature would have lead to a complete social outcast status. Fear of being publicly exposed as an "invert" caused them to treat their "sick" sexuality as if it were nothing more than any other "shameful" bodily function, and it lead them (quite literally) into the toilet. What is the value is of projecting this sort of image today? It conflicts with the whole notion of what liberated gay sexuality is all about. Gays need to be able to proudly walk down the street with a boyfriend, holding hands, right to their very own doorsteps.

My pal G.B. Jones, (who practically originated the Homocore movement with her band Fifth Column and the zine *J.D.s*) had this to say about this topic. "I think a lot of young males might go to washrooms (and parks) and have sex, not because they think its great, but because its the only place they know of to meet other gay people that they have access to. If they are under 18 or 19, they won't be able to get into bars and clubs. That's what several of my friends have told me motivated them to do that when they were younger. Again that's our fucked up society's fault for not allowing young gay people safe places to meet each other." I think G.B is correct. In Brooklyn NY, there is an underground alternative queer/punk space called DUMBA. Occasionally they have events where queer youth can meet each other. But, how many places like that are there in this nation? There are almost none. So instead, some young queer boys seek out bathrooms in malls, libraries, parks, and bookstores, where they may encounter each other by chance but more likely find older closeted married men, or other latent homosexuals, or undercover cops, or queer-bashers, who the hell knows who else. How fucking "liberating" is that? How dare these so-called "queer-radicals" talk up public bathroom sex as if it were some new, revolutionary, cutting edge thing! They defend this old practice, borne from the closet, as if it were healthy expression of sexual freedom. Is it? Or is it more accurate to say that the *reason* they defend it has nothing to do with revolution at all, and everything to do with protecting their *sexual turf*. Male animals protect their *sexual turf* by growling and biting at anything they perceive as threatening it. Man proves yet again that he is merely just another animal.

I believe that the defensive stance of protecting sexual turf isn't only about *where* someone does it. It's also about *how*. Increasing numbers of men who are already HIV positive are now defending how they want to have sex. And how they want it is without condoms. They feel that since they are already positive there is no need for them, and some of them feel that since Protease Inhibitors can keep HIV positive people alive, there isn't really much reason for gay guys to stay negative, either. They say, "Come on in and join the party."

Today you can walk into a mainstream gay bookstore and on the shelf will stand a videotape entitled *Orgy Bareback*. "Bareback" is the cute nickname that some reckless fool gave to butt-fucking without condoms. I swear that the eagerness of some queers to rush insanely towards their own total devastation is flabbergasting. A bigoted heterosexual-supremacist society of hatred has done everything in the world to try and destroy all homosexuals, but nothing they could do will ever compare to the hatred for which we must obviously have for ourselves. Let us now pause to thank heterosexual society for the wonderful way homosexuals have been treated. We have

learned our lesson well. Every time we heard the bully scream "I'm gonna get you after school, faggot!" We learned what we are. We are the alien creatures that need to be destroyed.

Candida Scott Piel, the community liason at AMFAR (the American Foundation for AIDS Research) was quoted in the July 2nd *Village Voice* as saying, "The condom code was instituted for an emergency, like a flood or fire. It isn't viable. Acknowledging that is crucial." To state that the condom code isn't viable because it was instituted in "an emergency" ignores the fact the HIV has never ceased to be an emergency.

What is truly "crucial" to "acknowledge" is that Protease Inhibitors may extend the life span of people with HIV but that's all. It is *just* an extension. A reprieve. A stopgap measure. It doesn't mean that contracting HIV isn't a big deal anymore. Anyone who thinks that way is in a dream world of denial. The cost of these drugs alone is prohibitive. They don't work for everyone. They have difficult regimens that you have to follow, and they often have harsh side effects. The only thing fucking good about them is they keep you alive longer. Hopefully long enough until they day they find a cure. Do you really think they are gonna find a cure any time soon with Bush in the White House? Ha! Bush brags about increased AIDS funding. All the previous Presidents since the beginning of the plague have bragged about their "Increased AIDS funding." The increases are never in substantial proportion to the problem and the money isn't effectively spent, so what good is this "increased funding?" Shams of smoke and mirrors won't produce a cure. With no cure in sight, you *do not* want to get HIV. To make a statement like "condoms aren't viable" is at the heart of the problem, because condoms *are* viable. There was a time in this country when the numbers of new infection among gay men plummeted to minuscule numbers because they had adopted condoms and other safer sex practices to protect themselves. Gay men were akin to the shining heroic gods of the epidemic. They led the way as examples to the rest of the human race about protection. Today the gods have become monsters.

It is not easy for me to say such awful things about my own "community." Absolutely everyone in the AIDS establishment says that it is counterproductive, and will lead to the demonization of people with HIV. But when I pick up *HX* magazine, probably the most widely read local free gay magazine in New York City, and I see classified ads in there that read: "Wanted: bareback bottom 18-30, into taking loads," I ask myself something. What kind of monsters are the editors of this magazine, who are so lacking in ethics that they feel perfectly comfortable publishing this horrendously irresponsible ad? It's not as if they don't know that unprotected anal intercourse should not be facilitated nor encouraged. It is legal to buy a gun, but if a man walks into a gun store and states that he wishes to commit a murder/suicide would it be ethical or responsible for the sales clerk to simply accept the man's money and hand over a gun? The answer is an obvious no. I very recently wrote to this magazine and basically blasted them for running such ads. They printed the letter and told me that they agreed with me 100%, and that no ads like that would ever run in their magazine again. They stated that any "bareback" ads that had appeared in their magazine were "an unfortunate oversight." I've been watching their ad page, and so far they have been true to their word and no similar ads have run again. But, I am not so dumb as to think that just because the ads don't appear in this magazine anymore, that it means unsafe sex is no longer proliferating.

When I wrack my brain trying to understand how such blatantly irresponsible behavior can proliferate, I can only come to one conclusion. Appealing to people to have safe sex as a matter of humanitarian responsibility is a dismal failure. "Bareback" sex proliferates because people don't *care* about being responsible to others. All they care about is themselves. Does this sound too harsh? Consider a story told to me by my friend Stephen, one of the original ACT UP activists.

Stephan went to an AIDS prevention workshop. While there, a man stood up and told a story about a visit to a gay sex club. The man said that he witnessed a young gay kid whom he knew was both new to the gay scene, and HIV negative, being fucked by an older man without a condom. He was shocked but did nothing. A while later, disturbed by what he'd just witnessed, he approached the older man and said; "You know, you really shouldn't be doing that." The man replied; "Why should I care about catching HIV? I'm already positive!"

"But that kid doesn't know that! I know that kid was negative."

"Look, if he let me fuck him without a condom then why should I care? That's his decision. He knows the score."

A selfish monster?

A naive person assumes that if a guy looks healthy and wants to fuck without a condom then he must be safe. A jaded person assumes that if a guy agrees to be fucked without a condom then he must already be positive…so why bother with messy, smelly, uncomfortable condoms. Of course, both are so self-centered that neither really cares enough to actually confirm each other's HIV status anyway. All they want is to have hot sex. This is the vicious circle of selfishness. While on the surface it seems like it should be easy to convince all HIV negative men to have only safe sex, this has become increasingly difficult in this new "gay" culture where barebacking is now considered to be a "personal decision" more than a public health threat. And no one has ever seemed to adequately been able to convince all HIV positive men why they need to have safe sex. HIV positive men have grown tired of disclosing their HIV status to some hot sexy young guy and having that guy reject them. So now they just keep their mouths shut. "If you don't ask, I won't tell." (Or, even if you *do* ask…maybe I just won't tell the truth.)

Any appeal to a responsibility to "the community" is obviously useless. My friend Stephen told me that when the man finished telling the sex club story to the room at the AIDS Prevention Workshop, there was silence. No one in the room said anything. No one knew what to say. Think about how frightening that is. At an *AIDS Prevention Workshop* no one knew what *work* should be done to *prevent AIDS*. No one concerned about the spread of HIV seems to know what to do to convince gay men to stop "barebacking." As my friend Stephen says; "If we don't figure out what to do soon, I know what we *will* be doing! We'll be going to funerals!"

When I was an idealistic kid I used to believe in the early AIDS prevention slogans that were directed towards a sense of personal responsibility, such as "We Must Love Each Other Or Die!" Today, I now see that we *don't* love each other, and so many more *will* die. With apologies to The Supremes, "Stop! In The Name of Love!" just doesn't fucking work.

So what do we do? How do we convince these men to put the condoms back on and transform these monsters back into gods? We must look back to the days when condoms did work, and figure out why there once was a time when gay males practiced safer sex—and the new infection rate decreased to a fraction of what it now is. We must understand that this happened not because men were interested in protecting each other, but because they were only interested in protecting themselves. Since we've established that all men are selfish and pleas to their humanity are a waste of breath, perhaps we must appeal to the one thing that people have proved in this whole AIDS story is the only thing know and care about: Their own monstrous *selfish* selves.

The ever-present evil of the HIV virus itself may provide the only answer. Because drug-resistant multi-strains of HIV are here, and they are vicious.

I went to the kickoff fundraiser of FIAR. The Foundation for Integrative AIDS Research, a new organization begun by a brilliant AIDS activist named George Carter. http://www.aidsinfonyc.org/fiar/

FIAR is a not-for-profit organization formed to evaluate clinical questions relating to the use of *dietary supplements* and HIV. They will try to discover if these supplements can help to manage side effects of drug therapy. Can vitamins, minerals, amino acids, herbs, protein powders, and hormones slow the rate of progression? These are questions that should be answered. The fact that a lone activist has to try to find the answers, when this is clearly a study that the government should have done a long time ago, is an indication of what lousy condition the state of AIDS research is in. George had his fundraiser at Goodfellas Pizza on the corner of Bleecker and Christopher Streets. They had really good Italian rice balls! If you want to donate money to a good cause, send it to George. I didn't get to talk to him much that night, but I yakkity-yakked a lot with Mark Kuebel, FIAR's vice president. I knew him years ago before he moved to San Francisco. He's back living in New

York after getting his Herbalist/Acupuncture degree there. He also uses Chinese medicine (herb, acupuncture) to assist in his own overall alternative treatment strategy for managing his HIV disease although it isn't Chinese medicine *alone* that keeps him alive and fighting. He told me that while living in SF, he personally met the guy who has the distinction of being the first documented case of contracting the new drug-resistant super-strain of HIV. This guy got infected by getting into "barebacking." I searched the web and actually found a story about this guy. He was negative and he allowed himself to be fucked without a condom. The HIV positive man who fucked him had even pulled out before he came. That didn't mean anything to the mega-strain that caused the infection. The multi-drug resistant strain is untreatable with any known medicine, including all four of the Protease Inhibitors. I asked Mark what sort of a guy this fellow was. It's like I was somehow expecting the description of a raving, wild-eyed suicidal maniac, hell-bent on his own destruction. Mark just looked me in the eye and said simply, "He was a very nice guy. He was just naive."

We must convince gay men who "bareback" that if they don't put the fuckin' condoms back on right away they most certainly *will* contract the drug-resistant HIV strains that are now spreading. Drug-resistant HIV is a mutation of the AIDS virus. It's a result of "barebacking" and the intermingling of different HIV strains. When you re-infect yourself with many different strains, the virus becomes a super-virus that is unresponsive to any medication. Without any treatment options, the people who contract drug-resistant HIV cannot live for very long. Protease Inhibitors are useless, AZT is useless, and in short...they will sicken and die in the same horrible ways that people with AIDS did in the 1980s. If no cure for AIDS is found soon and if these men continue to bareback, it is certain that they will eventually contract drug-resistant strains of HIV. (Probably sooner rather than later.) I have to believe that no one today, neither positive nor negative, would want that fate. And I know that Bush is not pushing for a cure for AIDS to be found. He's too busy obsessing on Saddam and destroying the economy. AIDS activists protested at the Barcelona AIDS Conference that Bush should provide the $10 billion a year that the UN is asking for to fight AIDS in Africa and Asia. Do you think Bush would do it? He doesn't even fight AIDS here! Would the "American People" support that expenditure? They are all losing their jobs.

Since barebackers have proved they have little interest in protecting others, if there is any way to get men to stop barebacking, this is the case that must be made to them. "You do not want to get drug-resistant HIV! You must protect yourself!" Yourself. Yourself. Everything about AIDS has always been about selfishness. This is what I have learned about AIDS.

Will you protect yourself? Never have anal sex without a condom. Pull out before you cum, even with the condom on. Don't swallow cum. Never let anyone cum in your mouth at all. Cum on your partner, not in them. Don't let anyone mislead you into "barebacking." It's not "daring" or "radical" or "cutting edge," ...unless the thing you're looking to cut is your own throat! Don't have sex while drunk or on drugs. Please stay away from heroin or any injecting drug. Don't share needles for any reason. I know it's impossible for every heterosexual to only have sex with condoms. No babies would ever be born. But, please try to be as safe as you can be. Don't cheat on each other without condoms. It's not really all that nice to cheat on your partner at all, you know. Please, think about it.

Ya know, I have been with my partner for over ten years and we have never done an unsafe thing with each other. We would never even consider it. It's not that we don't trust each other. We totally love each other. But, I strongly believe this issue of "trust" has been abused as a weapon. Example: "If you trust me, you'd let me." Wrong! What's correct is: "If you love me, you wouldn't even consider doing something that we know could endanger us both." Look, I don't have anal sex at all and I never have, OK? You know something? Like the old Ike & Tina Turner song goes..."You can't miss nuthin' that you never had." It's so true. I feel that I am a very happy, contented, person...most of the time...but this AIDS catastrophe is very hard on me. I don't know how to save the world. I don't have all the answers. One thing I haven't figured out is, if the argument to convince HIV positive men to use condoms is to protect themselves from re-infection with drug-resistant HIV strains...then how do we convince guys already infected with drug resistant HIV to use condoms? If you know, please let me know. I'm running out of ideas.

I can only plead the case that no matter how virulent the strains are now, there are new *even more* resistant strains mutating all the time. No matter how bad you have it, it can always get much, much worse. You don't want that.

By the way, you heterosexual punkers, could do a lot to help out your homo brothers, ya know. If a gay brother comes out to you, don't say..."hey, man...that's fucked up!"

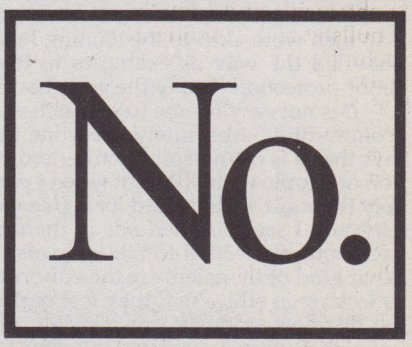
Or, "Well, I respect you dude, but I don't agree with that lifestyle."

Or, "Have you accepted Christ as your personal savior?"

Just say, "that's cool." And continue slamming to the band! Tell him to make sure that he has safe sex every time because you want to see him at the reunion gig of the band twenty years from now.

Whether you are hetero or homo, please...please...please protect yourself. Because I can't fucking stand the thought of more and more people dying from this plague. I don't think my sanity can take it. That old Flipper song keeps droning in my head. "We who survived the plague. We have nothing!" It was written by Will Shatter, another punk rocker dead because of the heroin needle.

Even though I know that I will never do anything to put myself at risk for infection with AIDS, I am still affected by it. I think I may just be having a nervous breakdown because the stupidity selfishness, and evil that is AIDS. You see? This whole thing is all about *me* and protecting *my* sanity. Because I am just as selfish as you.



You are a criminal. Yes, you. You can't deny it. Every day of your life, you commit little, victimless crimes. Small things that, while technically against the law, are just part of your life and routine. Jaywalking. Running yellow lights. Maybe doing drugs. Spitting on the sidewalk. Driving or riding your bike when you're a bit tipsy. Riding your bike with no headlight. Loitering. Listening to free, illegal MP3s or making mix tapes for your friends. Slander. Dumpstering. Pissing in public. Speeding while driving or biking. Lying on your rental form/job application/taxes. Not wearing a seatbelt. Subletting your rented apartment/house/room. Perhaps being an immigrant. Skateboarding. Walking your dog and it shits on the street.

You get the idea. The more you realize how marginalized you are in today's society, the more you become aware of how much of a criminal you are. In the crumbling, colonial empire that is the USA, those who have the most money and resources are never the criminals—at least not if you define a criminal as someone who gets caught, gets a ticket, goes on trial, and is convicted. Do you ever wish *you* could get away with more? Are you aware that you *can*?

Many, if not most, of you reading this are not medically insured. If you are, the chances are likely that you are a part of some sort of hideous HMO that still makes you pay a hefty chunk of the overblown cost of even a 20-minute visit to the doctor, plus a big cut to the pharmaceutical industry for any sort of drugs you might need. Don't kid yourself—These HMOs and pharmaceutical industry giants are *huge* criminals, applying soft money pressure to lawmakers and hospitals to insure that our country remains the last major industrialized nation in the world with no national health care plan for its citizens. You should never hesitate to rip them off as brazenly as possible—Without being caught.

When you go to the hospital for an emergency next time, remember that you do not need to show them your ID. "I don't have one" or "I left it at home" are perfectly legitimate excuses.

All you really need is a name, a birthdate/birthplace, and a social security number. The important things to change here are the social security number and the last name. The first five numbers of your SSN (a social security number being like ###-##-####) denote your place of birth and date of birth. Keep those numbers the same. Change the last four to whatever you can remember. Tell them your real birthplace and a date of birth within 10 days of the real one (or just use the real one). Change your name, then feed them whatever bullshit you'd like about address, phone #, family, etc. Keep it fake yet plausible, and try to keep it simple). It's like this: The computer is only looking for those first five numbers. It will admit you if they match up to the info you gave them. The nurse, especially at a large hospital, does not care. Most doctors and nurses actually believe in the Hippocratic oath, and they are also aware that if national health care became a reality they would still be fairly compensated for their work, unlike the filthy leechlike HMOs. Try not to *ever* pay for medical care, if you can.

You will still need to pay something for a prescription. Don't use a credit or debit card, especially one with your name. Now, I have been using this scam for years, and it has worked many times. My instinct at this point is that it actually is unnecessary, that you could just lie your fool head off about the whole damn SSN# along with everything and they would not care or notice. But this scam is important to perpetuate, because people who are not used to pulling off a crime so exhilarating and liberating (and big in terms of money) as this need encouragement, and they feel they need to have a system in order to feel safe. If it encourages more people to commit these victimless yet revolutionary crimes because they feel safer than they would without a plan, then good. Eventually they will realize that many things we need in life that are priced at such a level as to be unobtainable or debilitating are easily acquired with a good line of bullshit and a confident attitude. Some other exhilarating and useful crimes to try are: 1) Shoplifting, *especially* at giant supermarkets. Remember kids, Berkeley Bowl is *not* a Co-op! 2) Sodomy. 3) Timeclock sabotage at your workplace. 4) Volunteering at Food Not Bombs. 5) Vandalism, especially of giant homogeneous ads. How'd ya like to see a billboard that said "ELVIS SCHMENDAKAMP VIOLATES THE DEAD!"? Have fun, and remember, you're poor, so getting caught is expensive.

—Johnny Walker Lindt Bar, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609. johngeek@hotmail.com

Weaning is the process by which a child becomes accustomed to taking food other than by nursing. Nursing, of course, refers to breastfeeding. My daughter was breastfed exclusively until she was around 7 months old. At that time and until she turned one year old, she ate very little other than breastmilk. Mashed banana and ripe avocado were the only other things on her menu. Although her appetite for solid food increased after her first birthday, she only would eat a lot of it if I weren't around.

Simply put, if her first food source were around, she'd suckle up. She wisely preferred the liquid gold that kept her free from illness and infection, provided her body the perfect nutrition that changed in composition according to her growth needs, and taught her security, trust, and comfort. This nursing relationship lasted well past her second birthday and continued until last month, when she was two and a half.

My initial plan was to nurse her for her first year. (FYI, the American Academy of Pediatrics recommends that babies should be breastfed until their first birthday and longer as long as the nursing relationship is mutually agreeable.) When her first birthday rolled around and no signs of giving up the boob were presented, I started thinking of another timeline and I went with what felt natural and right; I kept nursing her "on demand."

Soon after her second birthday, I started wondering how much longer I would be able to nurse her. She still loved her "boobies!" but I was needing more of myself back. So I started reading about weaning, firsthand accounts of how other mothers weaned their nursing toddlers, what worked for them and what didn't. The overwhelming evidence pointed to what's called "child-led weaning" as being the best for the child. However, I wasn't convinced I could nurse her all the way to kindergarten. I will say though, that I really enjoyed being able to build a relationship that fostered empathy, trust, and mutual respect. I feared that after she weaned completely, she wouldn't have a need for me anymore, I wouldn't be as empathetic or patient, and that our relationship would suffer.

I had my fears and anxieties about stopping nursing her, but I decided to seize an open window of opportunity. Some of what I read suggested that weaning by abandonment (when mom leaves town for a week or two) wasn't the way to go. But she and her daddy had plans to go to grandma's house without me for a little over a week. They were abandoning me instead!

For a few weeks before they left, I talked to my daughter repeatedly about the trip and made sure she knew that I'd be staying home and that mommy's milk was going to be gone soon. I talked about it in terms she understood and she asked, "Mommy have no milk? Me drink it all?"

Still, I wasn't convinced that I would be able to deny her the beloved boobies if she returned after ten days and requested it. I had absolutely no idea if this was going to be her time of weaning or not. However, I didn't pump any breastmilk while she was gone. By doing so, I would have kept up my milk supply. The first few days, I was engorged and in slight pain. My tits were hard as rocks and a cup size or two bigger than usual. But by day four or five, they subsided. When we spoke on the phone, she pointblank asked me, "Mommy have little bit milk left for me?" I told her, "Yes, a little bit." I did still have milk for her if she wanted it when she returned, but only enough for a single nursing on each side. If she wanted more than that, I'd be in trouble.

I was nervous when I went to pick her and her daddy up at the airport because I still wasn't committed to nursing or not nursing, but I had a bag of toy surprises waiting for her and was just going to be happy to be together again. When I spotted them walking down the corridor, I couldn't believe that she looked so different to me! She had grown up so much in 10 days! She was a big girl all of a sudden, a big girl who did not, I repeat did not, ask for milk, boobies, or nursing. There was the decision, decided by her, and I felt relieved. I was relieved to know that she was going to be OK without it anymore and so was I.

She actually went to sleep that night without needing or wanting to nurse. She was still in the groove of daddy putting her to bed for the past week or so. But the next night was a struggle. By that time, however, I had become committed to not nursing anymore. I saw firsthand that she was fine without it and I wasn't going back to do it all over again. I really enjoyed that full night of sleep without her waking up wanting boobie milk two or three times during the night, every night. It took an hour and a half that night of rocking chair comfort and verbal explanation and negotiation to remind her that Mommy's milk was all gone, but she calmed as I held her, sang to her, and let her "hold the boobies." She slept through the night at my side and it's been smooth sailing ever since.

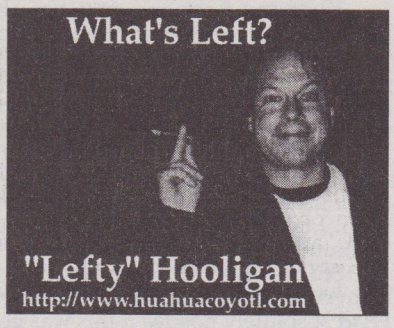
A lot of people have told me that I got off easy, that completely weaning a toddler is usually more of a struggle or it's drawn out over months. But I really think that the key to our success lies with the individuals involved. She was at a developmentally ready stage when she was able to comprehend the concept of mommy's milk being gone because she drank it all. Through our nursing relationship, we had built a solid foundation of trust and security. So, cognitively and emotionally, she was able to deal with such a huge change in her life.

And I was OK, too. My fears of her not needing me anymore or of me not empathizing with her as much have been alleviated. She still needs me, and more importantly, wants me to interact with her. And I'm still patient and empathetic. If anything, our relationship has gotten better. Nature is taking its course, even if her weaning was not the 100% natural, child-led way. She's on her own naturally timed course of growing up and therefore, becoming more independent and confident that she doesn't need me, or even want me, for everything. And I'm

more willing to hold, cuddle, bathe with and lie next to her than I had been during the last few months before she weaned when I was starting to resent her wanting to nurse all the time.

If any of you are facing the issue of weaning, my advice is to go with what you feel is best for the both of you and your family. I know that sounds overly simplified, or perhaps painfully obvious, but it worked for us.

Punkparents get in touch.
yardwideyarns@hotmail.com
PO Box 12839, Gainesville, FL 32604



You have to realize you're nothing before you can be free.

Garry Winogrand, photographer

"Where's the Wall?" I ask the grizzled old vet in the patriotic souvenir stand by the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, DC. It's past eleven in the evening, a velvety black night that is humid and warm. The distant sound of drumming and chanting echoes from the few dozen anti-globalization demonstrators left around where the IMF/World Bank is still meeting a few blocks away.

"Down that path, to the right." The man says, leaning out of the stand and pointing. "See that line of dim lights? That's where it is."

I'm visiting the Vietnam War memorial on Saturday night, September 28 because the anti-IMF/World Bank demonstrations that day were a bust. Both organizers and the police had expected between 10 and 20,000 people. Barely 5,000 showed up. The protesters didn't even have the numbers to act out a symbolic quarantine of the IMF/World Bank by surrounding the building in which the representatives of international capital met. Not that the cops would have let us, even had we the bodies to accomplish it, because the DC PD was out in force. The day before, cops had actually outnumbered the 2 to 3,000 anti-capitalist demonstrators attempting to "shut down the city." Called to direct action as a Peoples Strike by DC's Anti-Capitalist Convergence, the anti-capitalist protesters were outmaneuvered by the police at every turn. That's why I have time to be a tourist in Washington, DC, and why I'm standing in front of that stunning, stirring and ultimately beautiful black wall, tracing my fingers over random names carved into its marble.

Actually, the Lincoln Memorial was magnificent and the Korean War memorial haunting in that plush darkness, with the reflecting pool and Washington Monument as silent, serene backdrop. It's the Wall that moves me however, causing something to catch in my throat and bother my eyes. There are books on pedestals all around, but I don't bother to find the names of high school friends who never came back to locate their places on the Wall. I don't need to. I simply walk up and down its length, struck dumb by its somber elegance, looking at the medals, letters and other memorabilia left by mourners at the Wall.

Only later, upon reflecting on my experience at the Wall, do I get pissed that chickenhawks like Bush and Cheney are so eager to build more monuments to dead American soldiers.

The Vietnam War and the protest against it shaped me profoundly. All those marches and rallies and vigils and sit-ins, plus demonstrations and protests around many other issues and movements after Vietnam to the present, and I believe I've developed a sixth sense about cops and trouble. I came to the nation's capital knowing full well that around 20,000 anti-war demonstrators tried unsuccessfully to shut down the city on May 3 and 4, 1971, resulting in 12,000 arrests under a temporary police state. I got that old gut feeling to back off after sizing things up in DC on Friday, September 27, 2002. I'll admit that not wanting to spend time in a strange jail in a strange city had a lot to do with my decision, as did being fifty and not wanting to play paddy cake with a policeman's truncheon. So I stayed on the sidelines and watched a few thousand anti-capitalists try to "shut down" Washington DC.

Plans to block freeways never materialized for lack of numbers. The anti-capitalist "Bike Strike" was hemmed in by cops on bikes, who guided the radical bikers to swift arrest in Pershing Park. An army of police surrounded demonstrators without warning in Freedom Plaza, refused to let them disperse, then arrested them for demonstrating without a permit. In all, some 650 people went to jail in what can only be called a pre-emptive strike by massive numbers of well-prepared DC police.

The anti-globalization protests against the IMF and World Bank, so clearly on the wane in Washington DC that weekend, oddly enough did manage to partially shut down the city. The powers-that-be anticipated two to four times the number of demonstrators that did show up that weekend and a far more militant mood, so they asked workers to stay home, or to go to work by means other than a car. By some estimates, 20 to 30 percent of the workforce took the first suggestion, with both freeway congestion and subway ridership down on Friday. This image of massive wild-in-the-streets Seattle style protests also scared away a lot of the regular tourist types. Folks with whom we stayed kept marveling at how empty the city was all that weekend.

It's too simplistic however to argue that a lot of the anti-globalization protest was siphoned off into a suddenly resurrected anti-war movement, and specifically into the protests across the country the very next weekend, on October 6. The numbers at anti-war protests, even the latest on October 26 which drew between 80 and 100,000 to DC and between 60 and 80,000 to San Francisco respectively, have never reached the dimensions of anti-globalization demonstrations, starting with Seattle in November, 1999. Nor has the anti-war movement achieved the broad diversity in support and participation characteristic of the anti-globalization movement. And then there are the efforts by a few asswipe Leninist groups to throw a stranglehold on the former through their supposed "leadership" of the movement, so refreshingly lacking in the latter.

To be sure, the anti-globalization movement has its own problems and cannot be considered a flawless example to be uncritically emulated. Compared to the resuscitated anti-war movement, constricted as it seems to be by the dead weight of bankrupt Leninist politics and vanguardist organizing, the anti-globalization movement has much to teach. Unfortunately, Junior Bush's endless war against international terrorism, plus anybody else who gets in America's way, not to mention his new security state may have effectively curtailed the anti-globalization movement in this country for the time being. In turn, only modest numbers in opposition to global capitalism so far have transferred their opposition to America's new world war.

I was on an airplane from NYC during the October 6 demonstrations initiated by the Maoist Revolutionary Communist Party front group Not In Our Name. I did manage to attend the San Francisco protests on October 26 called by the Stalinist Workers World Party front group, the International ANSWER Coalition. I'm happy to report that the march and rally's size, though not comparable to anti-globalization demonstrations over the past three years, nevertheless has grown to the point where the WWP/IAC/ANSWER goons can no longer control things.

There's always a numbers game played at such events. The police estimated attendance at the SF demo around 42,000, whereas the organizers put the figure at 80,000. The cops lie because it's their standard operating procedure to conservatively estimate protesters so as to minimize the size and importance of social dissent in the streets. The ANSWER folks lie because it's their *modus operandi* to liberally reckon attendance at their events so as to inflate their influence and support. I too favor protest, but I also realize the facts probably lie somewhere in between, hence my own range approximations. Whether 40, 60 or 80,000 demonstrators marched and rallied in San Francisco on October 26 against war with Iraq, it was clear as I walked up Market Street with that vast crowd that the ANSWER organizers had only a superficial control of the event. Had, say, a thousand black clad, black masked anarchists shown up, linked arms and marched as a block, as is often done in Europe, the ANSWER pod people could have done little to prevent or isolate them. Had a sizeable contingent of legal marchers broken through police lines and taken a run for the Bay Bridge, again

ANSWER's security monitors would have been hard pressed to do anything to stop them.

As it was, a group of protesters scattered through the crowd—often waving black or red flags and calling themselves Anti-War Action—passed out tiny flyers during the hours long march. The flyers proclaimed: "Rallies alone won't stop the war. Our Answer … Direct Action." Great I thought, just what I'd been looking for. Anti-War Action asked people to gather around their flags at the Polk and Grove corner of the Civic Center Plaza at 2:30 for an unauthorized march to start around 3.When I arrived at 10 to 3 however, the grassy area was empty. No sign of a more radical gathering preparing for direct action, though eventually several spectators informed me that a large group had taken off ten or fifteen minutes before.

Who the fuck on the Left, let alone among black flag waving anarcho types, starts an event *early*?

I did manage to catch up with the 3,000 rebel protesters marching down the middle of Market Street just before Powell. Squads of cops on motorcycles passed me along the way. I remember seeing a large black flag waving above traffic ahead of me, beckoning with the promise of direct action.

I have a number of amusing and curious memories from the renegade Anti-War Action march…

…Two punks dressed in full-on studded leather jackets covered in their favorite band names, sporting violent orange and brilliant lime green mohawks respectively, one with a lemon yellow bandana and the other with a sky blue kerchief. No doubt the bandanas were to keep them from being identified by the cops, in case trouble broke out … A tall blonde kid wearing a trench coat mafia style jacket over a Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade t-shirt, looking lost, with a sheepish grin on his face, saying to himself: "Okay, where's the Youth Brigade?" Later in the march, he huddled with three other RCYBers on a street corner, around a cellular phone, no doubt waiting for instructions from their RCP leaders … A call and response chant during the march which began "Whose streets?", "Our streets!" The chant swelled through "Whose city?", "Our city!"; faltered with "Whose country?" when no one responded; then recovered with "Whose world?", "Our world!"…

…But whether the Anti-War Action march actually accomplished any direct action is debatable. The marchers were escorted and followed all the way back down Market by scores of motorcycle police, who kept their distance and didn't hassle the protesters. Cops kept abreast with the march on foot along the sidewalk, lining up strategically in front of banks, but otherwise allowing the demonstrators to have our way. Periodically, when the march got too spread out, folks who I assume were associated with Anti-War Action called on everybody to regroup behind a line of people linking arms in block tactics typical of European Autonomists, shouting for everybody to stick close together in order to avoid being isolated and arrested. Yet the cops didn't arrest anybody, not even lone masked demonstrators way out in front waving flags. Clearly, as long as the renegade protesters didn't break windows or head for the freeway, the cops were content to let us wander around downtown streets until our momentum petered out.

For our part, the marchers soon got pissed at being allowed, and essentially lead around by the oh-so-tolerant police. At least twice the march detoured through stopped oncoming traffic to try and outflank the cops, only to have law enforcement race ahead on their motorcycles, redirect oncoming traffic, and once again clear the way for the march's progress around the financial district. At one point, as we approached Embarcadero, hundreds of marchers suddenly took off in a run, hoping once again to outmaneuver the police. The cops donned their riot helmets, and it looked like they were finally going to take on the crowd. Once again however, the confrontation dissipated because, ultimately, the march did nothing but march, and the cops once again let it. Anti-War Action didn't seem to have plans beyond aimlessly roaming around downtown until our numbers dwindled to ineffectiveness, so I took off when the much reduced demonstration crossed the park in front of the Embarcadero shopping center, a scant few blocks from Justin Hermann Plaza, where the ANSWER march began that morning.

Okay, a few barricades were knocked over, and a vehicle attempting to breach the march (identified either as an SUV or a red van) was stopped and either trashed, with its four tires flattened, or just slightly damaged with the roof dented in by an angry protester. The unauthorized march wound up at a downtown military recruiting office almost by default right after I left, but nothing more than loud slogan shouting over a bullhorn occurred. So, aside from "reclaiming the streets" with the full cooperation of the SFPD, nothing much resembling direct action came of the breakaway event.

The Anti-War Action direct action march obviously had its problems, but that it happened at all is the good news. The anti-war movement has grown large enough that autonomous activity is not only possible, but probable as folks baulk at being used to further the dubious political agenda of one or another vanguard party.

Another bit of good news is that the Anti-War Action march was comprised of smaller autonomous crews, beginning with the AWA folks themselves. One of the nifty features of this outlaw demo was the portable, powerful DJ sound system strapped to a bike and cargo rack, and diligently steered and protected through the march by a tight group. The portable sound system allowed chants, peace tunes and instructions to be broadcast to the marchers. (Two things about AWA; they claim that "[o]ur main objective was—quite frankly—to get people out of the park" and "hopefully introduce some more mainstream folks to RTS-style unpermitted action," and that, as a group, they "do not feel comfortable aligning themselves with any particular ideology.")

I've already mentioned the RCP's youth wing, the RCYB. I saw folks who I've worked with off and on, the left communist Insane Dialectical Posse. A knot of people with kafias carried Palestinian flags. Another half dozen protesters wore day glow red Che Guevara stickers. A tiny rave troupe of drummers and dancers partied along. The small group, independent crew, autonomous affinity group, revolutionary gang, whatever you want to call it, will be absolutely fundamental to any truly self-organized, self-acting anti-war movement.

One more fundamental of such a movement is, contrary to the RCYB, don't wait for instructions. Get together with your friends, your crew, your affinity group to plan and act now. Go to demonstrations together. Be prepared to cover each other's backs, and to take part in any spontaneous street action that might arise. Come prepared with your own placards to carry, leaflets to distribute, slogans to chant, and actions you want to take. Seek out and coordinate your activities with other like-minded crews at such demonstrations, through the internet, via established anti-authoritarian publications, etc. Focus on taking independent action the day we start bombing Iraq, then prepare for the day after. As the venerable MC5 once said, "Kick out the jams, brothers and sisters!"

To recap a bit, while the anti-war movement has grown large enough so that autonomous activity seeking to break with the movement's so-called leadership is now a fact, the movement as a whole is still some distance from the breadth and impact of the anti-globalization movement. I'm confident that Junior Bush's endless war will generate increased opposition and that the anti-war movement is bound to grow. At this stage however, the divide between the politics-as-usual of strictly controlled marches and rallies versus a more nebulous demand for autonomous direct action is rudimentary and raw. I anticipate that the anti-war movement can achieve the grassroots vitality of the anti-globalization movement as it gains strength. That means a pluralist mainstream protest movement as social democratic and pacifist organizations like the National Coalition for Peace and Justice contend for leadership with those Leninist vanguards currently vamping on popular discontent, as well as a large, diverse direct action camp ranging from aggressive civil disobedience and creative pacifism to white overalls confrontation and black bloc search and destroy. Only when the anti-war movement achieves that scale of political complexity will we have a chance of stopping this endless world war.

I visited New York City between the two quite different demonstrations I've talked about in such detail this issue. It's been well over three years since I last vacationed in the City, and the changes are shocking. I'm not talking about the loss of the Twin Towers, which a lot of old school New Yorkers considered an eyesore until they were gone. I'm talking about the Disneyfication of first Times Square and now Coney Island, and the gentrification of the entire island of Manhattan. The East

Village is a lost cause. You can't rent anywhere on the Lower East Side. Even Harlem, thanks in part to Bill Clinton, is seeing the black *bourgeoisie* moving back to the city core, displacing poor black residents in the process.

Most of the people I know in New York live in Brooklyn or Queens, or if they live in Manhattan, they do so by the grace of the remnants of rent control. I'll talk more about my experiences in New York next column. What I'd like to conclude with is that New York City is still a dazzling, inspiring, overwhelming place. A week was far too short for a vacation, but it accomplished what it always does by reenergizing me, recharging and revitalizing my life in so many ways. I'm now ripping through the final rewrite of my second book. Part of that is the sheer energy of the City itself, with its 24/7 always hustling reality. Another part of it, surprisingly enough, is the sheer scale of the City and its activity, day or night, which reduces the personal to insignificance and the individual to unimportance. And that, as the Winogrand quote that heads up this column makes clear, can actually be a liberating experience.

If I'm nothing, I have nothing to live up to and nothing to defend, nothing to do and nothing to be, then why not simply enjoy what I do and do what I love.

Now, all this sounds a little suspect. A little too hippy dippy, as in "freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose." The Winogrand photographic exhibit I caught at the midtown International Center for Photography while in New York was from his travels around the country in 1964, his existential angst directly informed by the Cuban missile crisis and JFK's assassination. Beat perhaps, but not hippie.

The violent absurdity of existence, the existential anguish that is life doesn't make me despairing and suicidal, or angry, destructive and nihilistic. Alright, maybe a little angry, destructive and nihilistic, otherwise I wouldn't identify so closely with punk rock. Overall though, my reaction to the notion that all is absurd and meaningless is to ask, why not be who and do what I want? Why not try once again to write the Great American Novel?

Why not, indeed.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

Those who study history are condemned to live in it. —Mensch Meir

Fuhgeddaboudit! — phrase used by New Yorkers when they are overwhelmed by more memory than they can deal with.

A long one, about an inch in diameter. The consistency of radiator tubing. Amazing artwork. It starts from high in my intestine. Moving from right under my breastbone. Sliding from top to bottom. Playing with my prostate like a vibrating butt plug. Curling in one smooth motion. Through my body. A thick brown orgasm. Unbreaking, twisting, folding, turning. Never dropping. Never scraping. Completely clean in one effortless motion. Gravity doing all the work. Finally falling into the waiting white goddess. A continuous cylinder from start to blissful final drop.

It's more satisfying than watching a cop haul in the guy who cut you off. I'm talking about a Southern Fried shit. Bowels are better than Zagat for rating food. Cuisine? Quality? It's all in the shit.

Everybody knows bad food dribble. Food poisoning squirts. The runs. Beer shits. But lower peristalsis vary subtly from region to region as surely as the food varies.

In the North, turds exit in chunk. A little fart, a push, a plop. Then another one. In the South, there's another breed of defecation. It's the frying. Here, they fry *everything*. Deep fry. Cheesecake. Squash. Even pickles. I shit you not.

I'm on the john at Gale's and Dale's in Happy Valley, Kentucky. I can't tell you *why* I'm in Happy Valley, Kentucky. But trust me, I am.

As the fecal ecstasy winds its way from my body, my mind drifts from intestinal bliss to the blonde behind the counter in front. She wears a t-shirt with the New York skyline on it. The old skyline, those ugly World Trade Center towers towering towards the left. Above the skyline are yellow-on-black words: WE WILL NOT FORGET.

My enormous turd finally dropped, I sit a minute to contemplate. I'll go up to the girl and ask to see her shirt. I'll reach across the counter and touch her left breast, about 20 blocks north of the World Trade Center.

"Right there," I'll say. "That's where I live."

Maybe I'd better say it first, then touch.

"I won't forget," I'll tell her.

Then I'll wait for the sympathy, the chance to tell my "where I was" story. I'll watch her eyes widen. Then answer the inevitable invitation to coitus.

As I wipe the last remains of the southern Fried excrement, my fantasy turns ugly. Who is this white WASP from Kentucky? Who does she think she is, telling me not to forget?

In New York: I walk down the street and t-shirt sellers hawk 9-11 skyline shirts every couple of blocks. There's one now, a fat guy, shaved head, sunglasses. NEW YORK SOUVENIRS says his sign. THREE FOR TEN DOLLARS.

New York One News shows a smoldering camera shot. The newscaster, smug in her tan newswoman drag, introduces the ACTION REPORT.

"We keep fighting for you," she says, barely controlling a professional smile. "It's not over yet, and we'll continue to cover the lingering effects of the 9-11 attack. We are concerned."

Concern? Concern, my southern shit ass! They *create* the lingering effects.

Get it, Southern girl? Don't tell me not to forget! I'm just now getting the smell of burning jet fuel out of my nose. The last buried subway stations are reopening. I *want* to forget.

Shift: NEVER AGAIN! is the motto of the Jewish Defense League. They used it when they patrolled the black areas of Brooklyn, with guns. It's what the Israelis now use to justify every atrocity they commit in Palestine. NEVER AGAIN means NEVER FORGET. As if the horrors of the past justify the horrors of the present. As if someone is going to forget the WWII murders of millions of people—not all Jews.

Jews demanded—and got—reparations from the Germans. It was the Krauts' way of saying "I'm sorry." Some Negroes now demand the same from the US government. If it'll help the forgetting, I'm all for it.

What's wrong with a little forgetting? Why do we so stubbornly cling to pain, death, the things that hurt us? What makes us do that... and worse... what makes us think it's a good thing?

Those of you older than 14 might have read the story of M. We planned a California trip together. Talked about staying in romantic little places, wandering from town to town in an orgy of adventures. I spend a ton of money to meet her. We survive a torturous full day busload of screaming kids and an unflushable toilet filled with white trash turds.

Salt Lake Utah is our first night in together.

"Mykel," she tells me, "I've decided to stay faithful to my boyfriend. We can just be friends. OK?"

Friends? I spent hundreds of dollars and put up with Greyhound torture to be friends? *Fuhgeddaboudit.*

That awful trip, the nasty way she treated me. The deception. All of it comes back in flashes. When I'm talking with a friend. When I'm watching the Yankees lose. When I'm washing the dishes. I haven't spoken to her in years. I won't. I can't forget. Memory like herpes, returns to spoil everything.

How about T, a famous anarchist and substance abuser? It's 1996. We're with a group of attractive females who, for some reason, pay more attention to me than to him. A rare and extremely welcome occurrence. Not for T.

Jealous as an anarchist spurned, he grabs my head in a hammerlock, forcing me down to my knees in front of the girls.

"See these dots," he says, pointing to the unfortunate hair

transplants on the top of my head. "Look at 'em! Like a doll's head."

Six years ago... maybe more... I don't forget.

Returning from Mongolia, I come home to NYC after subletting my apartment to a girl I've had a long unrequited crush on. I find a note slipped under my door.

"Guess who I fucked on your bed?" it says. "You're not still mad at me, are you? Love, T."

Who me? Why should I be mad? Yeah right. If I had a gun, I'd stick it in his mouth and pull the trigger. What's wrong with me? There are a few more. Not many. I try to keep my friends, though sometimes they don't try to keep me. M and T are rare exceptions. If someone says "I'm sorry..." If they mean it... I forget.

But governments, politicos, and other people with guns are not so quick to forget. They use their memory to justify the worst kind of sleaze. They demand that we too NEVER FORGET. It's always a command, a self-righteous call to recollection.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO! REMEMBER SACCO AND VANZETTI! REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR! REMEMBER THE WORLD TRADE CENTER! REMEMBER WHAT SADDAM DID TO MY FATHER!

When anyone does any remembering, a lot of people end up dead.

How come you don't hear the Vietnamese shouting NEVER AGAIN? How come the Germans aren't demanding reparations from the US for the bombing of Dresden? That was the worst non-camp civilian massacre in Europe. How come you don't hear Germans shout NEVER AGAIN? Some Japanese may say NEVER AGAIN! about the American led holocaust in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. They don't kill people for it.

Are these guys just too wimpy to complain? Nope. The Germans, the Vietnamese, and the Japanese just went on. They decided that the past, being unchangeable, should remain the past. They learned that NEVER AGAIN! (aka NEVER FORGET) means revenge. And revenge is a never-ending Hatfield-McCoy, with generations of death the result. Why can't we learn that?

Let's start forgetting. Let's see if we can finally clear the smell of burning jet fuel from our noses. Let the Negroes kidnapped and enslaved two centuries ago, lie where they are. Let the baked naked bodies of Auschwitz return to their biblical dust, rather than being eternally dug up, shaken around, thrown under our noses.

Let's honor the dead by forgetting them, by making sure there won't be more to join them.

Let history stay in the books. Let it rest there in black on white, for the scholars and the curious. We won't lose those events. We'll just shift them to background mode and focus on what we should do now. What's coming, rather than what was. Let's unshackle ourselves from the corpulent drag of memory. Let's do a little less remembering and a lot more forgetting.

Oh yeah, and one more point... uh... I can't remember what I was gonna say.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>*Speaking of WTC dept:* My pumpkin-pal Michelle told me that Gopal Varadhan was among the victims of the shortened plane trips of Sept. 11.

Gopal (we called him "Gope") was the lead singer of CITY BEAT, the first band I ever produced in the studio. I haven't seen him since... about 20 years. Makes me wonder who else...

—>*Too personal? dept:* Nike didn't know what they were in for. They advertised "personalized sneakers." I got a hilarious serious of email exchanges when Jonah Peretti orders his pair personalized with the word ***sweatshop.***

I've posted the entire exchange at: http://home.netcom.com/~mykelb1/nike.htm

Here's a taste:

>*From: <nikeid_personalize@nike.com> To: "'Jonah H. Peretti'" <peretti@media.mit.edu> Subject: RE: Your NIKE iD order*

Your NIKE iD order was canceled for one or more of the following reasons: (1) Your Personal iD contains another party's trademark or other intellectual property. (2) Your Personal iD contains the name of an athlete or team we do not have the legal right to use. (3) Your Personal iD was left blank. Did you not want any personalization? (4) Your Personal iD contains profanity or inappropriate slang, and besides, your mother would slap us.

If you wish to reorder with a new personalization please visit us again at www.nike.com. Thank you, NIKE iD

****

From: "Jonah H. Peretti" <peretti@media.mit.edu> To: "Personalize, NIKE iD" <nikeid_personalize@nike.com> Subject: RE: Your NIKE iD

Greetings, My order was canceled but my personal NIKE iD does not violate any of the criteria outlined in your message. The Personal iD on my custom ZOOM XC USA running shoes was the word "sweatshop."

Sweatshop is not: (1) another's party's trademark, (2) the name of an athlete, (3) blank, or (4) profanity.

I choose the iD because I wanted to remember the toil and labor of the children that made my shoes. Could you please ship them to me immediately. Thanks and Happy New Year, Jonah Peretti

—>*Sometimes it takes me awhile dept:* I'm still going through my CDs from Peru. I just got through the METAMORPHOSIS CD. Strange stuff. The cover looks so hardcore/straightedge, but the CD itself is a mix of everything from hardcore to metal to straight ahead rock to... Well judge for yourself. You can contact the Peruvian band at morph_one@hotmail.com. If you can, write in Spanish. If you can't, they'll find someone to translate.

—>*Male date rape drug alert:* I'm not sure who sent me this... or if I included it before. If so, sorry to repeat myself, sometimes I forget:

Male Date Rape Drug!!

Police warn all male clubbers, party-goers and unsuspecting public house regulars to be more alert and cautious when getting a drink offer from a girl.

** There is a drug called beer, that is essentially in liquid form.*

** The drug is now being used by female sexual predators at parties to convince their male victims to have sex with them.*

** The shocking statistic is that beer is available virtually anywhere!*

** All girls have to do is buy a beer or two for almost any guy and simply ask the guy home for no-strings attached sex.*

** Men are literally rendered helpless against such attacks. Please! Forward this to every male you know..*

—>*Don't you love capitalism? dept:* Brenda E Brasher is an assistant professor of religion at Mount Union College in Alliance Ohio.

She's also pushing a "prayer pager." It's a beeper that tells "people who are ill or injured that family members and friends are praying for them."

I ask, why a pager? Use a cell phone and have God make a direct call, confirming the receipt of prayers. What're they afraid of? Long distance charges?

—>Kesha sends me info that a dermatologist says DUCT TAPE is the best way to remove warts.

The cure? Tape the wart for six days. Then, soak the area in water and use an emery board to scrape the spot. Finally, put the duct tape back on for two months.

Says duct-tape-wart-removal physician, Anthony Mancini, "the whole point of this is a non-painful approach."

Huh? Duct tape on warts—and an emery board—is "non-painful?" Where the fuck are HIS warts?

—>*Too good to be true dept.* The Salt Lake City (?????) Library System wants the best zine collection in the world. So... they'll buy it! Yep, real money! For zines!

They don't want stuff on newsprint. Something about archiving problems. But anything else is: "yeah, send it!"

So, if you have a zine or zines printed on anything but newsprint (sorry *MRR*) send it to SLC—with a bill. Don't forget to include your postage costs. They'll send you a check. It may take you awhile, but you'll get one. I did.

Contact: Brooke Young, Salt Lake City Public Library, 209 E 500 South, Salt Lake City UT 84111. Wow!

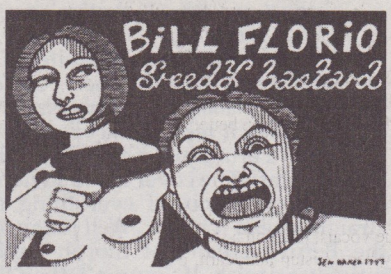
—>*Coming out dept:* Yeah! Maybe Salt Lake City will stop the free money if someone sends 'em a copy of the newest *Genetic Disorder* (POB 15237, San Diego CA 92175). Yowee!

It's one of the best zines I've seen in a long time. Sex, serial murder, satanism, a hilarious photo history of "The Skulls of Punkrock." If you can't have *Answer Me!* at least you can get some nearly-as-good reading!

—>*There's a group for everything dept:* Holy cow, who wudda thunk it! The pee-shy union. Those of us who can't get the flow

starting when standing next to someone else now have a support group.

Here it is. The International Paruresis Association. (POB 65111, Baltimore MD 21209 http://www.paruresis.org/). All kinds of tips for us sufferers. But it's not enough. I want The Peeshy Walk! I want Jerry Lewis to have a telethon. I want Bruce Willis to come out as a fellow sufferer and celebrity spokesman. We've got to make some noise. ACT-UP. Only then will this horrid disease get the coverage it deserves.



I was reading the newspaper today and it was saying that after the elections, it seems that Americans seem to want a more moderate stance by the folks in government. I find this as pretty funny considering how few people vote. The newspaper seems to think people don't vote because they don't care, or they are not voting because they disapprove of who is running.

Well, I think this is baloney, and I've compiled a list of the real reasons people don't vote. I also thought up some good ways to get more people to vote.

Reasons why Americans don't vote:

1. The only exposure to politics is the third of a second of CSPAN and CSPAN2 mid-channel surf switching from drag racing on ESPN to fly fishing on ESPN 2.
2. Negative campaign ads confuse potential voters into thinking things like, "What did that Jew do?" and "What qualifications does this Wop lack?"
3. Voters are still getting over their brief negative encounter with the politics from that episode of *Saturday Night Live* that was hosted by Jesse Jackson.
4. Americans are upset by George W. Bush because his campaign wasn't titled Reagan Episode 3 in 3D.
5. Voters are undecided if they should vote for The Mafia or Enron.
6. 90% of all candidates run unopposed. (whoops sorry to stick facts in there)

Here are my ideas for getting more people to vote.

1. Let's stop speaking English and start speaking American. The campaign sign should read, "Vote for the Wop, he's gonna make sure some immigrant scab doesn't take your job. Sure, that common-name white boy talks pretty, but he's gonna give your Social Security checks to some Jew banker."
2. Let's get rid of the smelly old people who volunteer as poll workers and use all that "Get out the Vote" soft money to hire Hooters girls.
3. Whenever I go to Food Emporium, they have little tables with people handing out free samples. The place is packed all the time. I think having nice chunky smiling women in aprons frying things on a small hibachi to munch on while you wait in line will work wonders for our political system. No cookies though, juice and cookies never works, search for a line at your local blood drive, it ain't happening.

Considering the fact that most of the *MRR* audience is too young to vote, I'll just end with my own personal 2002 voting experience. When I was in high school there was this hot chick named Lisa Valella who sat in front of me in History class. She never said hi to me once, she failed American History, and her dad has been my state senator since before I was born. Last May, he finally was put under indictment for taking bribes from contractors. I was all excited considering that I've always suspected he was some corrupt mafioso type. He finally had someone run against him. He won a 2 to 1 victory. Yeah, I understand why people don't vote but the fact is, if there are that many dumb people out there that are tricked into thinking they're vote doesn't count, it's giving power to the people that are dumb enough into being tricked that their vote does.

A public service announcement by Bill Florio

THE SHEMPS on Tour January 10 to January 20, 2003. We will be playing in Seattle, Olympia, Portland, Eureka, San Francisco, San Diego, LA, and possibly one or two other places along the West Coast. Damn, I feel like George Tabb with all this self promotion. Come out and see us and I'll set up my hibachi and offer you hot snacks on toothpicks!

Happy Fuckin' New Year

It's almost 2003, and this time, it's personal. At the turn of the new calendar year, I pause. Reflect. Occasionally break things. And carry on. New Year's comes at a time when Boston is usually cold as fuck, darkness falls around 4 pm, and, with the right wind speed, even going outside to the corner coffee shop can seem like a trek into the Arctic wilderness. The madness of Christmas has passed, and time gets down to the business of moving on. This change in the years, a space in the social whir of things, creates an opportunity to think about the past, and mentally prepare for the future. It's also a time of cabin fever; there's too little to do, and everyone gets a little wound up and anxious to vent. That's when you want to watch out for the breakables. But more on that later on in my column.

Reflection—critically looking at oneself—is important. As the Greek philosopher Socrates stated, "The unexamined life is not worth living." Reflection is a tool that helps us grow as individuals, as a society and as a culture. Reflection, the inward eye, lets us appreciate who we are and who we want to be. It is a necessary and beautiful thing that heightens our awareness of not only our personal motivations and actions, but also our impact on others. Without reflection, we can become victims of our own thoughtlessness and miss out on life. Henry David Thoreau wrote about how easily humans follow the already beaten path carved out for us. "How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity!" If we make decisions based on a superficial view of ourselves, and the world around us, and forget our collective and personal pasts, things tend to go badly. Very, very badly.

In this line of reasoning, George Santayana warned, "Those who do not remember the past are doomed to repeat it." Right now, the needle continues to skip, playing the same exploitative tune. Imperialism, colonialization, capitalism, globalization—the names change and the story remains the same. If more people reflected on their values and personal motivations, perhaps the world wouldn't be such a fucked up place. Take, for example, George W. Bush, current President of the United States of America. I wonder if he ever takes a moment out of his hectic Camp David jogging time to examine his motivations, or to take in a quick history lesson from someone other than David Rumsfeld or Dick Cheney. For starters, Bush should really ask himself, "Why do I want to kill thousands of innocent people halfway across the globe?" I have a suspicion that W. wouldn't have an answer ready, other than some canned response he recited off of a cue card. The unexamined life is a waste, indeed.

The New Year is a good time to take stock of what really matters, to reevaluate personal situations, patterns, directions, thoughts, and actions. Question everything. Try to see things for what they really are. Try to recognize what is important to you. Aim for truth through all the bullshit. It's not always easy. In this culture, you have to find your way through a dense, poisonous fog full of bad ideas. Our society discourages deep thought about ourselves, or our collective past. It may bring up the wrong kind of ideas, such as the search for true justice, meaning, or equality in our lives. It's no coincidence Henry Ford, who trumpeted the assembly line over the individual, said, "History is more or less bunk."

Our national history is glossed over and buried, but the wounds—still untreated—continue to fester. At the brink of 2003, our country has yet to honestly discuss the damage caused by the mass murder of Native Americans, over four hundred years of African American slavery, or the ongoing patriarchy. Reflection is simply bad for business. "Feeling

empty? Grab a snickers bar!" "Feeling dissatisfied with life? Buy a new car!" "Feeling unloved? The television loves you!" Advertising cleverly plays on all of our human emotions and drives us to fill personal voids with material items. Nationalism, as well, plays on our fears and insecurities so that we salute the flag and shut the hell up. We have become a nation of consumers with "Never Forget" stickers on our SUVs, working 60-hour-weeks at mindless jobs, buying groceries at a Wal-Mart built on an ancient Native American burial ground (it's in Nashville, TN). And that's the scenario for the lucky and successful top ten percent of the population. That's the aspiration. It makes me want to puke. The thing I love about punks is that most are already awake to the propaganda and the sugarcoated whitewash, and have thought deeply about what is going on in our society and in their personal relationships. But even punks need a kick in the pants every once in awhile.

Now, Time to Break Things

It was a typical punk New Year's Eve party—a group of good friends having beers and listening to records blasting from a stereo in the other room. We all talked too loud, argued politics, drank vodka, cheap beer and Mickey's until we got bored, and then began throwing things. We threw empty beer cans out the window at the Burger King across the street, because after all, Burger King sucks. Despite how close it looked from our vantage point on the fourth floor of Erik's apartment, BK was too far away, and the cans were just landing in the road. Changing tactics, and directions, we tried to see who could land a bottle on the roof of the bar next door. Although closer than the BK, our bottles and cans barely made it to the other side of the ally. We were pathetic, but it was fun as hell. Better than a ring toss. We ran out of beer cans to throw. Itching for more ammunition, we turned behind us to the kitchen cabinets. It was a random collection of used china plates from the thrift store and weird plastic cups. James suggested that we start throwing plates. "Yeah!" we all drunkenly yelled at once. Heavy, Frisbee-like, good in the hand, the plates were perfect. Genius.

"But these are our dinner plates," Erik defended, looking hurt.

"But you have so many of them. And only two of you live here. We're doing you a favor," I explained, speaking on behalf of the stuff-throwers, pointing to the large stacks of plates.

"What?"

"You don't need all these plates. Its just more stuff."

"Hmm.." Erik said, looking like he wanted to throw them out the window as much as we did.

"And who needs saucers anyway?" said James. That clinched it.

"Well, why the hell not?"

We started taking turns hurling most of the contents of Erik's cabinet towards the roof next door. His plates were released from the confines of gravity, and Erik was released from a dinner set for ten. The plates soared gracefully in the air for full seconds, like birds, out into the cold black night, coming down with nice crunches on the tarmac roof of the dive bar next door. It was beautiful. Another fucking new year. Fuck you. The plates were sacrificed to the gods of time, of entropy, of living in the moment, of our drunken laughing rampage. It was absurd, and strangely liberating, to toss fragile things out large windows four stories up. I'm surprised the cops didn't come. But then again, I don't think we pissed off anyone, except for perhaps Erik's roommate, who woke up to find most of the house plates missing. The only damage was a pile of shards on a roof no one ever went on, and of course, Erik had fewer dishes to wash. Cheap plates are, after all, just cheap plates.

And Time to Move On

This New Year, I hope to celebrate being alive. To remember that only two things are certain. We live. We die. This notion, rather than depress, helps clarify what is important, and what is just a waste of time. Until next month, celebrate your life, take time to reflect, and have a good fuckin' New Year. Don't forget the dream of a better world for all of us. In solidarity, and up the punks, Erika Endless

Ransom Notes

1. A big hello(!) to all the punks and bands I recently met in Baltimore, especially the kind Bloodshed collective members who put up with so much crap, including the Baltimore Fire Dept. Fun, strange, times.
2. Thanks to Hope and Martin for putting up the Profits in Brooklyn on the way down to the Baltimore show. About 4 am, Hope passed around a mason jar filled with a margarita that had been sitting in her freezer since July 4. The things we do to ourselves... Also, big thanks to Scott from the OVERPRIVILEGED for meeting up with us in Baltimore, and making the show that much more fun.
3. Sad news about Regeneration, the Boston all-ages collective space I mentioned two columns ago. After five good shows, the space has been shut down. Hard to believe, but true. It seems Boston's building inspectors have won this round. Besides demanding stairs be added to the side of the building for another fire escape (which seems reasonable enough, and the landlord was willing to help build) the inspectors demanded that the freight elevator be converted to passenger use, and that new, handicapped-accessible bathrooms be built. Well, it ain't happening on a punk rock budget. The good news is that the Regeneration crew is determined to pick up the PA and find another place to set up shop. Good luck to them.
4. Comments can be sent via ransom@plaguedomes.com. Thanks to Emily for the encouragement as I try to figure this column out.
5. www.theProfits.org will be updated sometime this month, I swear.
6. War is terrorism.

See You In Hell

When I used to work at the record store, me and this guy Dave used to do Saturdays together. Noon until around 8 o'clock. Saturdays were a weird scene at the store. Anyway, one Saturday in late October we decided that the following week would be GRIM REAPER day at the store. We were going to do the whole eight hours listening to GRIM REAPER's "See You In Hell." Fuckin' A. We made flyers for it and shit, and made sure we had both the demo version and the album version on hand for the following week. The next week was mint. Lots of confused shoppers and lots of "See You In Hell."

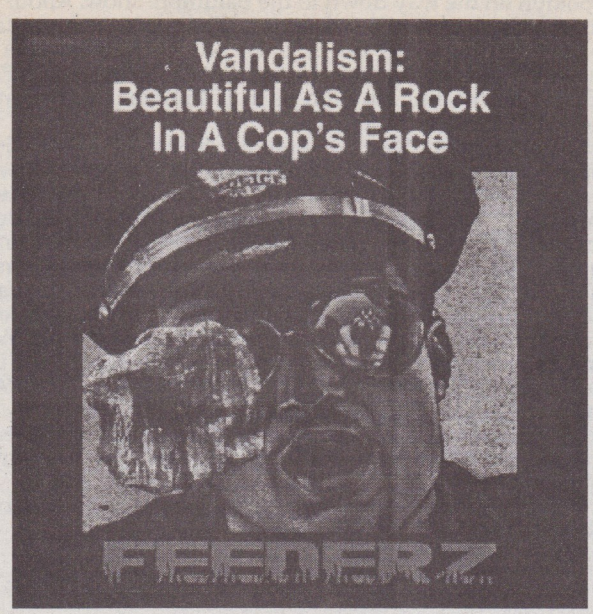
So now it's late in October a few years later. I'm sitting in my parents' house using the computer, gearing up to write my column. I'm armed with two versions of the MISFITS' "Hatebreeders" and a pledge to listen to nothing else until I'm done. Here goes.

Mental Mailbag

So, yeah. Motivation. Depression for me is a weird thing. One of the more frustrating symptoms is how it totally fucking saps my productivity. The smallest tasks will seem insurmountable. I just feel this overwhelming inability to fucking get up and do stuff. Like, I'll have a few emails and mailorder packages to take care of for the record label, and it'll just seem like way too much to handle. I don't know. It's a weird feeling to explain. I've never really been able to nail it with words. And I've never met anyone who really has experienced the same thing. Until the mail came this month, that is.

Anyway, in my mailbox came two separate letters from people with similar motivational shit-sandwiches. This one dude from Colorado explained how even getting the fucking juice up to write a letter in to me was a big deal. That sucks. I can feel it though. I've had the same kind of shit. Motherfuckers. It sucks.

This other guy talks about wanting to do shit but being "blocked by these unnamed forces." What the fuck man? I don't get it either. I guess a lot of times for me the "unnamed forces" are just what I perceive to be the unattainable completion of whatever it is I need to do. Like, replying to a single email isn't going to dent that fucking huge inbox full of shit. So, instead of putting my head down and trying to plow through it one at a time, I just stare at it perplexed, thinking, "how the fuck am I



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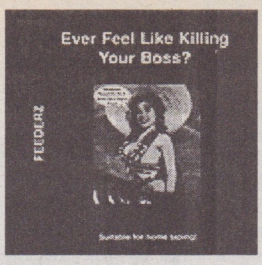

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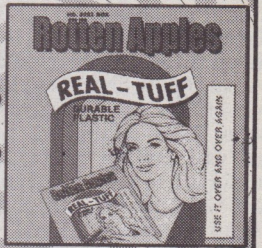

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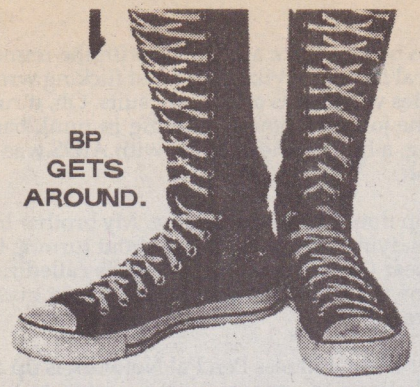

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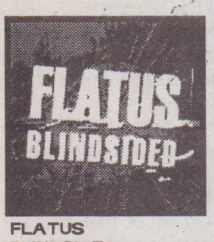

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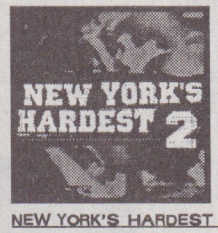

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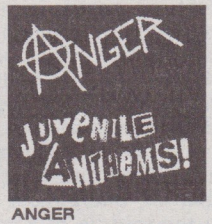

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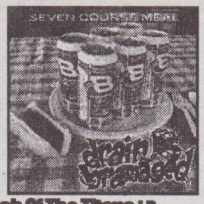

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THE DONS
"Gunsmoke"/"Imitation Silence" 7"
On this one, SONNY VINCENT teams up with a couple of Dutch guys for some cool punk'n'roll. Recorded in 1994, it was used only as a promo for their 1995 tour, and has never been commercially available until now.

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going to finish all this?"

OK, what I'm going to do is lay down some of the techniques and tricks I've learned for busting out of the unmotivated funk.

Tip number one is very simple. GORILLA BISCUITS. For me, shit always seems a little bit more optimistic when *Start Today* is blasting. I think part of it has to do with guilt. How can you be down on yourself when Civ is shouting, "Cheer up, it will hurt much less tomorrow. We're all tired of fucking up and that's not just being sorry. It means brush the dirt off, get up and try again!" Fuckin' A. GORILLA BISCUITS.

The second tip is kind of goofy, but for me really has made a big difference. I clean my room. If I feel a spell of heavy depression coming on, I make sure I get my room cleaned up. I don't exactly know why, but I find it way easier to motivate and accomplish tasks when I know that my living environment is in order. Just so you know, this is another peace of wisdom I gleaned from the GORILLA BISCUITS. "My room's a mess and I can't get dressed. I gotta be out by eight o'clock. Deep inside I know the answer." I always figured that the answer deep inside was that he had to clean his room, then he'd be able to get dressed. I don't know, maybe that's just me.

Another thing I do when the depression has me paralyzed is make a list of tasks. This way, when I cross items off, I can actually see my progress with getting shit done. On particularly bad days, I'll put fucking everything on the list. I have had lists with "get out of bed," "eat breakfast," "shower," and other seemingly easy tasks on them. Sometimes this trick will help get some momentum going when you see the shit starting to get crossed off.

Something similar to the list-making thing is breaking shit to do down into smaller shit to do. I have had months where this column fucking scared the shit out of me. I'd have like a week left in the month and I'd have this ominous 1500-2000 words fucking staring at me. So, instead of freaking out and avoiding it all together, I'd just sit down and write a section. Like, I'd say, "OK, I think I can muster at least 250 words on RHAPSODY, let me try that." Since I started breaking the column in to sections it's been a lot more enjoyable and less painful thing to do every month.

On the flipside of motivation is self-destruction. I guess the underlying cognition is that if you can't get your shit done, you better punish yourself or some shit. I've been on this trip more than a few times. It's like sabotage. Like, instead of getting shit done, I'll eat an entire bag of fucking cookies or some shit. Then I feel so fucking sick that I have to crawl into bed for a few hours. I imagine it's even worse with booze. Luckily, I've pretty much managed to stay out of that fucking routine.

Whatever. I'm sure some of this sounds totally absurd to people, but hopefully for others it'll let you know there are other people out there fucked up just like you. And maybe some of this shit will help out.

Well, I had more mental illness shit planned for this time around, but it's a whole different spiel about Panic Disorder and Agoraphobia. So, I'll just save that shit for next time and get on with it. Stay tuned, though.

This Is Called Fucking Hatebreeders

So, I pulled into the parking lot of this place I go to a lot for work. As I'm pulling in I see one of those red, white, and blue "These Colors Don't Run" bumper stickers. It was all faded. So, I figured, that, well… Those colors ran.

At the very same place there is a woman who works in the back that sometimes wears a t-shirt that says, "What Comes Around Goes Around." It's all red, white, and blue. I think it has a hawk on it. It's a pretty scary shirt. I assume she is some kind of war-bent patriot. But, the more I think about it, the more confused I get. Maybe she just means, like, we got what was coming to us. I mean, that's really ambiguous, right? Weird. That's a weird shirt.

Creepy militant patriotism bums me out. But luckily at this place there is this other dude with a t-shirt that cheers me up. "Ska vs. AIDS" it says. Ska was fucking huge on Long Island in the mid 90s. From what I can discern this shirt is souvenir from a big AIDS benefit ska show that happened back then. On the back of the shirt it lists tons of crumby Long Island ska bands who presumably played the show. None of those bands are around anymore. So, every time I see the guy, I imagine this huge epic showdown between Ska and AIDS, with the immune disease taking physical form as a Viking and just fucking wreaking havoc on the dudes with horns and funny suits. Oh, it rules. I love it. AIDS did the job. We thought playing in punk bands would do it. All along, a head-to-head battle with AIDS was the answer. Fucking mint.

See Me In Hell

Hatebreeders. My pop doesn't like the cursing. My brother likes the MISFITS now. I'm dying to hear that song about turning into a Martian. And if I hear Glenn Danzig say "This is called fucking Hatebreeders" one more time I might fucking hang myself. Fucking Hatebreeders.

***

The Punk Rocker Mental Illness Pen Pal Network is up and running. If you are looking to connect with someone to write back and forth with about Mental Illness, send over your info, and I'll hook it up. My contact information is below.

***

Past "Oh Man What The Fuck!?!??!" columns are available on the web at www.trafficviolation.com.

Hatebreeder: Wells Tipley, PO Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA. Or email me at wells@trafficviolation.com.

***

END NOTES:

1. I have a beard now. I also went out and bought Doc Martens that looked as much like the Vulture Rock Records vulture's boots as I could find. They look sweet. Now all I need is a beak.
2. In case anyone is wondering: Yes, I've made lists that included the item, "listen to GORILLA BISCUITS."
3. Sometimes when I needed to think really hard I turned "Hatebreeders" down. I mean, I didn't turn it off or anything, but like, I made it pretty quiet. Is that cheating? I don't think so. But I just wanted to be really upfront about it.
4. I just read my column over and realized that after thousands and thousands of dollars spent on shrinks, an old hardcore record is the best I can come up with to fight depression. Fuck.
5. Ex-KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ have a new band called going called ANGRY FOR LIFE. The sound is not too far off from KPF and it's in heavy rotation at my place of employment. Word.

Well, I am mere days away from finishing up my internship. For those who didn't catch this from previous columns, I've spent the past 8 months at a sustainable agriculture institute. Our institute sends 10-15 students through an intensive, season-long curriculum of organic farming techniques, performs research on various projects (currently involved in trying to bring native, open-pollinated varieties of corn back into production), assists in providing financial (and other) assistance to start-up farms and factories within the realm of sustainable agriculture, and even does some policy work in our state capitol, trying to convince oblivious lawmakers of the importance of treating the earth well. My position here has been as a chef, cooking daily meals for the staff and students and studying our local food system here in southern Wisconsin.

My time here has been nothing short of amazing. In my line of work (cooking, that is), one almost always works in some cramped building in the middle of a sprawling city, where its easy to forget that the land where food comes from is quite a different scene. As I've said in the past, working in restaurants can lead you to erroneously believe that all food grows in boxes, because that's the only way you see it. Being here has cemented into my mind that there's a hell of a lot more that goes into food than finding what you want and paying for it (or jumping into the dumpster to grab it). Working directly with the students in the garden, as well as working with a local apple grower and a beekeeper, I've witnessed first-hand the amount of love, dedication, commitment, and hard work (the four-letter words of punk

rock) that it takes to grow and/or raise food. And beyond that, I've spent my time here utilizing the wealth of information I'm surrounded by to take a hard look at all that's wrong with our diets, their relationship to the land, and (continually the most important thing for me) how we can go about changing things for the better.

We are at an incredibly interesting point with regards to world food production. We took the wrong path long ago (long before I was born, at least) and it just keeps getting worse. Immense corporations have taken their cost-cutting, high-efficiency, assembly line approach to everything into the world of agriculture and, lo and behold, our planet cannot withstand it. Mono-cropping, clear-cutting, and heavy pesticide use have devastated our lands and, coupled with no foreseeable change in human population trends, our ability to feed everyone. However, at this same time, huge segments of society are beginning to recognize these deficiencies and are striving to correct the mistakes of the past and remove the injustices that stand in the way of a sustainable food system for our planet.

To begin with, the use of heavy industrial chemicals is one of the primary culprits for the devastation of our soils and water. In this regard, buying organic foods is one of the best things you can do to help bring about a healthier planet. However, two things are worth noting here. First, organic foods are rather expensive. Considering that many/all of us are putting the "lower" back into lower class, it can make it difficult to obtain organic products. But there are a few simple things you can do to make it a bit easier on the ol' chain wallet. Buying in bulk is an easy way to save some bucks. Most natural foods stores have a bulk section where you can buy a lot of goodies without having to pay for needless packaging. Even if you're in an area that doesn't have a good co-op or natural foods store, you are still not without options. Many distributors supply buying clubs where you can assemble a small group of similarly-minded folk and collectively buy at wholesale prices. But, above all, I've found that one of the best methods for saving money on organics is to eat simply. Not only is it needless to eat out all the time (virtually insuring that you'll end up indirectly supporting companies you despise), but it's also unnecessary to use recipes that call for 600 different ingredients. Organizing dinner parties among friends and neighbors sounds cheesy and pompous, but I've found that it's a great way to get to know each other, save money, build community, and (best of all) yet another excuse to party.

The other thing worth noting about organics is that you can only expect to make everything better by purchasing organic if you feel that pesticide use is the only problem with our current food system. Of course, it's not. One of the bigger problems with current food systems is distribution, with middle men (read: the bug guys) taking a huge chunk of money from sales and leaving farmers to continually struggle just to make ends meet. With this in mind, I've come to fully respect the idea of eating locally; another subject I've written about in previous columns. Finding ways to buy directly from farmers/producers is a giant step towards reducing the amount of money that you have to give to large, cutthroat multinationals. But the benefits are much greater than that alone. Buying direct (i.e. farmer's markets, CSA subscriptions, etc.) also means that your money supports hard-working, environmentally conscious people in your area, your food is fresh and tasty, you're minimizing the dependence on fossil fuel-guzzling fleets of planes, trains, and eighteen-wheelers needed to get those bananas from Costa Rica to say, southern Canada. But perhaps the greatest benefit of buying local foods is the one that's the least tangible—the pride in knowing who it is that's growing/making your food.

The last thing I have to say about our current food system may seem a bit odd, at least among this audience, but stick with me for a minute. Punks should be more involved with agriculture. I say this for a few different reasons. First and foremost, I've gotten letters from many readers of this mag for years now that are asking how they can go about making a living without having to rely upon the large companies hell-bent on choking all that's beautiful out of our lives or even having to answer to the typical hierarchy that comes with modern-day slave labor. Well, maybe being a farmer is for you. Yes, it is hard work, but it's all on your own terms, you'll never have to worry about being stuck in an office, and changing weather patterns are the nearest thing to a boss that you'll have to answer to. Furthermore, barns offer the best imaginable place to put on punk shows. There's no one around to hear all the noise and call the cops, you can freak out and jump from great heights into hay bales while rocking to your favorite hardcore band, etc. OK, that's glorifying it a little too much, but I'm quite serious about the similarities that I've drawn between sustainable farming and punk rock, the urge for independence simply being the most obvious. But also, while people's attitudes about food are steadily changing, the number of small-scale/family farms going out of business every day is not. So more than ever, people are looking for locally grown, organic food, only to find that there aren't enough farmers around to grow it. That trend will have to change if sustainable food is to ever become successful.

Finally, I have learned a ton about sustainable agriculture, diets, and cuisine over this past season, and I'm more than willing to share this information with anyone who's interested. If you have any questions about where to find local farmers in your area, how to start up a farmers' market, different ways of getting farm experience, or even just some ideas on how to prepare celeriac, I'll do my best to steer you in the right direction. Write me at Rainbow Bookstore Co-op, c/o Nathan Berg, 426 W. Gilman St., Madison, WI 53703. And, since I'll be back at the bookstore every week, feel free to send me a copy of your zine, so I can get it up on our shelves for the masses to see.

How Much Art I Can Take

My dear friend Chris Bickel made a great point recently when *Punk Planet* interviewed his band, Guyana Punchline. He responded to the typically inane question concerning his perception of his band as art versus punk, or some such nonsense, by simply refusing to delineate between the two. "It's all art," he said. Now at the same time, I do believe it wasn't that long ago that Chris was using the same pat phrase that's recently been championed by a few hordes of neo-olde schoolers to rationalize their penchant for running into walls, slamming their fingers in doors, and misspelling monosyllabic words in their lyric sheets: "How much art can you take?"

I'm proud to say that I can take a whole lotta art. I spend at least 50 hours a week on "cultural production," not counting answering mail, working at the Recycle-a-Bike program, or preparing food, which is all culturally productive as well. I peruse *Artforum* each month and find it has a success rate roughly equal to *MRR;* meaning I love to look at the whole thing for its visceral qualities, but only end up reading 45-50% of it. That might mean I can take about as much punk as I can take art. Which, as I said earlier, is a lot.

If you're one of those SSD fans who has some sort of difficulty with processing art, I have to ask, *What is your fucking problem?* These are some of the possible excuses for being into punk, but not being able to view/comprehend/see "art":

1. You are blind, or at least have a severe medical condition which disenables you to actually physically see, say, a painting. Same thing if you're deaf—medical reasons are excuses.

2. You are a recent art school graduate/dropout and any mention of art movements / artists / art shows simply brings back the painful pretension of the institutional art world.

3. You are from Boston and currently not a member of Fat Day or Neptune *or* you are Ben Jones

4. You are both an art student and a punk who is frustrated by the art world's constant attempts at claiming progressive social/youth movements and persistent assertion that punk is something that occurred within a specific time period in an area geographically limited to London/New York/LA.

Now if you don't fall into one of these categories, the points I want to discuss are as follows:

5. How is "punk rock" not an art form? Is it because punk is something you not only listen to, but *live* in some way or another, while art is something you *do*, but don't *live*?

6. Why do you prefer one type of music over the other? Do you prefer bone-crushing dual-guitar mayhem with blood-gargling vocals over twee pop? Why? Now, justify your answer without actually discussing the sound of the music, otherwise you'll be making an aesthetic judgment, and that would be a discussion of art.

7. Do you have your head up your ass? And if your answer is yes, do you find it more comfortable to shave your head, or do bristles not irritate your inner rectal lining?

8. Is the argument against art a desire for simplicity? Masculinity? I'm not insinuating, *I'm just asking.*

9. Could your distaste for art be to blame for the dire shittiness of your band's record or your fanzine?

10. You look like your mom dressed you, except your mom is Springa, and your dad is Paddy from D4, but Springa is always complaining about how you look in public, but Paddy is all like, *C'mon Springa*...Still, you lose.

Is the establishment of some kind of art/politics polarity going to get you anywhere? Are you just responding to the art that the gallery world is handing down for your consumption? I thought you were smarter than that! I'd be willing to bet that a reason a lot of people choose to identify as punks is because as a mode of expression, it still retains a lot of room for democracy. It makes us feel like we have a voice and something to say. It's a space within which people who feel they have no place in society can have a place (kind of). So why take the ultra-materialist point of view? Why deride the artist? Black and white press photograph of bloody corpse/ photo of live concert action = good, inherently, while abstraction = bad, inherently. Three chords, 4/4 beat = good, inherently; deviation from standard timing or instrumentation = bad, inherently. What is this? Are you some sort of Maoist?

Homework Dept.

You should read Richard Wright's *American Hunger*, his autobiographical account of attempting to work as a writer while struggling with the inner workings of Chicago's American Communist party. Listen to any records by The Ex, DogFaced Hermans, Huggy Bear, The Germs, Lightning Bolt, Talking Heads' first two records, Lungfish, Sleep, Black Sabbath, Devo, King Tubby, Tit Wrench, and then look at your Black Flag record covers, wondering to yourself why so many of Pettibon's most loyal collectors are German.

And finally, if by "how much art can you take," you meant, "how much Henry Rollins can you take," disregard this whole column.

Endnotes:

Just so you don't think I'm a dork. THE POP GROUP *We Are Time* LP, QUIXOTIC *Mortal Mirror* LP, the new DEERHOOF LP, the FAST FORWARD LP, COPTIC LIGHT live, TOTAL SHUTDOWN live, PUPILS LP. OK?

REST IN PEACE: Jam Master Jay, the Democratic Party.

"You are so sweet," Jade says to me at The Limelight, as she first gently strokes my cheek, then kisses it.

I blush as I look toward my lawyer pal, Andy, who has been helping me fight the Curious George people, then Jade's two friends, Stacey and Maureen. Or Mo, for short.

Stacey smiles. As does Maureen. They are both very beautiful women. As is Jade.

"As your lawyer," says Andy, "it is my duty to inform you that she likes you."

I look at Andy with his Dewars On The Rocks in his hand. He's "Broadway Danny Rose" incarnate. Except he gets laid a hell of a lot more.

"She's very nice," I whisper to Andy, "As are Stacey and Maureen. In fact, I think Stacey is real hot. She was great when I saw her as 'Dory' in that play *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral*, and she looks better out of costume."

"But George," continues Andy, "Jade. What about Jade?"

"She's hot too," I explain.

"Yeah," he says, "But her last name is Barrymore. She's Drew's mom."

My heart stops.

Firestarter's Mom.

Poison Ivy's Mom.

ET's little friend's Mom.

It had been one of those days that just didn't end, and now, at 12:30 am, it seemed like it might just go on a lot longer. I really felt like, well, I could be a real motherfucker.

***

It all began that day with Andy's phone call too early in the morning.

"George, babe, ya there?" screamed my lawyer into my answering machine. I never pick up the phone until I know who it is.

"I'm here," I said, as I cut his loud voice off the speaker phone, thus unscaring PJ, my Yorkie, who went and hid under the table upon hearing my lawyer's voice.

"So, we are doing the CMJ thing today, right?" he asked.

The CMJ thing. College Music Journal. Fuck. I had forgotten about that. I had a nice day planned around alternating between my Play Station and Nintendo 64. It was gonna be Crash Bandicoot 3: Warped, and Turok: Dinosaur Hunter.

"Yeah," I reply, "We'll do the 'See-I'm-Gay' thing."

"See I'm Gay?" he asks.

"Yes you are," I reply.

I rub the sleep out of my eyes, put PJ in his harness, and rush across the street to the deli to get some coffee. The Korean woman sees me and my dog coming and before I can say anything, starts to prepare the coffee. Large. Black. Three Equals. Then she makes Wendy's. Small. Milk and sugar.

"One large coffee, black, three Equals," I say, anyway, because maybe she'll get the order wrong, although she never has, and because I have OCD, "and one small coffee, with cream and sugar."

"Milk and sugar," says the woman, "she likes milk."

"Yeah, whatever," I say, annoyed.

"Your dog is so cuuuuute," she says, as she hands me my coffees and pets PJ's head.

I know what's next.

"These dogs are better than people. Smarter. My dog died. A Yorkshire Terrier just like yours. It broke my heart."

I nod my head with empathy, and make my way out of the place before she can depress me even more. Every morning, on seeing PJ, she tells the same story.

Back at my apartment, I frantically search for the paperwork CMJ had sent me a few weeks earlier. They had asked me to host a panel at some hotel about something, and I had agreed. When I asked them what the panel was about, they told me it involved people disgruntled with rock. With the music industry. I told them that was me. They said they knew that, and that was the reason for their call. They then told me that my job, on the panel, would be "moderator." Whatever that was. I told them it would be no problem, and to send me information on where I should be, when, and I'd see them there. Right before I hung up the phone, they told me that part of my job was to break up fights, if any occurred. I told them that, if anything, I'd start them, not break them up. "OK, George," they told me. I swear I could hear their smirk.

Eventually I found the paperwork with all the instructions and times. The CMJ Music Marathon panel I was "moderating" was at The Millennium Hotel in midtown New York. Cool, I thought, a hotel named after my favorite television show. Maybe I'd even see Lance Hendrickson there.

The panel was to start at 4:30, and I was to be there no later than 3:45. It was called "Have You Lost Your Passion? Disenchantment Within The Industry," and was to be held in the "Metrópolis" room. I wondered if Fritz Lang would be there. Then I remembered he's probably dead.

Also on panel with me was to be Howie Abrams from Zomba, whatever that is, Ben Carr from The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Greg Corrao from CMJ, Darcy Mayers from Rykodisc, and Shelby Meade from Nasty Little Man, whatever that was. It sounded stupid, and I wondered why I agreed to do it in the first place. I hate CMJ. College Music Jerkoffs.

Well, not the magazine. Just the stupid festival. All these students from every buttfuck college flood Manhattan to see the year's lamest bands. And every year it's the same. Indie rock. And those who worship at its altar. Bands with guys and girls who can't sing, don't know how to tune their guitars, and record on what sounds like their grandparent's first tape recorder. I hate it. But what I hate more is that these bands think they'll have any chance in hell of being "discovered." That someone "important" might see them. They drive here from places like Texas and Montana, and even fly here from Finland. And what happens? They play some shithole like The Knitting Factory to a bunch of asswipes who stand around watching them with their arms crossed. The people who attend CMJ are not here to see bands. They are here to be seen. And promote their own crap. Or use up their school's expense account. The whole thing is totally lame. That's why I don't give a flying fuck if I ever play CMJ again. Although, the magazine rocks. They give Furious George good plugs.

Anyway, I look over the paperwork, see that I should write a bunch of questions to ask the panel, and then decide fuck it. I'll wing it. If all else fails, I'll call everyone a "pussy." It'll be like one of the many Furious George shows.

And as it turns out, it was.

***

I arrive at The Millennium Hotel around three. The coffee had begun to kick in and I was just waking up. I made my way past zillions of happy little students, to the third floor, where I was to pick up my "pass." That stupid card you wear around your neck that lets you into shows and stuff. It says your name, and company, or band.

I give the cute little girl behind the table my picture ID, and the first thing she says is, "Man, you're old."

"Whatever," I tell her, "Can I please have my 'See-I'm-Gay" badge?"

"Let me check your name in the system," she says, as she types my name into a computer, and all this shit about me shows up on her screen.

"OK, Mr. Tabb," she says, "will it say 'Furious George' or 'New York Press' under your name?" *New York Press* is the cool newspaper I write for in New York.

"Pussy," I tell her.

"Excuse me?" she says, shocked.

"Pussy. I want it to say Pussy," I explain to her.

"Why?" she asks.

"Just because," I tell her. I don't feel like explaining the whole pussy thing to her.

"As a feminist, I take offense to you wanting to use that term," she tells me, as her tight t-shirt hugs her young, firm breasts.

"Just put it on the fucking card, huh?" I say, cranky and disenchanted. They had picked the right guy for the panel.

"Tell my why you want an anti-woman statement on your badge."

"Look," I say, "I want Pussy on there because I like pussy. And because I am a Pussy. Pussy is a good thing. I love Pussy. I pray for Pussy. Hell, I'm The High Priest Of Pussy."

Then, looking at me like I'm totally nuts, and could take out a large knife and cut off her head at any second, the young coed types the word "Pussy" into her computer, and out comes my badge. Just the way I wanted it.

Next, I find the elevator and make my way to the Eighth Floor. Where all the free stuff is. As I ride up the damn thing, stopping on every floor, I watch students get on, with their badges that say what radio station they "volunteer" for.

"Dude," says one snowboarding geek to another, "last night's *Suicidal* show was rad."

"They played the CMJ?" asks the other guy, complete with fluorescent jacket and lift-ticket still on his zipper.

"No, dude," he explains, "I saw them in LA. I just hopped a plane here this morning. Gotta catch The Donnas tonight."

"Dude," I say to them both, "this is New York. Cut the fucking pussy Californian accents and act like men, OK?"

I hear snickers from others in the elevator.

"Dude," says the guy with the lift-ticket, "what's your beef? We're all here to have fun, right? Mellow out."

"Fuck you, hippie," I say to the guy as we hit the eighth floor, and all exit the elevator.

As I walk away from dumb and dumber, I hear, "Dude, people in New York can be so uptight."

Pussies.

***

About forty-five minutes later, after collecting tons of free useless CDs, then throwing them into garbage cans, I find myself in a conference room with a stack of magazines that looked pretty good, as well as my lawyer, Andy, and the rest of the panel. There is a table with free coffee and muffins for us. How nice. I feel like I'm at a Microsoft convention. I wonder where Bill Gates is? Then I remember—he's being sued.

"Andy," I say to my pal, "check out this issue of *Pop-Smear*, it's got a real hermaphrodite in it. With graphic pictures and everything."

Andy takes the magazine from me and flips through it. His eyes almost bulge out of his head.

"I know that chick," I tell him, "she's a friend of mine."

"George," he says, "As your lawyer, I advise you to not go around telling people that."

Just then one of the girls on the panel interrupts us, "Let me see that," she says.

I tell her that the pictures are *very* graphic, and that I don't want to be held liable for sexual harassment by handing her the magazine.

She tells me not to worry about it.

I give her the *Pop-Smear*. She flips through it, tries to act unimpressed, and hands it back to me.

"So?" I ask her.

"Well, we don't have that kind of thing in Salem," she explains. She's Darcy. Or Shelby. One of the two women on the panel. They both look the same. Blonde hair. Big boobs. Nice bodies. They look like they just graduated from Cheerleading School.

"In Salem," says Andy, "they'd burn you at the stake if you had a groin that looked like hers!"

Darcy, or Shelby, fuck, the cheerleader, doesn't laugh.

But the other guys on the panel do. Well, except for the guy from The Mighty Mighty Bosstones. He's kind of in a bad mood.

"What do you do in The Bosstones?" I ask him, trying to get him in on the conversation.

"He's the dancing guy," says Cheerleader Number Two. Shelby, or Darcy.

"That," he says, "and I'm also the road manager. Since I don't have to play an instrument, I have an extra job!"

We talk a bit about The Bosstones, and the guy seems distant. But clean. Real clean. His hair is combed perfectly, his skin is ultra smooth, and he smells nice. I wonder if the rest of his band is as clean, and how come Evan and Michael from Furious George can't be more like this guy.

As we sit around the conference room table, we discuss our views on the music industry, and how ska sucks, kind of blowing our wads before the panel starts. Everyone seems pretty disenchanted. Everyone except Muffy and Buffy. Darcy and Shelby. Cheerleader One and Two. The one from Salem tells us that she loves her job, loves getting up in the morning, and loves the whole industry, and the whole world. I wonder if maybe I should up my Prozac to her level.

***

After a brief introduction, we six panelists find ourselves staring at a huge room full of people. Standing room only.

In front of me is my name, "George Tabb," on a plaque. I replace that with "College Pussies," scribbled with a marker on notebook paper.

Greg, the CMJ guy, seated directly to my left, replaces his name with his name. Spelled right. Everyone else leaves their name plates alone.

"I'm George, the um, well, whatever," I tell the crowd. I notice my friend from the Undead and Misfits, Bobby Steele, seated up front. I also see some of the cool guys from Radical Records in the crowd, as well as my friend Lisa.

"What George is trying to say is that he's the moderator," says Greg, seated next to me. Thank God for him.

"Yeah," I say, "The moderator. And we are gonna talk about why we are, um," I stop, read the title of the panel, then repeat it, "why we have lost our passion. Disenchantment Within The Industry."

"Disenchanted," says one of the cheerleaders. The audience

laughs.

"Anyway," I continue, ignoring Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is, "the question I wish to ask the audience first is, why in fuck are any of you here? Show-World is only a few blocks away, and all you little pussies are here, listening to us? Why? When you could be seeing naked women?"

The boos and catcalls start. At last I begin to feel comfortable.

"Listen, you little fucks," I say, "Your Mommies and Daddies can afford to send you to college, and you want to waste their money working in the music industry?"

A hear a couple of "fuck you's" before one of the cheerleaders, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is, cuts me off.

"We are not all so *punk rock* on this panel," she says, "some of us like the music industry!"

The audience applauds wildly.

"Wait a second," I say, "The title of the panel refers to our state of unsatisfaction with the industry. This isn't fucking Richard Simmons or Oprah or Rikki Lake—get a clue."

Of course I'm booed. What else could they do? They were here on their parents' money, hoping one day to join the ranks of "free-thinkers" at some multinational music corporation.

The panel then discusses some stupid topics that are listed on a sheet of paper I have. I'm too lazy to write my own questions, so I ask everyone idiotic questions like, "Are you happy with the industry, and why?" Or, "Why not?" Or, even better, "How could you make it better?"

Everyone answers seriously except me and the guy from CMJ. He's as bitter as me. I like him. Then, one of the cheerleaders, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is, tells us she lives in Salem, and that she is "so happy" to be working in music, that she wakes up everyday with a smile on her face. Or something like that.

"Of course you do," I tell her, "you live in a place that just got electricity recently, you should be happy for anything."

I'm booed, of course.

"You are so mean," whines the cheerleader, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is.

I tell her I'm not, and explain, patiently, that, although I hate the industry, I love what I'm doing, and wouldn't quit for anything. I tell her, the rest of the panel, and the audience of mostly morons, that it's not about making money, it's about having fun. And that's why I do it. And that's why anybody should do it.

Of course, this is not a valid answer. No. Not at CMJ. These people have "careers" in mind. Happiness doesn't factor in. Money does. As one audience member points out to me, "this is an industry, a series of corporations, and it's financially driven."

I can't argue with him. He's right. So I tell him so. But I again explain that if you are doing it for fun, at least you'll get something out of it, even if you don't make money, you'll have a good time. And isn't that what life's about?

A resounding "No" is their answer. Little twerps. Heart attacks at 40. All of them.

We then go on to discuss how a band can get signed. Most of the panel says there are too many bands out there, and that there should be fewer. Also, that most bands suck, and those who suck shouldn't be putting out records. The crowd mostly agrees. I get real pissed off.

"Who are you morons to say who sucks?" I ask them. "It's all art, and matters of opinion. One man's suck is another's fuck," I say.

Booes and catcalls.

"I don't get it," I say, throwing my hands up in the air, "any band that wants to put out a record should. It's their art. Who are you fuckheads to tell them what's good and what isn't?"

"We are the music industry," says Howie, the guy seated directly to my right. He looks just like the lead singer of Smashmouth. And that's exactly what'd I like to do to him. Smash his big, fucking mouth.

Howie then goes on to explain that if a band is good, they'll get a record deal because they'll have a large following, and labels will kiss their ass. And that's what it's all about. Having your ass kissed. Having power.

"Fuck you," I say to him.

"Come on, George," he baits me, "You know you love the power when you see the audience at your shows singing along to all your words. You feel that power. You want it. You need it."

I explain that I like the kids, and am happy they are having fun, but it's got nothing to do with power. It all has to do with fun.

He tells me I'm full of shit.

Whatever.

The panel drones on, and finally we go into a question and answer period. I put my brain in neutral, and just say "fuck you" and "pussy" to everyone. These jerks aren't worth my time.

After it's all over, the cheerleaders, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever their names are, tell me it was nice being on a panel with me. I guess, if they're anything, they're polite. That's nice. I say good-bye to my new friend, Greg, and even to the clean guy from The Bosstones. Then I make my way out of the room full of the walking dead, to find my lawyer, Andy.

I find him near the pay phones, telling someone, "Yeah babe, OK babe, whatever babe."

Finally he hangs up, and we discuss our plans for that evening. We decide we'll meet at The Limelight around nine, for The Max's Kansas City book party thing. He tells me it should be quite a fun night. I tell him that after today, it better be.

***

I arrive at The Slimelight at around ten. I'm late. I had taken a nap after PJ prodded me into doing so. He just kept whining, and looking at the bedroom. So I couldn't say no.

After giving my name at the door, I make my way into the familiar church. It looks just like it always did, and brings back many memories of blow-jobs on staircases, and finger-fucking on the balcony. Too bad it wasn't me.

After being pushed around in a large crowd for about ten minutes, I finally spot Andy. He's just beyond two of the bleached blonde Vodka girls. Girls who, I guess, are paid to look like Pamela Anderson Lee, or Anderson, or whatever her name is these days. They walk around giving out free vodka, sporting the name of the booze on their shirts. Funny thing is, I can't remember the name of it. Only their tits. And fine tits, they were.

"How ya doing babe?" asks Andy as I walk up to him in his tweed sports jacket.

"You look great," I say to him, as I stand there in my leather jacket with the US pins, ladies stretch jeans, Furious George t-shirt, and new sneakers that look like robot shoes that I got in North Carolina for under thirty bucks.

"Ya like the jacket? he asks.

I nod.

"Ya know, I haven't worn this thing in a while. When I put it on tonight, I found a yarmulke in the pocket."

I tell him that often happens to me. Which is true. Lots of weddings and funerals, lately.

"What are you drinking?" he asks me.

I tell him I don't know.

He gets me a Dewars On The Rocks. He gets one for himself, too.

As I drink the shit, I feel like I should have a cigar in my mouth. It would impress all the hot babes in the club. Of which there were many. In fact, Andy and I were stunned at the amount of beautiful women roaming around.

Eventually we walk around the place, saying hello to people we know, and then Andy reintroduces me to one of his girlfriends, known affectionately as "The Australian." A cute blonde woman who looks like a cross between Sharon Stone and Rachel Ward. She's with some other guy from her law firm, and Andy is a bit pissy about it.

"I can't believe she's hanging out with that fucking guy," he tells me, as he sips his booze.

I tell him not to worry about it, that they work together, so there's nothing there, and, besides, he's probably gay. It makes Andy feel better.

We talk to "The Australian" for awhile, and eventually, she tells us she has to leave. With the guy. Andy gets slightly bummed, but I assure him nothing will happen. Also, I know Andy gets enough that he shouldn't be worried, anyway.

We make the rounds saying hello to many of punk's walking dead, and finally find ourselves back in the room where we first met. It's emptied out a bit, and we look for a comfortable place to sit. Just then Andy recognizes someone, and drags me over to say hello.

"George," he says, introducing me to a stunning brunette who looks awfully familiar, "this is Stacey. I believe you met her as 'Dory' in *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral.*"

I tell her it's great to see her again, and it is. When I saw her in that play, she took a Furious George button from me, and put it on her leather corset, and during the entire act, flirted with me. I knew it was all part of the show, but I wanted to believe she liked me, anyway.

"I can't believe I'm meeting you," I tell her, as I begin to blush. She is so adorable I almost melt.

She tells me she still has the button, and it is great to see me again. I ask her if she remembers me and she tells me, "of course." I almost die right there.

After some *real* flirting, Stacey introduces me to her friend, Maureen, a real looker as well, who is a film director, producer, or something. We hit it off nicely, too.

As I am talking to both women, I see Andy with a woman who's not "The Australian." Finally Andy drags her over and introduces her.

"George," he says, "This is The Dominican. Yvette."

I look at her. She is as beautiful as "The Australian," only more so. She has deep, dark eyes, and brown hair that flows from her head in wonderful waves of ebony. She's hotter than Selma Hyack.

"Hi," I say to her. I'd heard lots about her from Andy. With him, it's always "The Australian" this, or "The Dominican" that.

"Hi," she says back, smiling. For the second time that night, I feel like melting.

"Um," I stammer, where are you from?"

"Well," she says, "I'm Dominican, so where do you think?"

I'm not stupid. "The Australian" is from Australia, so I know the answer.

"Dominica," I tell her.

She laughs, and tells me she from The Dominican Republic.

"Where's that?" I ask, in all seriousness.

"138th and Broadway," quips Andy.

As the night continues, I drink more and more Dewars On The Rocks. Finally, I'm totally shitfaced, and through Andy, Maureen, and Stacey, I meet Drew Barrymore's mom, Jade. She looked familiar as well. Turns out I also saw her in *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral.*

Jade and I begin to talk, and she tells me I'm very cute and that she was punk rock before anyone else was. She says she wore leather jackets, studs, and all that shit, way back, before it was in fashion. She then tells me she was glam before that happened too.

As we speak, all I can think of is I'm here with this beautiful woman, who is also Drew Barrymore's mom. And she's hot. And she seems to like me. And, geezus, out of her vagina came Drew. Her pussy is, well, sacred. I begin to wonder if I was even worthy of speaking to her, never mind whatever else I had on my mind.

The drinking continued, as did the polite hugs, and groping. Eventually, Maureen announced that she had to get some sleep, and Stacey and Jade decided to leave with her.

As Andy and I wished them all a safe trip home, I got to hug all three of them once more. It was then Jade gave me a very, very nice kiss. On the cheek, of course.

And then they were gone.

And then, we were as well.

And laying in bed, later that night, I thought about the entire day. How the CMJ people who were here for the music marathon, were, for the most part, dopes. And how hot Stacey, Maureen, and "The Dominican" were.

And then I thought about Jade Barrymore. But quickly pushed it right out of my mind. I may be disenchanted with the music industry, a pussy who wears women's pants, and a punk rock loudmouth. But, I'm no motherfucker.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.furious-george.com
2. Dean Dean & The Sex Machines Rule.
3. If this story sounds a little familiar, it is. Right now is CMJ season here in NYC, and I hate the CMJ!
4. Remember to support touring bands that come through your town. A scene will only last as long as *you* support it!

OUTLAW MUSIC

Yes!! The long wait for the debut CD by the Sacramento, California Streetpunk band WHISKEY REBELS is finally over!! GMM Records from Atlanta, Georgia presents the self-titled first album by this great young band!! The WHISKEY REBELS rock the fucking house down with sixteen first-rate punk tunes!! Big Chuck, Jimmy and the guys rip through their theme song "Whiskey Rebels," and then proceed to kick your ass with: "Invisible," "Sacto United," "Streets Gave You To Me," "Let Freedom Ring," "Good Old Days," "Final Call," "Sacto Pride," "Roll the Dice," "By Reason of Insanity," "Overcome," "Bad Sign," "St. Ides," "Mental Health," "Agro Wishes," and the finale, "Summertime." A great release!! Contact the WHISKEY REBELS through jimmycalanchini@yahoo.com.

GMM has rereleased two of the much revered early TEMPLARS records on CD format. First you get the early production by Mr. Carl Fritscher and company circa 1993 and 1994. *The Return of Jacques de Molay* was issued by Dim Records (Germany) on vinyl—now you can get it on that newfangled format—Compact Disc. Some of the favorite songs from this era include: "The Templars," "New York," "I Believe In Myself," "Skinheads Rule OK," "Pride," "Our Generation," "The Waiting Is Over." Excellent!!

The second TEMPLARS reissue on GMM this month is *Phase II,* previously issued on Vulture Rock Records in 1998. *Phase II* contains material recorded between 1994 and 1996. This record produced some hits that TEMPLARS fans still request. Standout tracks are: "City Traffic," "Kids of Today," "You're Free," "Their Plan," "Worth My While," "Make Your Mark," "I Still Remember," "Push and Shove," "Don't Do Anything At All," and "Land of the Free." Good shit!! Order WHISKEY REBELS and TEMPLARS CDs from GMM Records, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA, 30333.

Steel Cage Records has two great ANTiSEEN split 45's available for you fucks! The first pair of raw rock tunes is ANTiSEEN doing "All the Lessons" by ROSE TATTOO. This kicks ass! What a brilliant pairing! The rough guttural ravings of ANTiSEEN covering the supreme bar band from Australia. Yes! The flip side of this first Steel Cage single is performed by Kentucky's HOOKERS. Noel and Adam slam into the SCORPIONS song "Can't Get Enough." The boys tear this tune a new asshole! You may not have associated the HOOKERS with this kind of Confederacy of Scum mayhem before, but they fit in perfect with this bunch of outlaws. The second Steel Cage single on the menu today is a fabulous split with ANTiSEEN and LIMECELL. The bad men from North Carolina and Philadelphia romp into two old rock songs from their friends in Britain. First up is ANTiSEEN doing a KINKS cover by the name of "Destroyer." This is a bloodcurdling version that many KINKS fans will come to appreciate for its unabashed brutality. Turn this 7" over and you stumble upon one of the best things Steel Cage has committed to vinyl lately: LIMECELL covers the classic WHO song "The Seeker." Fucking great! This rendition cranks up the guitars full volume and Kevin's vocals are so powerful that Mr. Daltry would be wise to never attempt this song again!

The third selection available from Steel Cage this month is BORN BAVARIAN from Munich, Germany. This single starts off with a cover of a DAVID ALLEN COE song called "Fucking in the Butt," which rocks like a motherfucker. Next, you get an original BORN BAVARIAN tune, "White Blue Trash," which is a slower country rock-meets-Confederacy of Scum number. Contact BORN BAVARIAN, c/o Andi Nauerz, Arnulf Str. 190, 8063, Munich, Germany, www.hometown.aol.com/andinauerz/index.html.

Record number four from the folks at Steel Cage is NOTHING BUT PUKE with their 45 featuring "Bad Ass M.F." and "Six Six Sixpack." This is more of the patented European hard rock and roll sponsored by the good people from the Community of Filth. For Steel Cage product contact the

Fabulous Leslie G, c/o Steel Cage Records, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125, www.steelcagerecords.com.

Stab From the Past Department!! Steel Cage had a good split about two years back with HAMMERLOCK and RANCID VAT sharing the duties. HAMMERLOCK does the rocking country punk tune "Whiskey Rebel," written in honor of one of Travis's heroes, "Thee Whiskey Rebel" (a.k.a. Phil Irwin), formerly from Portland, Oregon, now from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and a twenty year veteran of RANCID VAT. The RANCID VAT side of the 45 features "Job Jumper." This is a song written by the COSMIC COMMANDER and THE WHISKEY REBEL and is also the title of THE WHISKEY REBEL's book. While we are on the subject of HAMMERLOCK, San Francisco's top rock n' roll band, we must mention the brilliant show that HAMMERLOCK put on at the RUMBLERS first annual party at the Parkside Bar in San Francisco. After a rousing set by the MUTILATORS, HAMMERLOCK came out and scorched the fucking planet! HAMMERLOCK soared through "Blackfoot Stomp," Sweet Senorita," Born Lucky," "Walkin With You," "Tie Me Down," Jealous Lovin' Heart," "Mississippi Kid," "Hate Radio," "American Asshole"—introduced by Travis saying "I'm one—I hope you are too"—"Militia Time," "Knock Her Out," " Must Have Been Drunk," "Whiskey Drinkin' Woman," "Tear 'Em Down," and an encore of the CHARLIE DANIELS classic "If You Don't Like the Way I'm Living (Just Leave This Long-haired Country Boy Alone)." Fucking Great!! Travis and Liza are the best country punk tag team operating in the rock world today! Many thanks to HAMMERLOCK and the MUTILATORS.

Hostage Records has a fine new seven inch for you beach punks. This one is BROKEN BOTTLES doing "Radioactive San Onofre" and "Poor Me (Another Drink)." This is good retro-1981 shit that has a nice mixture of early SOCIAL DISTORTION and the STITCHES.

Knockout Records has an unusual disc available for you skinheads. The band is JESUS SKINS NAZARETH and the LP is called *Unser Kreuz Braucht Keine Haken*. The lyrics are in German, but all indications are that this really is a "Skins for Jesus" outfit. The music is good Oi! with gruff vocals and powerful guitars. I prefer skinhead music about beer, breasts, and brawling, but if you are partial to Skinhead Christianity, contact THE JESUS SKINS, c/o M. Bar Paul Roosen - Str. 35-22767, Hamburg, Germany, e-mail sharp@jesusskins.org.

Fight Records from Tampere, Finland has released a 3x7" package called *The Tribute to KAAOS—The Chaos Continues*. KAAOS, arguably Finland's all-time best hardcore band, has been playing continuously since 1980 in many incarnations and still manages to produce great punk rock! The deluxe triple seven inch EP package has inserts about the bands involved and a nice card-stock fold-open sleeve with a list of the KAAOS family tree and record output. Look at this list of bands and the songs they cover; OLOTILA doing "Pelko Kasvattaa Vihaa"; JUGGLING JUGULARS doing "Nukke"; SELFISH doing "Kuolleet Sankarit"; KATASTROFIALUE doing "Sekasorto"; TOTUUS doing "Ei Ulospaasya; RAJOITUS doing "Natsit & Kommunistit; KIROUS doing "Jasen"; ABSURD ATTITUDE doing "Auschwitz"; DETESTATION doing "Sun Valinta"; Turun Tauti doing "Kuka Kuolee Kenen Puolesta"; TUOMIOPAIVAN LAPSET doing "Pelko Kasvattaa Vihaa"; EPAJARJESTYS doing "Odotan Maailmanloppua"; CHURCH OF NIHIL doing "Sota On Tulossa"; SILMAOSASTO doing "Tyo Tappaa"; UNKIND doing "Vaihtoehto"; FORCA MACABRA doing "Ootsa Valmis Kuolemaan?"; F.D.S. doing "Nukkee"; ACAO DIRETA doing "Jasen"; KANSANDEMOKRATIA doing "Huone 127"; ULSTER doing "Teatro Dos Mortos"; and RATOS DE PORAO doing "Kytat On Natsisikoja." Thrash on!!!

Fight Records also has a copy of the KANSANDEMOKRATIA *Vainottu* EP and the *Tervetuloa Kuolema* EP by RISTETERROR available now. (The latter was reviewed recently on Hardcore Holocaust Records.) Write to Fight Records at Hiki Vuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, Finland; www.kolumbus.fi/fight.

Subway Star Records from Nykoping, Sweden presents *Shitty and Fast Music Supplied by Unambitious Mangos* and they do not lie! The LOCAL OAFS and THE PRICKS combine their limited talents to make the most stupid record since *For Fadernas Land* by Swedish Heroes ULTIMA THULE. The LOCAL OAFS plow through "Mr. Bluepants," "Javla Raggare," "Boff You of My Minds," and "You'll Never Catch Me," before finishing the job with "I Got Stripes" by JOHNNY CASH. Flip this EP over and the PRICKS turn up the heat with "Child Molester Oh No!" and "Life Alert" (originally performed by FYP). This shit is fast and fun punk for cretins! Write Subway Star Records, c/o Jansson/Ringvagen 37 B/611, 35 Nykoping, Sweden; http://subwaystar.cib.net; subwaystar@hotmail.com.

Fucking DISCLOSE from Japan have a brutal raw D-beat punk-metal-hardcore record out on Dan-Doh Records (Japan). The new slab is called *Apocalypse of Death - Dis- Nightmare Still Continues*. This five song 12" pummels you with crazy drumming and metallic guitar leads. You start with "Apocalypse of Death," go into "But Still Work (Victims of the Mine)," then "Life of Fear," "The War Dead," and "Corpse of Hope." The slogan on the back of the 12" is "Crust Not Hippies"—you bet! Write to Dan-Doh Records, "k-club" Honmachi 2-1-26, Kochi 780-0870, Japan.

More beast-like Japanese thrash is provided this month by JABARA on their *Why We Wish* LP. You get bass heavy bombs dropping on your head with "Provocation," "Prosit!!" "No, 51?" "Dear Observer," "Chaos in Chaos," and "Cos We Wish." This fine hardcore mess is brought to you from H.G. Fact, Tokyo in conjunction with Prank Records, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892; www.prankrecords.com.

Item number three in the multi-pronged Japanese assault is D.S.B. and their LP *Wings Continue to Strive with Unchanged Mind*. This shit is deep, growling fucked-up guitar driven punk rock for the neanderthal in your family. D.S.B. proclaim "A cornerstone for now...A view for the future." The song titles give you an indication of the band's premise: "No More Pain," "Fight Back," "Not for Sale," "Humanity," "Never Change My Way," "Influence," and "Rising Power." Contact Blood Sucker Records and D.S.B. c/o Eiji, Madoka Sou 201, 461 2, Kogasaka, Machida Shi, Tokyo, Japan 194 0014.

Punk Core Records has two treats for you punks! First you get THE UNSEEN with their double LP color gate fold package *Complete Singles Collection 1994-2000*. This includes material from split 7"s with TOXIC NARCOTIC and TOM & BOOTBOYS. You get UNSEEN nuggets from the *Raise Your Finger, Raise Your Fist* 7", *Protect and Serve* 7", *Too Young To Know Too Reckless to Care* 7" and the Flat Records, *I've Got My Friends Compilation*. Good shit!

Record two from Punk Core is GLOBAL THREAT with their LP, *What the Fuck Will Change?* The boys have strong feelings on organized religion. Read "Religious Scam": "Your bible is nothing more than fiction/ Priests are preaching crucifixion/ There's something I will say to you/ Those fucking stories are just not true/ They brainwash you and take your money/ With stories of the Christ almighty/ You use the bible to "cleanse yourself"/ You can go and fuck yourself/ Religion is a scam, your money's in their hands/ Their lies are nothing new/ Don't let them brainwash you/ Preaching priests are full of shit/ Some are alcoholics, some molest kids/ Take cash donations in the name of God/ What a fucking brilliant fraud/ A pregnant nun clenches her fists/ Says ten hail marys and slits her wrist/ She takes two lives to fix one sin/ Because she was brainwashed by religion."

A GLOBAL THREAT has a comment or two on the flag waving chauvinism that's rampant in our country now. Read "False Patriot": "You say you believe in peace and freedom/ But you'll never be free without a fight/ You say you believe in the government/ When all they do is take away your rights/ You've got to fight for your beliefs/ We need to stand together to win this war/ You say you believe in the justice system/ But who is to say what is just and fair?/ You say you believe in the Constitution/ When you rights don't apply everywhere/ And I don't wanna hear that I'm lucky to live here/ But half you people don't/ Give a shit about what's right or wrong/ So why should we care if you think we don't belong?/ You say you believe in peace and freedom/ But you'll never be free without a fight/ You say you believe in the government/ When all they do is take away your rights/ You say you believe in the justice system/ But who is to say what is just and fair?/ You say you believe this country protects you/ But the people of this country, the don't-fuckin' care."

Punk Core also offers a seven inch by THE LOWER CLASS

BRATS, Austin, Texas' favorite sons, with their unique blend of Oi! and punk. The new L.C.B. EP includes "Just Like Clockwork," from the forthcoming album on Punk Core Records, "Rabid Dog" and "Breakaway." As usual the LOWER CLASS BRATS deliver the fucking goods on this EP! We are anxiously anticipating the new album from Marty, Bones and Company.

Contact Punk Core Records at www.punkcore.com; info@punkcore.com.

Hostage Records has an exciting new CD called *Cuts Volume 1 - Lost Tracks and Unheard Music.* This well-rounded CD contains some bands you are familiar with and some you are being exposed to for the first time. Look at this list of bands and the songs they offer: SMUT PEDDLERS doing "Play It Bitch"; THUNDER PISTOLS doing "Ridin' High"; THE FAKES doing "New Day"; BROKEN BOTTLES doing "Gothic Chicks"; CELL BLOCK 5 doing "Dead and Gone"; THE M.A.I.N. doing "Scene Killer"; D-CUP doing "Turn Off Your TV"; BEER CITY ROCKERS doing "Left for Dead at 17"; EXTORTIONS doing "Introvile"; the NEGATIVES doing "Whiskey and Women"; DODGE DART doing "Down on the Man"; THE DISTRACTION doing "Portrait"; the SWITCH-UPS doing "Stuck on You"; THE FUSE! doing "FFF"; SPOOKY doing "Unholy Sabbath"; the PUT-ONS doing "Sleep Walking"; THE STAND doing "Out of Control" and the CADAVERS doing " 1-2-f-u". Don't ever forget: Hostage Records introduced you to BONECRUSHER, the most powerful band out of Orange County this decade! Write to Hostage Records at PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-7736; www.hostagerecords.net.

THE RITES from New Jersey, USA have a fucking great EP out now on DeadAlive Records. The *Your Last Rites* EP features members from TEAR IT UP and DOWN IN FLAMES. This shit kicks ass! This is some really great punk rock—possibly a one shot deal—we will have to wait and see! The RITES slam right into the lead-off number, "I Hate This," and proceed to plow through "Tear You Apart," "Are You Still Laughing," "PC Gestapo," "Uphill Both Ways," "Sound Familiar?" and "I'm Falling." This hard-edged punk is amazing! Another great product from DeadAlive Records, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006; deadasliverecords.com.

Gloom Records has two barn-burner selections for you this month! First you get CUT THE SHIT doing their *Bored to Death* EP. Great hardcore spoken here! Check out these song titles: "I Do It Myself"; "Burn the Dance Clubs"; "The Party's Over"; "Bored to Death"; "Take Back Your Life"; "Get Rowdy"; "Life Misery"; "At What Compromise"; "Crooked Teeth"; and "I hate Fashion".

Choice Number Two on Gloom Records is LAST IN LINE from Massachusetts kicking' some punk butt with great music and great lyrics. Read the lyrics to "Dead Line": "Prefabricated bullshit reflects plastic lives/ Monotonous routines—to live is to die/ The rats in the cages don't know that they've been trapped/ In blankets of complacency they lie tightly wrapped/ So afraid to risk living/ So afraid to risk death/ TRAPPED! Within the bounds of life/ Defeated submissive put on false airs/ TRAPPED! Within society's snares/ Prefabricated bullshit reflects plastic lives/ Masses of ignorant go through life blind/ The rats in the cages don't know that they've been trapped/ They've been beaten down so long their energy's sapped/ Corporations won't mold my identity/ I'm looking for my own reality/ Break free from the masses, it's time to think for ourselves/ Crawl out of the pits of our personal hells." Contact the always powerful and punk-as-fuck label, Gloom Records at PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212, USA.

Until next month,
See you fucks in hell!

A Culture of Stalkers
by Mike McKee

"Say, brother, I hear that life has got you down. I hear your woman left you and now you cryin'. Now you say you even thinking about dying? Well, before you do something rash..." (Smokey Robinson, "Everybody Plays the Fool.")

This one's for the boys. This one's for the big boys whose currency is aggression, whose aesthetic is hostility, whose broken, heavy songs leave their sisters, lovers, comrades with black eyes. Specifically, it's about "lover's rock." I'm not sure when it came into vogue, but it seems the whole heartbreak-turned-vengeance chic is suddenly all the rage, looking like a culture of stalkers. It used to suffice for bands like Screeching Weasel to pine over the unobtainable and unrequited, or for Blake to reflect he ought really to have been kissing you when his attention was fixed kissing the bottle. The blame game seems to be a whole different affair these days, however, when Eyes Upon Separation (a name sure to make any grammar aficionado go stiff) releases a record called *I Hope She's Having Nightmares,* Page Ninety-Nine boasts a tasteful hootenanny titled "Your Face is a Rape Scene," and the East Coast comes through with a band called Forgive Her, Choke Her.

Historically, the male aggression card is nothing new. Even posi-core's most wholesome, "Got Milk?" track stars, Gorilla Biscuits, sported the skewed "Slut," no matter how sophomoric and juvenile it may have seemed to them at the time. But that's just the rub—I'm not talking about GG Allin or Antiseen or even Fear here. I'm talking about the friendly, well-dressed boys who offstage probably try to ape Morrissey. Nice enough fellows all around, so what's up with the "you dumped me and now I'm going to fucking cut your throat" schtick? With this kind of machismo, the question of the hour shifts from "Where's the unity?" (apologies Infest) to "Where's the exit?" while an endless chorus of mopey bullies excuse that age-old mantra—"I'm the victim!!"

Analyzing any creation is a difficult task when the subjects are emotions and how someone chooses to express themselves artistically. Deadguy and Kiss it Goodbye nearly founded their entire careers on really dark, sometimes aggressive depictions of broken relationships ("I've got enough friends" remains a classic line by any standard). Meanwhile, Swiz more or less set the bar for relationship betrayal songs with "Sunstroke," effectively increasing the number of mid-80s DC bands to use the word "bitch" by 200%. The fact is, in all things music and art, value judgments are a tricky thing. Demanding a universal approach to matters of emotion is a slippery slope reeking of censorship and creatively sterile absolutes. This isn't about a witchhunt or a PC checklist of who's OK, and who's needs a restraining order. All our actions and all our words, ultimately, are part of a larger net effect, and it's worth watching what parts we play.

The Male perspective and voice dominates in nearly every arena in the punk scene, as elsewhere. It's worth paying special attention to the way our collective body views male-female relationships and differences because it speaks directly to a role almost all of us have played—somebody's significant other, and later, somebody's ex. Sensationalizing violent imagery in defense of the bruised male ego (or, to be fair, the wounded human heart) is dangerous business that quickly robs the voice of the other person. Violence against women is a very real, very constant thing many people live with every single day as victims, survivors, caseworkers, and friends. Violent imagery isn't reality, it's true, but such a glorified, soundtracked parade creates an environment where this sort of thing is tolerated, accepted. This is the *Clockwork Orange* to your Oi, the lynching photo to your Grind, the napalmed children to your Crust, the OD'd model to your Screamo. So, recognize it. We've all seen brutality sell punk records before. Is this what we want to claim as our legacy? Get into the groove, boy, 'cuz that honky-ass, "I am the Center of the World," Life-Ain't-Nothing-But-Bitches-And-Eighteen Visions attitude is played.

"R-E-S-P-E-C-T, My Sister's Not My Enemy" (Public Enemy 1989).

step lightly, stay free
Mike McKee
Philadelphia
mike@cheap-art.com

Thanks to Mike and Arwen for giving the space and for co-conspirator Katy Otto (Del Cielo/Exotic Fever Records).

Part II by Katy Otto

"If you want, then I'll stay far away from you / I've apologized for long enough / So what did you expect / 'Cause I can't

feel that sorry for any guy who'd call me a slut."

These were the words echoing out of the car stereo as we drove along the streets of Detroit, four girls in a van on our own punk rock tour. Elizabeth Elmore, guitarist/vocalist of The Reputation (the band in question blaring out of the speakers) provided the soundtrack and all-too familiar narrative for the three members of my band Del Cielo and our beloved roadie Sara as we made our way from show to show this summer.

The engineer of several of my own punk rock feminist projects like a compilation zine on gender, creativity, and anxiety, I am familiar with explaining to people why I think it's vitally important for women to come to and find a voice in punk and DIY music. As a girl who has spent innumerable hours in many roles supporting what boys in punk are doing, whether through booking shows, putting out records, attending shows, or witnessing all my male roommates hold four band practices back to back in our collective house, I feel it's necessary to point out to these same beloved dudes the burning desire I have to listen to girls talk about their experiences through indie rock/punk/hardcore.

Not only do I long to see fingers and smiles and feet that look like mine moving across frets, beating bass pedals, and communicating their ideas and passions through furtive glances at bandmates and their audiences—I also need more than anything in the world to hear their narratives, particularly as they pertain to love and relationships. We are part of an underground music subculture inundated with the dichotomy of male songwriters singing about love.

From the whiny bards of mope-core such as Conor Oberst from Bright Eyes (who penned the silly, albeit catchy line "I believe that lovers should be chained together and thrown into a fire with their songs and letters left there to burn in their arrogance") to the frat-boy good-looks charm of pop-punk Saves the Day (with lines that burn into your psyche like "Let me take this awkward saw and run it up the inside of your thigh" and "Heart is on the floor, why don't you step on it?") even to the tight-black-pants studded belt haircut screamo scene (past reference here to the ever-popular and consistently skylabable Saetia with lines like "I believe that you and I are made of one another/And I believe that you have died within me"), a girl can feel completely absent. In the case of a band like Saetia that I happen to love musically, I can understand that perhaps the story is just from a different perspective than mine—however, in the case of bands like Saves the Day and Bright Eyes, I tend to find it downright ridiculous. My girlfriends and I giggle constantly about hardcore-post-punk-screamy-emo boys' propensity to either put women on a pedestal or tear women apart (see my beloved Mike McKee's counterpoint article to this piece about the rise of misogynist hardcore/metal these days for more details).

So, we are either the unattainable temptresses on pedestals to pine for, or sluts ruining some poor boy's life and to be targets for violence and aggression (I've got news for ya, Page Ninety-nine, song titles like "Your Face is a Rape Scene" don't come across so well *whatever* their meaning from an aggressive eight-member male hardcore band, when for a lot of we women who are survivors of sexual assault, outside of the punk scene and also *by* punk/hardcore/"anarchist" men, the real truth is that *your scene is a rape scene*; I can't presume to know the intentions of this song, and I have talked directly with one band member about it and believe he has good intentions, but the fact of the matter is that to me there is certain imagery that as possessors of inherent male privilege in our culture and our subculture you do not fuck with because you don't know it's impact on survivors in the room, in the record store, in the scene).

For a bunch of the ladies I know in the punk rock community, these stories and tales of romantic woe didn't mean shit to us. They do, however, provide fodder for endless jokes and teasing of the trials and tribulations our dude friends must endure when jilted by l'amour. The good news is, we are lucky enough to have kickass women speaking about love in ways that strike a chord with us. Women that come to that space through their own blood and sweat. A demo tape I got from the all-female Boston punk band Janespeed had one such effective line for me: "The last time that I saw you / You were spraying letters with perfume for your boyfriend / You can't live that life forever." We as a community of radical women are hungry for songs that speak to the complexities of our lives, in romantic relationships both with women and men.

Sleater-Kinney opened up a discourse for many of us about what love might look like between women: "Take off the dress, take off the face / I'll hold you close before I leave / Oh, you've got the darkest eyes / I needed it." Bands like Le Tigre, The Butchies, Team Dresch (RIP), Dame Fate, Erase Errata, and a slew of others continue a time-honored tradition of telling women's stories and flipping the script. Feminist theory taught me to question gendered space—and goddamn, the words kids are singing along at shows in our punk rock venues and houses certainly make up that space to me.

My involvement in projects like an all-female band, running a record label, organizing Ladyfest, and working with other women to organize a summer girls' rock and roll camp in DC (inspired by the one in Portland) is part of an effort to open up and diversify that space, and get an equal footing in it for girls and women. In my own life, I've felt the impact of contributing to the DIY community. It provided me with a sense of self-worth, self-esteem, and friendships. Nothing made me prouder than authoring lyrics with my best friend Bonnie in our band Bald Rapunzel. We even managed to sneak curse words on our local mainstream alternative radio station as part of that narrative ("find out what it is that I am dying for / you won't believe some of the trials I've slipped / every time I turn around you are never there / I don't need your mercy fuck").

Now, whenever I am feeling sad or angry or frustrated, I am thankful to be able to turn to my own band and my friends' bands to write our own stories. It is about coming to that voice, and feeling like your life is of relevance to those around you. My bandmate Andrea wrote a song for me once, that spoke not only to how to deal with our relationships with boys but also with each other: "if you want me here I am / waiting for your chance to say / I've acted like a fool / my friends all say, they say let it go, they said you should know by now that it's not worth any of your time." Surrounding myself with music and companionship from a driven, inspiring group of women has helped me to drag myself up out of the whiny boy gutter and into a space of reality of what it means to live and love as a punk rock girl.

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS...

WITH ARWEN CURRY

The otherwise flawless Vans hightops I found in the street the other day are half a size too big, exactly Sara's size, as she was quick to point out.

"You know who those would fit perfectly..." she started, when I first showed them off. I raised my eyebrows at her menacingly.

"Just saying," she shrugged.

She tried it again this morning, as I was nursing blisters on my instep.

"Pity they don't fit right," she said, looking over from collating her zine on the kitchen table. An ellipsis dangled precariously from the remark.

"Don't push your luck," I growled. I sounded just like her mom, she said.

So on that note, prepare to be yelled at. It won't hurt.

• • • •

Punks, how about reading a book now and then? It'll be great. I'm working over some of our columnists to include regular literary endorsements in their columns. Books: often, they're not boring. Our book review section is one of my favorite in *MRR*, but it's hardly well-rounded, consisting mostly of submissions from a few independent publishers and self-publishing authors (thank you, folks!) Unfortunately, the same handful of titles seem to appear over and over on the menu—you know the ones I mean—if you're lucky, my dear friend Karoline has displayed some of them on an AK Press table at a punk show near you.

Personally, my attitude about books is similar to my attitude about coffee. I'm very fond of both and have been for many years. So fond, in fact, that reading and drinking coffee feel like intimate relationships, not just simple activities. In their

absence, I suffer, quietly at first. The thought of a life without them makes me terribly sad.

While I am quick to detect any quality of awfulness in a novel and will complain loudly to anyone in earshot, I will read it anyway, in the absence of something better. The same goes for coffee—it's a question of faith. Coffee is always there for you, and drinking it—however terrible it might be—is your part of the bargain.

There's plenty to be learned from bad literature. Not so much from bad coffee. Here the analogy splits.

Reading is a guaranteed adventure. Rather than relying exclusively on recommendations, if a book grabs my attention, I try listening to the book itself. If the author cites other writers, I track them down. If the book is published in a series, I look for the rest of it. If the theme intrigues me, I follow the path deeper. Or I see what else a noteworthy small publisher has to offer. This way, I've discovered a web of influences with my own interests at its center. A universe of my own making.

••••

"If (Saddam) chooses not to disarm, we will work with our close friends, the closest of which is Great Britain, and we will disarm him."— President Bush, after meeting with British Prime Minister Tony Blair.

This is chilling talk, evoking a fraternity, particularly, and not a gang or a group of haphazard playground bullies. Like a frat, where drunken "brothers" make lucrative ties between powerful patrilineal familes, Bush casually flaunts the concentration of power in his alliance with Great Britain. With a military proposition completely devoid of diplomatic legitimacy, he has no better analogy than "friends" at his disposal. But he doesn't seem to need one, does he?

This is the kind of standing by your friends that gives standing by your friends a bad name.

••••

People, how about dropping us a line? We love to hear from you, for real. My heart sinks when it appears that all we have to talk about is how someone misunderstood our song title, how someone ripped off our mailorder, etc. I mean, how do you all feel about the impending war? (hate to sound cynical, but...) What about those of you of draft age? What about your fears for the future? Loves loved and lost? Gruesome physical ailments? Hell, I'd even welcome your washed-up nostalgia for days gone by (just don't tell *Mike* I said that!) Letters, please! They enrich and strengthen media-based communities like ours. And really, this is the place and time for it.

••••

This month marks my fourth year at *MRR*. Oh, yeah... I'd like to thank everybody—thank you, thank you—but most especially Mike Thorn. Mike and I work closely together, live together, and are friends. I would tell you all the many things he has done to improve this magazine, but do I really have to? They are the kind of things you can see and feel. Not so obvious are the things that have changed in my own life since he's been here. I'm loudest about the obnoxious things—I've told him it used to be cleaner around here. Quieter, too, but not in the right way. Mike is able to laugh at every single thing we do—constantly, almost—and never once doubt the reasons for doing it. It's a contagious style.

Recently we were interviewed by a zine (*Suspect Device*), and answered the same questions separately. We didn't see each other's answers until after the zine was printed. Our responses varied quite a bit, but on the really important questions, like about what this whole thing means, they were almost identical. Eerie, but comforting.

Thanks for the pancakes, Mike—you're the best.

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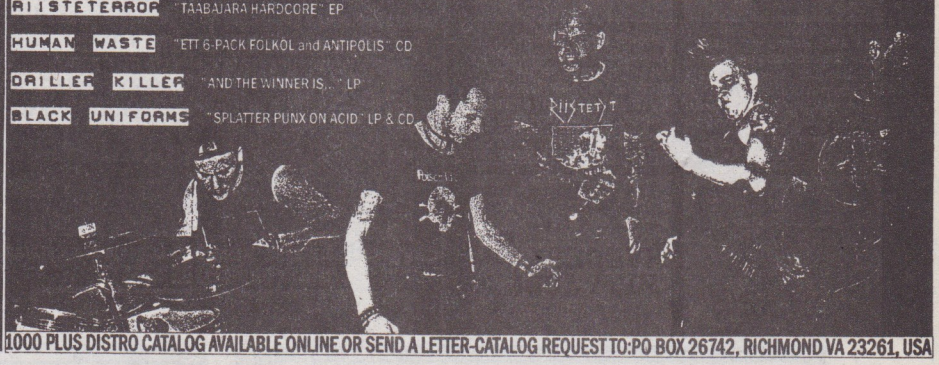

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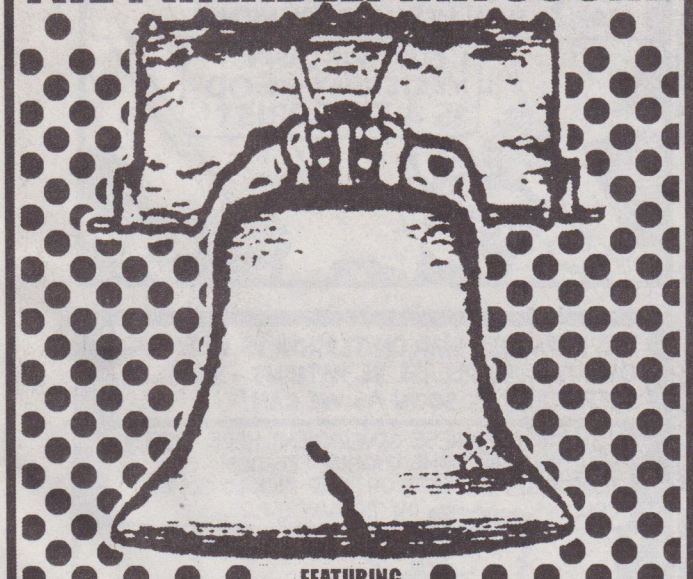

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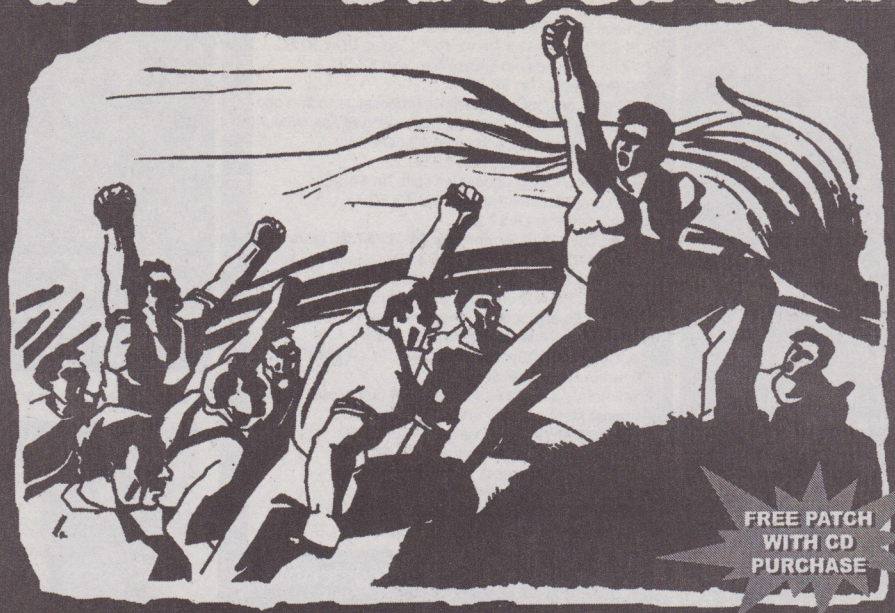

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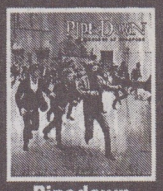

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compiled by:
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NATO PLEDGES TO HELP DISARM IRAQ

By Ron Fournier

PRAGUE, Czech Republic (AP)—Heeding President Bush's call, NATO leaders pledged Thursday to help the United Nations "fully and immediately" disarm Iraq. They also redrew the political map of Europe, reaching behind the former Iron Curtain for seven new members.

Barely a decade after winning independence from Moscow, the Baltic nations of Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania joined former communist states Bulgaria, Romania, Slovakia and Slovenia as the next wave of NATO states.

"Events have moved faster than we could possibly have imagined," said Estonian Prime Minister Siim Kallas.

On the summit sidelines, Bush and his foreign policy team lobbied feverishly for an anti-Iraq NATO statement while urging individual allies to ante up troops and other military assistance for possible war against Saddam Hussein.

The results were mixed: Bush won partial victory on the Iraq statement while the war solicitations received lukewarm responses from allies inside and outside NATO.

In a four-paragraph statement, the 19-member alliance unanimously echoed the UN call for "severe consequences" should Iraq insist on retaining weapons of mass destruction.

The phrase is Bush's license to wage war as a last resort, the White House said.

But the statement did not threaten collective military action by the 19-nation alliance nor did it prevent some allies—particularly Germany and France—from distancing themselves from Bush's zero tolerance position and even the document itself.

It did commit the alliance to taking "effective action to assist and support the efforts of the UN" That pledge was designed to make NATO's logistical and diplomatic assets available to the United Nations, though it could be read as offering the alliance's military support, said a senior Bush administration official.

That official, speaking on condition of anonymity, said neither the United States nor its allies envisions using NATO's military capacity to help enforce the resolution.

On the summit's opening day, Bush sought out his most supportive allies—and froze out the reluctant ones—to urge a united stance against Saddam.

"If he chooses not to disarm, we will work with our close friends, the closest of which is Great Britain, and we will disarm him," the president said after meeting with British Prime Minister Tony Blair.

Blair said his country "will do what's necessary" to enforce the UN resolution.

The United Nations has given Saddam until Dec. 8 to list his weapons of mass destruction. The White House says his holdings are vast, and failure to report any of them could trigger war.

While Bush told leaders Saddam may avert war by complying, Condoleezza Rice said there's little chance of that.

"We haven't seen anything yet which suggests that Iraq... is a leopard that's changing its spots," said Bush's national security adviser.

Meeting beneath the tall spires of this Bohemian city, few NATO leaders joined Bush and Blair in speaking forcefully against Iraq—a sign that while allies support the UN effort in theory, they remain highly skeptical about fighting Saddam.

"Our position is completely clear: We will not take part in a military strike against Iraq," German Foreign Minister Joschka Fischer said.

In private talks, French President Jacques Chirac told Bush that a war against Iraq requires a second UN Security Council resolution, putting him at odds with the US position.

Canadian Defense Minister John McCallum also expressed caution. Asked if he would prefer a NATO-led operation against Iraq to a US-led mission, he said: "Our first choice is that there's no operation at all."

A day before traveling to Russia, Bush courted President Vladimir Putin's support by vowing to honor Moscow's economic interests in Iraq if a US military operation ousts Saddam.

"We understand that Russia (has) got interests there, as do other countries. And, of course, those interests will be honored," Bush told NTV.

Baghdad owes Moscow $7 billion in Soviet-era debt.

The Sept. 11 attacks improved US-Russian relations and softened Putin's opposition to NATO expansion. The strikes refocused NATO, too.

Created to confront Russia, the alliance is rebuilding to fight terrorism. "A deadly cocktail of threats is now menacing free societies," NATO Secretary-General Lord Robertson said.

Hours later, NATO leaders approved a US-backed plan to create a pool of crack troops in a 20,000-strong rapid-response force to tackle terrorists worldwide, burying NATO's old reluctance to act outside its established European and North Atlantic spheres of influence.

The strike force won't be ready for a war in Iraq, so individual countries are being asked to help out.

"The United States has consulted a good many countries in the world, pointing out the reality that the only reason inspections are going on is the possibility of using force," Defense Secretary Donald H. Rumsfeld told reporters at the summit.

Initial reaction was lukewarm:

- Germany said it was reviewing the US overture "with a view toward Germany's non-participation."
- Japan would not even confirm receiving such a request from Washington.
- Saudi Arabia has assured the United States it would provide logistical help in the event of war with Iraq, a US official said in Washington.

In frustration, Bush suggested for a second day in a row that some old-line NATO allies have a stale view of the world. He said new NATO countries, eager to protect liberty, "will refresh the spirit of this great democratic alliance," the president said.

The seven invitees will join the alliance in May 2004 after their legislatures and those of the 19 current members ratify the expansion. Three other candidates—Macedonia, Albania and Croatia—were told to wait.

"It would be no exaggeration to compare today's decision on the enlargement of NATO with the fall of the Berlin Wall," said Bulgarian President Georgi Parvanov.

Associated Press

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SUPREME COURT SHOULD STRIKE OUT THREE STRIKES

by Earl Ofari Hutchinson

It's hard to say whether it's a good or bad thing that the US Supreme Court began hearing arguments this week on the three strikes law. The court has been granite like in its opposition to anything that even faintly tilts toward civil liberties in prisoner rights cases. But if there's a prisoner rights issue that screams for redress it's three strikes. 26 states now have three strikes laws on their books. The law mandates that repeat offenders be slapped with severely enhanced sentences. California has the toughest and most vigorously enforced three strikes law in the nation. A defendant convicted of a third offense no matter how petty can be slapped with a prison sentence of 25 years to life.

The draconian law blatantly violates the 8th Amendment prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment. In February, the US 9th Circuit Court of Appeals overturned the convictions of two three strike prisoners in California. These two cases tell much about what's wrong with the law. The two prisoners, Gary Ewing and Leandro Andrade, were not convicted rapists, murderers, sexual pedophiles, bank robbers, arsonists, or drug kings. They were petty thieves. A judge tossed the book at Ewing for trying to steal three golf clubs from a golf shop, and at Andrade for pilfering videotapes from two K-Mart stores.

Despite its revulsion at the atrociousness of the law, the appeals court did not take logical step and void the law completely. This means that hundreds of three strike offenders continue to be herded into already bulging jail cells. The majority of them are Latinos and African-Americans. They are jailed mostly for non-violent crimes such as drug offenses or petty theft, and taxpayers are forced to spend extra millions to feed, house, and provide medical care for them while they wile away decades in prison. Andrade would limp or be wheeled out of prison at 87.

There's good reason to fear that even more prisoners will continue to pack prisons under the law. Most DAs in California, and the other states that have three strikes laws, have not given the slightest hint that their enthusiasm for nailing repeat offenders with three strike convictions have waned. Every attempt to dump or change the law in California and other states by initiative or legislative action has failed miserably. There are two reasons why. One is that much of the public is scared stiff of crime. They are not reassured by news reports, studies, and government statistics that show that crime has dropped. Crime is crime to much of the public. Few are willing to make any fine distinctions between someone who robs a bank or sells or possesses a small amount of cocaine. The perception is that the cocaine dealer or user today could be the bank robber or murderer tomorrow. Therefore, it's better to get them off the streets before that happens. The second reason is that politicians obsessively check the opinion polls. They know that there is no detectable swing in public sentiment toward modifying, let alone eliminating, the three strikes law. Few politicians will dare risk being branded as soft on crime by pushing for reform or elimination of the law. They regard this as political suicide for them come election time.

Many other politicians reflexively defend the law by claiming that it is a powerful weapon to fight crime and that scrapping it would dump more violent criminals back on the streets. That was the rationale of California's Attorney General, an elected official, who practically demanded that the Supreme Court reverse the appeals court decision. Yet, there's no evidence that three strikes deters let alone reduces crime. In states such as New York that have no three strikes law, the crime rate has plunged just as sharply as California's rate. It dropped because of an aging population, an improved job and business climate, the expansion of community policing programs, and more effective youth and adult drug counseling and treatment programs.

Three strikes laws needlessly imprison thousands of persons who commit petty crimes, and criminalize a generation of young black and Latino males. For a fraction of the cost of preserving three strikes, most of these desperate souls could be helped by more drug treatment and job and skills training programs. Some states such as California are putting more resources into treatment and prevention programs. They are proving far more effective in helping people turn their lives around than simply warehousing them in prison cells.

Given the Supreme Court's abysmal track record on prisoner rights cases, there's scant hope that the court will dump the law. But if a miracle happens and it does, it would bring some sanity back into the sentencing laws.

Earl Ofari Hutchinson is an author and columnist. Visit his news and opinion website: www.thehutchinsonreport.com He is the author of *The Crisis in Black and Black* (Middle Passage Press).

POLICE BRUTALITY IN BELARUS

A Belarussian Anarchist is Cruelly Beaten by Policemen

On the night of 7-8 September, in Belarus (East European country), in the city of Grodno, a group of 10-15 people was going back from a birthday party. Suddenly two police cars drove up to them and policeman started pushing the people into the cars. Stas Pochobut, a 26-year old Belarussian anarchist, the *Navinki* newspaper reporter and the leader of the punk-band Deviation, was attacked just for asking the policemen's documents and was put into handcuffs. The policemen started beating him right in the car. On the arrival at the police department, Zmitser Dul'ko, a member of the Active Communities Confederation Razam! ("Together!") was also arrested. All the rest of the people were released. Stas Pochobut was being cruelly beaten over all this time by the policemen, especially by the one called Valerii Shpakevitch. Stas's brother Andrei Adlianitskii, a journalist, arrived at the police department and insisted on calling for emergency assistance. But when Andrei informed the police about his intention to sue to the Public Prosecutor's Office, he was immediately accused of hooliganism and arrested as well. Andrei got a warning from the judge, Zmitser appeared in court on the 11th of September and got a fine. Stas is still in hospital, in the neurology department. His facial bones are broken and the doctor says that his eyesight could be badly damaged.

It is not the first case of police brutality in Grodno (in the same department) towards politically-oriented bands. On the 29th of January, 2002, Boris Gorshanov, the vocalist of Antiglobalizator, and Mikhail Nerush were also arrested and fined without any reasonable explanation.

In order not to remain the case without public attention and to call the policemen to account, a pressure campaign is necessary. In your calls and letters, you can insist on punishment for the police or ask about details of the investigation process.

Contact: Andrei Pochobut (Stas's brother): 375-(152)-31-30-46, 375-(152)-33-46-46, email: kds-razam@tut.by, antyfa@mail.ru

Please, send your protest faxes or call: The Public Prosecutor's Office of Lenin District of Grodno 375-(152)72-27-20 [phone/fax] (Prosecutor's Deputy - Strel'tsova Elena Viktorovna)

Here is an example of your letter of protest, but, of course, you can change it or add your own data. Please sign your letter and mention your occupation, otherwise it won't be regarded. 375-(152) 72-27-20 Public Prosecutor's Office of Leninskii District of Grodno to the Deputy Prosecutor Strel'tsova Elena Viktorovna Application

On the night of 7-8 September, 2002, Stas S. Pochobut, famous musician and reporter for *Navinki* newspaper, was beaten by policemen of Leninskii District Police Department. From the police department he was directly brought to the Emergency Hospital with concussion of brain and broken facial bones. We are (I am) indignant with the inadmissible behavior of the policemen of Lenin Department. We (I) insist on regarding the case with maximum attention and punishing the guilty in accordance with the Legislative Code of the Republic of Belarus. Signature Date Please send up copies of your letters: kds-razam@tut.by, antyfa@mail.ru

Pictures of Stas:
http://www.razam.by.ru/actions/090902/stas1.jpg
http://www.razam.by.ru/actions/090902/stas2.jpg
http://www.razam.by.ru/actions/090902/ruki1.jpg
http://www.razam.by.ru/actions/090902/ruki2.jpg
Pictures of the policemen and Valerii Shpakevitch:
http://www.razam.by.ru/actions/090902/kazly.jpg
http://www.razam.by.ru/actions/090902/szpak.jpg
Data in Belarussian:
http://www.razam.by.ru
Data in Russian:
http://www.russia.indymedia.org/front.php3?article_id=3222&group=webcast

It would be great & very effective if you can organize pickets at Belarussian embassies. As I know, all of you live in the U$A, so here are the addresses of Bel. Embassies in your country. you can also send e-mails to the embassies asking them to pass your protest letter to Public Prosecutor's Office of Leninskii District of Grodno.

Embassy of the Republic of Belarus in the United States of America 1619 New Hampshire Av. NW, Washington, DC, 20009, USA phone (202) 986-1606 fax (202) 986-1805 usa@belarusembassy.org http://www.belarusembassy.org/ Consulate General of the Republic of Belarus in New York Address 708 Third Avenue, New York , 21st Floor, NY 10017 Phone (1212) 682-53-92 Fax (1212) 682-54-91 E-mail gcny@belembassy.org Consul general Kolas Sergei please, pass this letter to your comrades & upload it to different forums & news-pages, you understand it's not a spam mail. WE REALLY NEED YOUR HELP!

—Alexei

You can't buy happiness. Steal it.

"NEW-VARIANT" FAMINE: HOW AIDS HAS CHANGED THE HUNGER EQUATION

Alex De Waal
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

Just as HIV destroys the body's immune system, the epidemic of HIV and Aids has disabled the body politic. As a result of HIV, the worst-hit African countries have undergone a social breakdown that is now reaching a new level: African societies' capacity to resist famine is fast eroding. Hunger and disease have begun reinforcing each other. As daunting as the prospect is, we will have to fight them together, or we will succeed against neither.

About 29 million Africans are infected with HIV. The epidemic is spread by heterosexual transmission almost entirely. Only 30,000 of these people are receiving antiretroviral treatment. Between three million and four million people are dying each year from Aids-related diseases. Twenty percent of adults in South Africa live with HIV; the figure is higher still in Botswana, where life expectancy has plunged below 40 years.

How do such realities relate to famine? Traditional agrarian societies in Africa were well adapted to the threat of drought. Food shortage was like a familiar virus, unpleasant and painful but one to which most people had resistance. For example, the victims of famine were almost exclusively young children and the elderly. Young adults rarely died—and women survived better than men. Society's core was preserved, and it could recover. Rural Africans were experts at surviving famine. Women knew exactly what wild grains, roots and berries could be eaten as famine foods when there was no maize. Families scattered their members over a wide area and called on distant relations for help when times got hard.

These coping skills meant that rural Africa was forgiving of the shortcomings of international relief programs. Typically, calls by the United Nations for food donations fall short of their goal by half or more. Yet the inhabitants of, say, Mozambique or Sudan have still pulled through.

This is changing. We are facing a new variant of famine: in societies hurt by Aids, famine is more deadly and less susceptible to existing treatments. The reason is that Aids attacks exactly those capacities that enable people to resist famine.

Aids kills young adults, especially women—the people whose labor is most needed. When the rains come, people must work 16 hours a day planting and weeding the crop. If that critical period is missed, the family will go hungry. In a community depleted by Aids, each working adult must produce more to feed the same number of dependents—not just children but sick adults, too.

The burden of care for those sick with Aids can cripple a family. Many employers—private and public—have withdrawn benefits. Town dwellers who fall sick go home to the village to pass their final months, to die and be buried. Children orphaned by Aids are sent to the village to be cared for. There is a prevailing myth that the African extended family will cope with this double burden of care. We are learning the hard way that it cannot.

The drop in adult life expectancy also has implications that we are only just beginning to appreciate. The normal generational cycle means that assets like land and cattle are accumulated and handed down by the older generation. Grandparents can assist with child care; older women can pass on a lifetime's experience of gathering and preparing wild grains and fruits to their daughters.

Today all this is interrupted. Young people are inheriting debts and are not learning essential skills. How can a young woman, looking after six children, have the experience and skill of her mother or grandmother in cultivating her field, collecting wild fruits and planning for survival through a tough year? And can she even make any plans on the premise that things will return to normal some day?

Finally, the first response of any adult faced with a harvest failure is to tighten her belt. Relief workers in Africa have become so used to this physiological resilience that they ignore adults' nutritional needs and just focus on children. But adult hunger is no longer a passing difficulty. A person living with HIV needs better nutrition—more calories and especially more protein—to stay healthy. Malnutrition accelerates the progression to Aids.

As their livelihoods collapse, their family networks fold and their coping strategies vanish, millions of young women are turning to what is called "survival sex" to feed their children. The consequences for HIV. transmission do not need to be spelled out.

In short, HIV is imperiling the ability of African societies to reproduce themselves. Even when the rains come we will not see a return to normalcy but merely a breathing space. And we will be forced to appreciate just how different this crisis is.

Some senior United Nations leaders, notably Kofi Annan, the secretary general, have recognized the scale and gravity of the Aids cataclysm and its link to famine. But the policy tools we have are blunt, fashioned for a different kind of crisis. We can't just ship in food. Food assistance and scaled-up antiretroviral treatment must go hand in hand.

We need imaginative and large-scale responses to the burden of care: how to support the millions of people who are looking after dependent children (many of them orphans) and people with Aids? We need to re-examine farming systems to put more money into farmers' hands and more protein on their tables.

Above all, we need to restore a sense of the future to a generation facing an appalling crisis, to help unlock their energies in search of solutions.

This article was originally published in the New York Times. Alex de Waal is director of Justice Africa and an adviser to the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa and Unicef.

NEW WEBSITE LAUNCHED TO PROVIDE GRASSROOTS MEDIA INFORMATION DIRECTLY FROM IRAQ

As the Bush administration threatens a massive attack on Iraq, many within the corporate media have chosen to become cheerleaders for the war cause. The words "we" and "us" and "our forces" are used so frequently by major corporate media personalities that it has become difficult to figure out if it is the Bush Administration or the corporate media that are gearing up to bomb Iraq.

With Washington on the verge of seeking to destroy an already devastated country, a group of independent journalists and activists - spearheaded by Voices in the Wilderness (http//www.vitw.org) and the internationally acclaimed Iraq Peace Team (http//www.iraq-peaceteam.org)—are breaking ranks with the war chorus. Coordinated by independent journalist Jeremy Scahill on the ground in Baghdad, IraqJournal provides a forum for the distribution of independent information and views from Iraq.

Jeremy Scahill is an independent journalist. He reports frequently for Free Speech Radio News and Democracy Now! He has reported from Nigeria, Yugoslavia, and the US. In December 1998, and again in May and June 2002, he reported from Iraq. He has just returned to Baghdad to help bring out news not covered elsewhere. "As the spectrum of media views here in the US continues to narrow," says website editor Norman Stockwell, "we, as citizens, need access to other, independent sources of information in order to be better informed. IraqJournal.org is meant to be one of those sources."

The material on this website, www.iraqjournal.org, will include (beginning October 7th, 2002) regularly updated print, audio, and video reports. The site also includes links to other information sources and background material. All of the content is available free for use by non-commercial grassroots news organizations. Commercial media organizations wishing to make use of material from the site are requested to email the webmaster at prior to use. All users are requested to credit "IraqJournal.org" in broadcast or print.

Anyone wishing to help financially support the work of this website may donate using a "PayPal" link on the site.

ISRAELI ARMY DESERTIONS RISE

Conal Urquhart in Jerusalem
The Guardian

The Israeli Defence Force has been hit by a sharp rise in the number of desertions among its troops, according to an army report.

Military police are dealing with at least 40% more deserters than last year, the result of increasing numbers of reservists refusing to perform military service. One report put the increase as high as 67%.

Since the beginning of the intifada in 2000, the army has been forced to call up tens of thousands of reservists every month to conduct operations in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

It consists of 186,500 regular troops supplemented by a reserve force of 445,000.

The regular army consists of men and women aged between 18 and 21 doing national service and career soldiers. The reservists are mainly men aged between 21 and 45.

A report in the Israeli newspaper, *Haaretz*, quoted military sources saying that as of last week, military police were dealing with 2,616 deserters compared with 1,564 last year. It also stated that reservists are now forced to serve an average of 33 days per year.

A spokesman for the IDF said yesterday that the rate of desertions had increased massively since the beginning of the intifada. The rate of desertion in 1999 increased by 7%, by 31% in 2000 and by 40% in 2002. He added that the latest figures were still being analyzed and refused to give the numbers involved.

Although 208 members of the Israeli security services have been killed in the intifada, the army believes that the majority of deserters are ignoring the call up for economic reasons. Wages have fallen by 7%, the economy has shrunk by 1% and unemployment stands at more than 10%.

Both reservists and conscripts have claimed that they deserted to earn more money for their families while reservists feared losing their jobs because of the prolonged absence caused by their military service.

The deserters also include conscientious objectors who refuse to serve in the Occupied Territories although they are willing to serve within Israel's international borders.

Engineered-Food Claims Are Hard to Swallow

by Philip L. Bereano
Published by the *Seattle Times*

"What is being presented as an act of charity is in fact nothing more than an act of marketing."—Zimbabwean farmer at the Johannesburg Earth Summit, referring to US dumping of genetically engineered food aid in Africa

A number of recent editorials and opinion pieces in the media regarding famine in southern Africa claim that genetically engineered (GE) food is necessary to "feed the world."

These may actually be attempts to bolster the sagging fortunes of the biotech industry rather than efforts to end hunger. Arguing that spoiled yuppies of the European Union and US are blocking attempts to end famine in Africa by attacking genetically engineered foods, these articles generally distort the existing knowledge relevant to GE issues.

The principal claim they make is that there is no evidence that genetically engineered food poses a health risk. "No evidence of risk" is not the same as "evidence of no risk." Since neither the US government nor industry appears to be funding any research into the health effects of GE food, the situation is really "don't look/don't find."

Thus, no one knows whether continued eating of genetically engineered food is safe. Perhaps chronic exposure to GE food might be associated with the 70 million incidents each year of "food poisoning" reported by the government, or with the apparent rises in autism or attention deficit disorder in kids. Or, perhaps not.

Whatever industry research there may actually be on GE food, it is not reported in the open, peer-reviewed literature where it would be subjected to the rigors of scientific scrutiny. It is secreted away as "confidential business information." Nonetheless, the US government calls this approach to not regulating GE food "sound science." Claims that the United Nations has certified that such food is safe to eat are based on such irregular studies, not independent testing.

Indeed, the UN is in the process of establishing a biosafety protocol to regulate the international movement of transgenic organisms, including food. It should be operational by next spring, and will explicitly recognize the legitimacy of the actions taken by the southern African countries in rejecting the importation of GE foods. In the meantime, many countries currently have put up barriers to GE food, which is severely impacting US agricultural exports.

The protocol has, as a key component, the "precautionary principle," a doctrine of risk regulation stating the old adages "look before you leap" and "better safe than sorry." Similar to dozens of US regulatory statutes, the principle says that when there is scientific uncertainty about a potentially important risk, a government is justified in prohibiting action until more scientific research is done to better establish the exact risk parameters. And then, when there is information, a society may make an informed choice as to what level of risk it chooses to run.

However, the US Food and Drug Administration made a political decision in 1992, without any scientific inquiry and over the objections of some of its senior scientists, that genetically engineered foods were "substantially equivalent" to conventional varieties.

In other words, if they share a few characteristics in common, they are probably the same in other characteristics. So ... Since GE tomatoes are round, red and hang from their vines they must be as healthy as conventional tomatoes.

The biotech industry, however, has no shame in going across the street to another federal agency, the Patent Office, and arguing that GE foods are substantially different from conventional ones, and so should be awarded patents.

Hunger is a political/economic phenomenon, not essentially a technical one. That is why countries like the US have so many hungry residents despite our huge food surpluses, and why Ethiopia (the former poster child of malnutrition) has been able to be food-self-sufficient for the past seven years, using traditional technologies within an overall system of careful conservation practices and planning.

All the technical "revolutions" we have proclaimed—hybrids, pesticides and other agrichemicals, the Green Revolution, etc.—have not ended world hunger, and it sounds like a shell game to proclaim that just one more (technical) fix is going to do the trick.

In fact, there are signs that the biotech industry may be in dire straits. A study by the British Soil Association (an organics group) titled "Seeds of Doubt" recently estimated that North America lost over $12 billion in the period 1994 to 2000. It notes:

- The profitability of growing GE herbicide-tolerant soya and insect-resistant maize is less than non-genetically modified crops;
- The claims of increased yields have not been realized overall except for a small increase in some maize yields.
- GE herbicide-tolerant crops have made farmers more reliant on herbicides and new weed problems have emerged;
- All farmers are suffering a severe reduction in choice about how they farm as a result of the introduction of genetically modified crops by some;
- Non-GE seeds have become almost completely contaminated by genetically engineered components.

The industry, its government allies and their spokespeople don't seem particularly concerned with their need to dump unwanted food upon unwilling, but starving, people. Indeed, there is evidence that they welcome this chaos as leading to a situation in which opposition to GE foods will be rendered futile. As Emmy Simmons, assistant administrator of the US Agency for International Development, said to me after the cameras stopped rolling on a vigorous debate we had on South Africa TV, "In four years, enough GE crops will have been planted in South Africa that the pollen will have contaminated the entire continent."

Let organic farmers, the producers of heirloom varieties, and even those who plant conventional but unique hybrids be damned. Under the specious claims of "free choice" for farmers, the industry will deny consumers all choice about whether to eat engineered genomes.

The repeated insistence that the countries of Africa are being manipulated by white northern activists reflects a colonialist mentality that cannot imagine Third World nations being able to decide what is actually in their best interests. At a meeting of the UN's Food and Agricultural Organization in June 1998, all the delegates from the continent (except South Africa) published a statement that "strongly object(ed) that the image of the poor and hungry from our countries is being used by giant multinational corporations to push a technology that is neither safe, environmentally friendly, nor economically beneficial to us."

More Americans should be asking why propaganda is keeping us from being educated about subjects that Africans seem to know so well.

Philip L. Bereano is a University of Washington professor in the field of technology and public policy. He has participated in the negotiations of the biosafety protocol and attended the Earth Summits in Rio and Johannesburg on behalf of national and Washington state citizens' organizations.

WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN GESTAPO

by Doug Thompson
Published by *Capitol Hill Blue*

Wonder if any of the vast sums of money approved Tuesday for the new Department of Homeland Security are set aside for black uniforms with knee-length boots and black leather trench coats?

Should be. Since we've gone to all this trouble to create the new American Gestapo we might as well let them look the part.

Excuse me if I don't join in all the senseless celebration over creation of yet another mammoth bureaucracy of the federal government. Pardon me if I don't go ga-ga over a federal agency that has been given unlimited powers to spy on Americans, trample all over the First and Fourth Amendments, ignore the privacy of anyone it chooses and violate the rights of every man, woman and child who used to live in the Land of the Free.

Our own paranoia has accomplished what Osama bin Laden and his minions could not with hijacked airplanes and vague threats about future attacks —these fears have forced America to abandon its principles and create a police state.

This new Department of Homeland Security has the power to wiretap any American it wants, without a court order, without cause and without justification to any higher authority. Homeland Security goon squads will have the power to enter any American home, without a search warrant, without probable cause, simply because someone somewhere says "hey, this guy might be a threat." No checks and balances, no due process. Nothing.

Video cameras at ATMs, convenience stores, department stores and office building lobbies already record Americans living in urban areas 75-100 times on any given day but that isn't enough for the new American Gestapo. They plan to erect video cameras on streets, along public highways, in neighborhoods and deploy them on helicopters and police cars to record everything you and I do every day of the year.

"We are entering a new era of domestic surveillance," says retired FBI agent Franklin Postel. "One where the constitution is secondary to the cause. The new department has the power to document the day-to-day actions of any American it chooses."

A secret court decision last May already gives the Justice Department expanded powers to wiretap phones, spy on Americans and "share information" with other law enforcement agencies.

These powers, granted under a dangerous piece of legislation called the "USA Patriot Act," allow Attorney General John Ashcroft to sign away the normal rights and protections that Americans used to enjoy—little things like probable cause, due process and the now forgotten belief that any accused is presumed innocent until proven guilty.

Those who support these expanded powers say the system has "safeguards" where law enforcement personnel must get a judge's approval before wiretapping an American family but those who have studied the law said the "safeguards" are, in fact, "carefully worded loopholes."

"The law only requires an 'administrative review' by the very department that wants to spy on Americans," says retired federal judge John Macklin. "Most judges would not approve such wiretaps but the law is engineered to make sure that most judges never see the request."

Ashcroft says he will implement the new powers "immediately" and is already increasing surveillance of Americans.

Look closer at the powers granted under the act and you will find things that would make Hitler proud.

They include provisions to allow private citizens to spy on other private citizens without fear of prosecution if the Department determines their actions were conducted "in the national interest."

"I've read some of the abstracts on the new law and they take the handcuffs off people like me," says private detective Andrew Burlingame. "I can tap anyone I damn well please. All I have to do is claim I thought the guy was a terrorist."

Under the new law, an agent of the Department of Homeland Security can walk into your bank, flash a badge and demand to see your checking and saving account records. No court order. All they need is the "presumption of guilt." They can stop you in your car without cause and search it and you. They can hold you in jail for 30 days or more without filing any charges or allowing you to make any phone calls.

They can call up America Online and put a trace on all your Internet activity without a court order. They can require Visa to turn over all your credit card activity records without notice.

"Again, the process only requires an internal administrative review and not the involvement of any independent judicial authority," says retired judge Macklin. "It violates all previous standards for due process and probable cause."

In other words, they can do any damn thing they want and there isn't a thing that any of us can do about it.

Some may argue the current terrorist threat requires such drastic measures. But what happens when that threat is met? The Department of Homeland Security and its draconian powers will still exist. Who will determine the new threat? Who will decide who becomes the enemy?

"An evil exists that threatens every man, woman and child of this great nation," the leader of another country once wrote. "We must take steps to ensure our domestic security and protect our homeland."

That was Adoph Hitler, writing about creation of the Gestapo in Nazi Germany.

Wecome to the American Gestapo. Be careful what you say and do. They are watching and they will be watching from now on.

Doug Thompson is the founder and publisher of *Capitol Hill Blue.*

TWELVE KILLED IN MISS WORLD RIOTS

BBC

At least 12 people have been killed in the Nigerian city of Kanduna after protests against next month's Miss World beauty competition descended into bloody violence.

Many more are also believed to have died, after thousands of Muslim youths rampaged through the suburbs of the city, erecting barricades of burning tires, setting fire to buildings, and attacking churches.

The authorities in the northern city have declared a curfew with immediate effect. Protests started after the newspaper *ThisDay* published an article which said that the Prophet Mohammed would probably have chosen to marry one of the contestants if he had witnessed the beauty pageant, which Nigeria is hosting next month.

Kaduna is one of Nigeria's most volatile cities, and has been largely segregated into Christian and Muslim areas since clashes two years ago, in which more than 2,000 people died.

On Wednesday hundreds of people chanting "Allahu Akbar" (God is great) attacked the Kaduna office of the Lagos-based newspaper, which has retracted the article and published two separate apologies.

Civil rights activist Shehu Sani told the French news agency, AFP that the city had descended into "pandemonium" on Thursday, with the streets littered with burning tires.

"Schools and public offices are shut. Business is paralysed, everybody is staying at home and the security forces are trying to avoid contact with the demonstrators," he said.

The BBC's Yusuf Sarki Muhammad says that local mosques had been calling for action against the paper and said that some people were first alerted to the article by text messages being sent to their mobile phones.

The government has issued a statement, appealing for calm and assuring Muslims that those responsible for the *ThisDay* article would be brought to book, for exceeding "the bounds of responsible journalism."

Witnesses told Reuters news agency that the rioters have vowed to attack *ThisDay* offices all over the north, where Sharia law has been introduced.

The Miss World pageant is taking place over several weeks in Nigeria, but only in the southern, largely Christian and Animist, part of the country.

Muslim groups say the contest is un-Islamic and are also upset that it began during the holy month of Ramadan.

The contest had also been threatened by a large-scale boycott by beauty queens protesting against a Sharia court's sentence of death by stoning against Amina Lawal, a woman convicted of adultery.

The Nigerian Government has moved to calm fears by promising it will not allow any Nigerian to be stoned to death and about 90 Miss World contestants have arrived in Nigeria, ahead of the final contest in the capital, Abuja, on 7 December.

MILITARY RECRUITERS GETTING A FOOT IN DOOR

FEDERAL EDUCATION BILL REQUIRES HIGH SCHOOLS TO SHARE STUDENT DATA

by Susan Milligan
Published by the *Boston Globe*

A little-noticed provision in a new federal education law requires high schools to provide names, addresses, and phone numbers of students to military recruiters. Schools that refuse to comply face losing federal education funding under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

Under the rule, part of the No Child Left Behind Act signed earlier this year, Pentagon recruiters are entitled to students' contact information unless parents opt out of sharing the data, a requirement that has alarmed civil libertarians and school administrators.

"We don't wish to appear antimilitary. The military is a great first step out of high school for a lot of kids, and it is a fine career for some people," said Bruce Hunter, a lobbyist for the American Association of School Administrators.

Nevertheless, the association opposed the provision because it took discretion away from local school boards. "We weren't happy because we're a big local control outfit."

The law also requires high schools to allow military recruiters the same campus access as administrators give to colleges and job recruiters. Some schools, including those in San Francisco and Portland, Ore., had refused military recruiters access to their campuses on the grounds that the Pentagon discriminated against gays and lesbians.

Education Secretary Rod Paige sent a letter last month to school administrators explaining the new regulations. Department spokesman Jim Bradshaw said the rationale for the rule was that the military "felt this was needed to boost recruitment."

Major Sandy Troeber, a Defense Department spokeswoman, said the rules were "brought about by congressional support for military recruiting efforts." The Selective Service already requires men in the United States to register for the draft within 30 days of their 18th birthday.

But a fact sheet provided by the Pentagon said that the cost of recruiting had doubled in the past decade and that "access to students can significantly reduce the costs of recruiting."

The Pentagon had been trying for years to insert the recruitment provisions into education legislation to counter what they saw as a lack of cooperation from some high schools, according to lobbyists and congressional aides. But this year the education bill was so loaded with other contentious issues, such as school vouchers, funding matters, and testing standards, that lawmakers who might have fought the new recruitment rules had their energies focused on other provisions.

"It wasn't on anybody's radar. It was buried so deep in the legislation," said Kathleen Lyons, spokeswoman for the National Education Association. The group has only recently begun studying the issue and hasn't yet taken a position on it, she said.

Senator Edward M. Kennedy, a Democrat of Massachusetts and a major negotiator on the Leave No Child Behind Act, had fought successfully for several years to keep the military recruitment rules out of education bills, but couldn't win the battle this year, especially since bigger education issues were dominating the debate, Hunter said. Senator Tim Hutchinson, Republican of Arkansas, engineered the inclusion of the new language, said a Kennedy staffer.

"All this provision does is provide military recruiters with the same access to directory information that colleges currently enjoy," Kennedy said in a statement.

Civil libertarians are concerned about the rule nonetheless.

"We opposed it primarily on privacy grounds, that students or parents should be able to control access to directory information, such as names, addresses, ages," said Christopher Anders, legislative counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union. "That information shouldn't be sent out to military recruiters unless parents want it sent out."

Under federal privacy laws, schools generally must have written permission from parents or students to release any information about a student's education record, according to the Education Department. Exceptions include handing records over to a transfer school, to law enforcement in some cases, and to officials who need the information in cases of health or safety emergencies.

Schools may release what is called "directory information," such as names, addresses, phone numbers, and date and place of birth, but they must also give parents the option of refusing disclosure of their child's information. Schools can decide on their own whether to provide the directory information to outside individuals or organizations.

The difference under the new rule is that schools will not have the discretion to refuse to provide such information to the military; they must provide the information to recruiters and allow them on campus at the Pentagon's request.

Groups such as the American Friends Service Committee and the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, an antimilitary draft organization, have been fielding complaints about the new rules, but are not sure whether they can successfully challenge them, especially in the environment created by the Sept. 11, 2001, terror attacks. Analysts are looking at whether the rules violate existing privacy law, said Oscar Castro, an AFSC official.

Jill Wynns, president of the San Francisco Board of Education, said the board's attorneys are looking at the law to see whether the Bay Area school system can keep any part of its current written policy, which prohibits military recruiters from coming on campus and bars the release of any student information to military recruiters "or anyone who asks for it."

"We are very upfront about being biased in favor of higher education. We're telling our kids, 'go to college, go to college,'" said Wynns, adding that schools do not allow businesses to recruit on campuses, either. The military has not yet asked for students' contact information, but recruiters have demanded and recently been given access to San Francisco high schools for the first time in 12 years, she said.

UNILATERAL POWER: BY ANY OTHER NAME

by Norman Solomon
Published by CommonDreams.org

Ever since the UN Security Council adopted its resolution about Iraq on Nov. 8, American politicians and journalists have been hailing the unanimous vote as a huge victory for international cooperation instead of unilateral action.

New York Times columnist Thomas Friedman was close to ecstatic. "For a brief, shining moment last Friday," he wrote, "the world didn't seem like such a crazy place." The United Nations had proven its worth—by proving its value to Washington. Among the benefits: "The Bush team discovered that the best way to legitimize its overwhelming might—in a war of choice—was not by simply imposing it, but by channeling it through the UN."

But if the United Nations, serving as a conduit of American power, is now worthwhile because it offers the best way for the United States to "legitimize its overwhelming might," how different is that from unilateralism?

Behind all the media euphemisms and diplomat-speak, a cold hard reality about Resolution 1441 is already history: The resolution was fashioned to provide important fig leaves for domestic politics and foreign governments. President Bush and Britain's Tony Blair needed UN cover for the war that they're so eager to launch.

To get the Good War-Making Seal of Approval from the United Nations, the Bush administration handed out major plums while flexing Uncle Sam's muscles. You wouldn't know key pertinent facts from the drooling coverage that has saturated American news outlets.

"Backroom deals with France and Russia regarding oil contracts in a post-war Iraq were a big part of the picture," Phyllis Bennis writes in The Nation. "And the impoverished nation of Mauritius emerged as the latest poster child for US pressure at the UN The ambassador, Jagdish Koonjul, was recalled by his government for failing to support the original US draft resolution on Iraq. Why? Because Mauritius receives significant US aid, and the African Growth and Opportunity Act requires that a recipient of US assistance 'does not engage in activities that undermine US national security or foreign policy interests.'"

The Mauritius episode tracked with broader patterns. InterPress Service reported that nations on the Security Council "voted under heavy diplomatic and economic pressure from the United States." As recipients of aid from Washington, non-permanent members of the Council "were seemingly aware of the fact that in 1990 the United States almost overnight cut about $70 million in aid to Yemen immediately following its negative vote against a US-sponsored Security Council resolution to militarily oust Iraq from Kuwait."

In the British magazine *The New Statesman,* author John Pilger has recalled some sordid details of that pre-Gulf-War object lesson in superpower payback. "Minutes after Yemen voted against the resolution to attack Iraq, a senior American diplomat told the Yemeni ambassador: 'That was the most expensive No vote you ever cast.' Within three days, a US aid program of $70 million to one of the world's poorest countries was stopped. Yemen suddenly had problems with the World Bank and the IMF; and 800,000 Yemeni workers were expelled from Saudi Arabia."

Back then, Yemen was not the only impoverished country to feel the fury of an imperial democracy scorned. In Pilger's words: "When the United States sought another resolution to blockade Iraq, two new members of the Security Council were duly coerced. Ecuador was warned by the US ambassador in Quito about the 'devastating economic consequences' of a No vote. Zimbabwe was threatened with new IMF conditions for its debt."

Fast forward a dozen years: During the autumn of 2002, the US government has compounded the wallop of its prodigious carrots and sticks by pointedly reserving the right to do whatever it wants. And, clearly, it wants to go to war.

Two days after the Security Council resolution passed 15-0, White House chief of staff Andrew Card appeared on NBC and said: "The UN can meet and discuss, but we don't need their permission" before launching a military attack. Meanwhile, on CNN, the Secretary of State had the same message. "If he [Saddam Hussein] doesn't comply this time, we'll ask the UN to give authorization for all necessary means," Colin Powell declared, "and if the UN is not willing to do that, the United States, with like-minded nations, will go and disarm him forcefully."

Such proclamations by top US officials blend in with the dominant media scenery. You're not supposed to notice the substantial ironies and breathtaking hypocrisies.

Norman Solomon writes a syndicated column on media and politics. Informational link: Detailed analysis of UN Security Council resolution on Iraq: www.accuracy.org/un2

GREEN CARDS TO LURE IRAQI SCIENTISTS

BBC

The United States is offering a fast track to American citizenship for Iraqi scientists willing to blow the whistle on Saddam Hussein's alleged weapons of mass destruction (WMD).

Under the Iraqi Scientists Immigration Act of 2002, passed by the Senate on Wednesday, up to 500 scientists could be given green cards if they reveal critical information on weapons programmes.

The bill, which could be passed by the House of Representatives as early as Friday, applies to scientists, engineers, and technicians.

The move comes as an advance team of United Nations weapons inspectors are in Iraq laying the groundwork for the resumption of inspections.

It is hoped that the bill, which was proposed by Senator Joseph Biden in October, could have a two-fold effect:

Firstly, it would reveal details of weapons of mass destruction, which Washington firmly believes Iraq has been developing.

Secondly it would drain Iraq of key experts, vital to any such weapon programme that might be underway.

"The emigration from Iraq of key scientists, engineers and technicians could substantially disable Hussein's programmes to produce weapons of mass destruction and the means to deliver them," the bill states.

Eligibility requirements

The bill openly works on the assumption that Saddam Hussein does have a secret weapons programme—a charge Iraq vehemently denies.

To be eligible for the scheme arms specialists must have worked in a programme to deliver WMD since 16 December 1998.

They must also volunteer "critical, reliable information" which could provide evidence that despite its denials Iraq is working to build or deliver chemical, biological or nuclear weapons.

If so, they and their immediate families would be able to bypass normal immigration procedures and take up permanent residence in the US.

But the number who could be accepted has been capped at 500 scientists, and anyone failing to meet the requirements will fail to qualify.

Under the bill the US Secretary of State and Attorney General would control the resettlement programme.

Mr Biden thinks the bill will bolster the work of UN inspectors, investigating whether Iraq does have WMD.

"With this bill, the United States can help ensure that weapons inspectors and the United States have access to crucial information, by protecting the people who can provide it and by safeguarding their families," Mr Biden said.

In 1994, Khidhir Hamza, an American-trained senior Iraqi nuclear scientist, left Iraq having grown disenchanted with the regime there.

He eventually made it to America, where he revealed valuable details on Iraqi attempts to hide its weapons programmes.

In 2000, Mr Hamza wrote *Saddam's Bomb Maker*—an autobiographical account outlining his role in the Iraqi weapons programme.

In the book, Mr Hamza concluded that the best way to ensure that Saddam Hussein was blocked from developing WMD was to stop Russian scientists entering Iraq and help Iraqi scientists escape.

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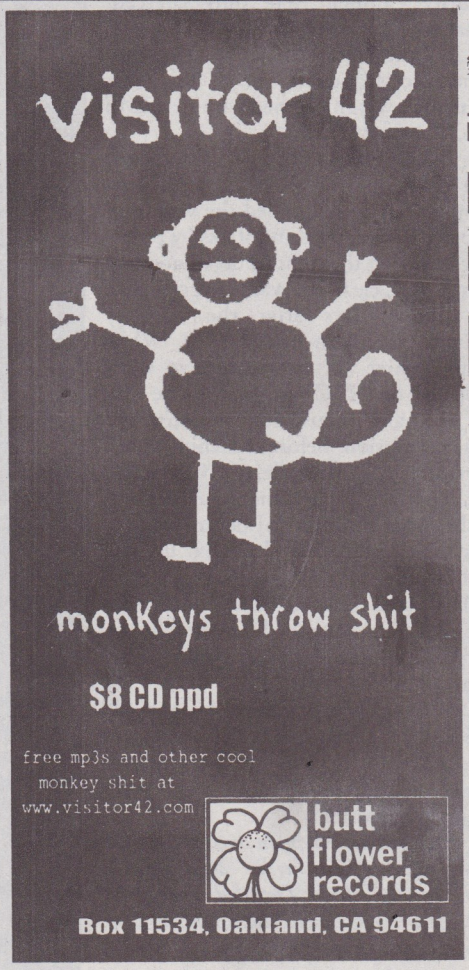
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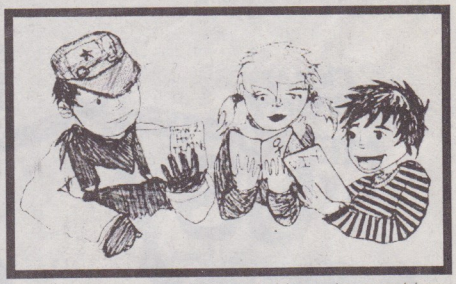
ZINES WANTED FOR TRAVELING ART SHOW



The Regina Gouger Miller Gallery is curating a show exploring identity; we're creating a whole section of the show focusing on zines! The gallery is on Carnegie Mellon University campus, free to the public, and visitors can browse the collection. After its installation in Pittsburgh, the show will travel to similar venues across the country, growing as we continue to accept local submissions. We hope this show will help promote zine culture and strengthen our creative networks. Everyone is welcome to submit, and all submissions will be accepted into the show.

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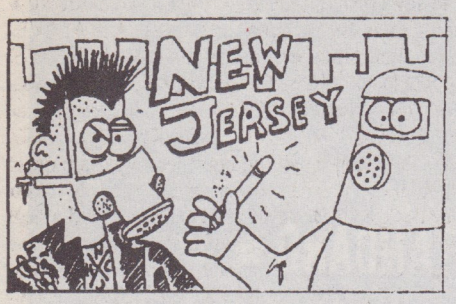


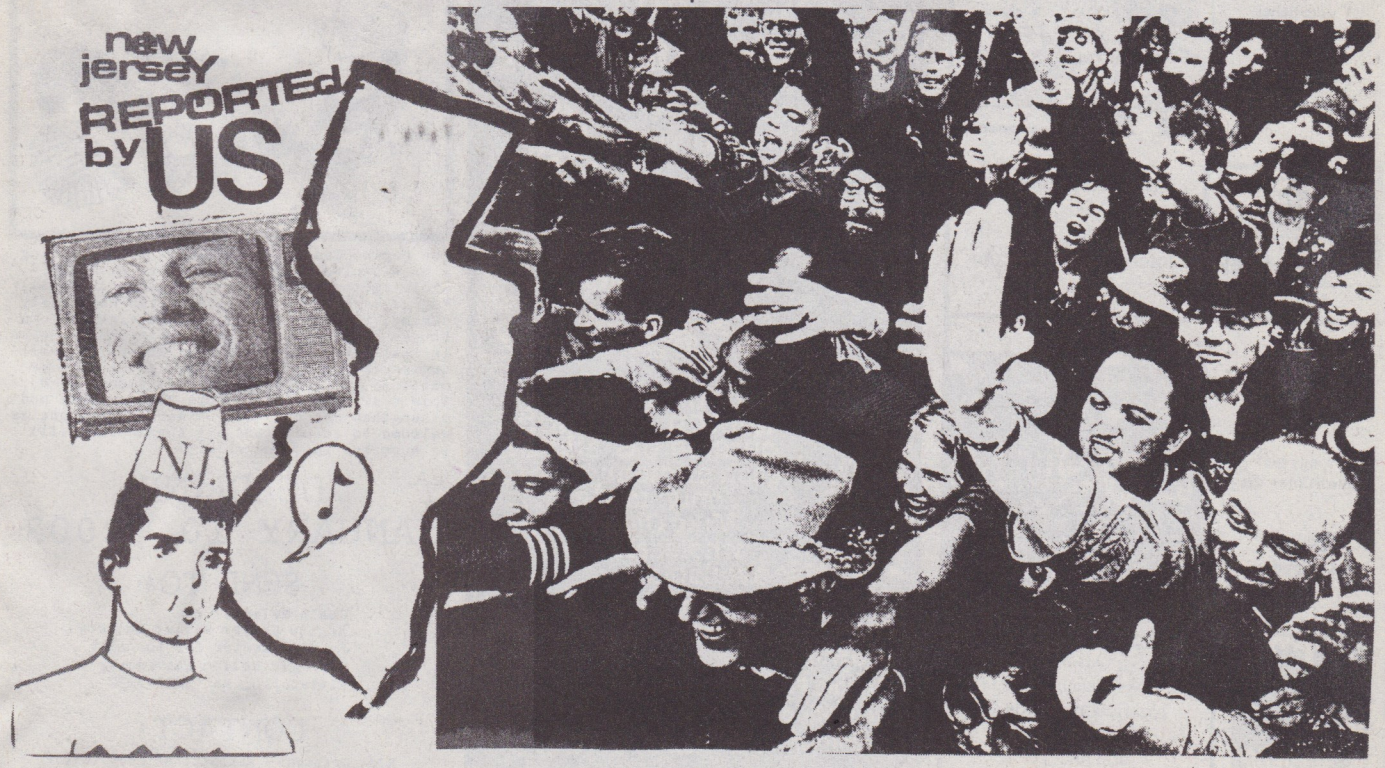
New Jersey's still got it. For those unfamiliar with the "garden state," you may or may not know the condition for how things are around here. There aren't any amazing landmarks to see, nor is there any intriguing reason to visit. But what NJ lacks in tourism and activity for the average Joe Shmoe, it makes up in the great fantastic form of punk rock.

The kids on the forefront of booking DIY shows here are the kids in Team Narc. For the last year or two, Max and Geoff of Team Narc have been setting up an average of two shows a month for touring bands large and small. Consistently working their asses off, they have given a lot back to the NJ scene and have really hooked up a consistent chance for local bands like the SURVIVORS, TEAR IT UP, A NEW ENEMY, DOWN IN FLAMES, SCARLET LETTER, BLIND SOCIETY, SOMETHING IN THE WATER and more to play often in their home state. Larger bands that have enjoyed the Narcotics have been DILLINGER FOUR, KILL YOUR IDOLS, STRIKING DISTANCE, LIFE'S HALT, COUNT ME OUT, and more. Word on the streets is that the new Bloomfield Ave. Cafe is a pretty kick ass club for shows. It looks like Team Narc may be booking the bulk of their shows there now. Bands, if you need a show in NJ, Team Narc and Co. may be able to help you. Check out their website at www.teamnarc.com.

If you are looking for a shitty time, or a good way to lose your money watching bands play in a insincere, dishonest atmosphere, then check out any of the shows done at Club Krome by ExcessDB productions. Expect parking fees, expensive water, ugly flyers, peacekeepers (i.e raging bouncer types) and generally an all around bad time! In fact, I heard that Club Krome was welcoming "free exterior artpunk beautification" as in, if you are near the club on Route 35 in Old Bridge, NJ, and happen to have a can of Krylon on you, then by all means paint away. Be creative! Be offensive! If nothing comes to mind, "FUCK THIS CLUB" will always suffice. Have fun kids, and remember the night time is the time to act.

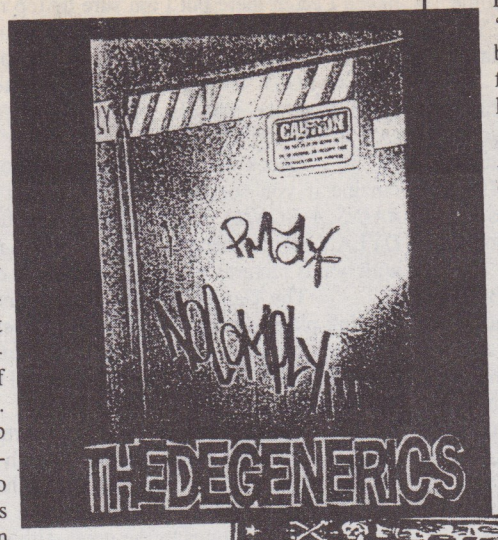
ExcessBS, BS for BULLSHIT, on the other hand, has started booking shows to join Team Narc in countering the ExcessDB people who perpetuate lameness. They have done a few DIY shows in the last year for out of state bands like AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ, the SNOBS, THE OATH, DEL CELO, BORN DEAD ICONS, ETA, THINK I CARE, BALANCE OF TERROR, and more. They do shows less often than Team Narc, but are down to set up a good fun, intimate cheap show. Contact Antdif@aol.com or kvtshirt@yahoo.com for more information.

Tear It Up! Tear It Up! We need to change! We need to change! Oh woops, so you want that TEAR IT UP eh? Where do I start? They recently got back from another successful tour, matched with peers and partners in crime DOWN IN FLAMES. Save the van problems outside of their control, they were psyched with their second consecutive month of touring. Having gone to Europe in June, and then immediately following with a large US tour, TEAR IT UP are relentless in their attack. I'm sure you have or have heard at least one of their records of great fury fueled punk anger. Their live shows are no different. Playing less in NJ recently due to touring they are



likely to be back on the NJ show flyers soon. TEAR IT UP have been good to the Garden State and it's been good to them.

Speaking of DOWN IN FLAMES, they are also back from summer tour and by the time you read this they will have broken things up. The tour was best case scenario, and a good way to wrap things up. DIF also just released their bumblebee-yellow colored LP on 625 a few months ago and were playing an uncanny assortment of live shows for its support. Fast and pissed off describes the sound. Reasons for the breakup have been pretty confidential, but I can say it had to with one of the members soaking the other dudes in the band with piss by throwing a open jug of it out of the open-windowed van. Speaking on behalf of DIF, I can say thanks for the good times, and support NEW JERSEY!



"I'm a Survivor, I'm not gonna give up." As a famed pop singer once said. The SURVIVORS have been playing often and give a good dose of melodic hardcore reminiscent of their soon-to-be-partners in vinyl A NEW ENEMY. A NEW ENEMY share members with NJ bands past and present like TO EACH HIS OWN, FAST TIMES, LET IT BURN, and others. Both bands deliver emotionally intense hardcore, good live and worth checking out and supporting. A NEW ENEMY's LP should be dropping soon and rips.

SCARLET LETTER who also have a slew of ex-members from some of NJ's ghostly past, have been recording and writing non stop to make sure you hear and experience their diverse multiple punk sound. They play a lot, they set up shows, they release records. SCARLET LETTER have been keeping NJ packed with more hardcore activity then the typical Garden State punk band Check them out!

Hardly known, yet bearing some of the best elements of what NJ has to offer, the DEGENERICS are on their way out. After two 7"s and a brutally amazing LP on NJ's kick ass label DEAD ALIVE, they have been playing sparingly in the last year or two. With a political conscious attitude, well crafted songs, and well written lyrics, the DEGENERICS do what a lot of hardcore bands refuse to do, or refuse to do well. NJ will miss them. Check out any of their records if you see them or their live show if they choose to play again.

The newly reformed FANSHEN contains members from both the DEGENERICS and SCARLET LETTER. FANSHEN play a brutal frenzied punk that people have compared to CITIZENS ARREST, although it's a little more original and intense than anything I've heard. Alex is a great frontman and is able to talk in between songs without losing anyone's attention and simultaneously actually make sense. FANSHEN are one of my favorite live bands. They have a 7" on the defunct NJ label SLAUGHTERHOUSE, which released a handful of great NJ records between '96 and '98, I think, including both DEAD NATION EPs and both NO CONTEST EPs. FANSHEN also have a split 12" with fellow NJ act STORMSHADOW on 9 Volt, all of which is highly recommended.

Speaking of NJ record labels, I shouldn't leave out DEAD ALIVE Records. Although that punk Jon is moving to a suburb of Philly, it is safe to say you can take DEAD ALIVE out of New Jersey, but you can't take New Jersey out of DEAD ALIVE. They have given us such fine records as the DEGENERICS *Generica* LP, the DEAD NATION *Dead End* LP and *Painless* EP, TEAR IT UP/ETA split 12", TEAR IT UP *Nothing to Nothing* LP, SUICIDE PARTY 7", CITIZENS ARREST *Light In The Distance* reissue, and that's just the New Jersey area bands! DEAD ALIVE has also released other great records from THINK I CARE, DRAGNET, BORN DEAD ICONS, and a hell of a lot more. If you can find it, check out his first release, the ABC NO RIO tribute CD, which contained songs from a handful of NJ bands like DEAD NATION, NO CONTEST, FANSHEN, KABOOM, AUTOMATON, PLAN A PROJECT, and other not-so-NJ bands like AUS-ROTTEN and REACT. Expect more great DxA records from national and international hardcore acts. Thanks goes to Jon for supplying us with an endless amount of quality punk and hardcore.

LET IT BURN play a fusion of rock and roll and punk. You can decide if that works or not, but the truth is they play an energetically pumping fun live show that you should check out. They tour often and play out a lot, so pay the door price and get down. They have two LPs and a split 7" with SCARLET LETTER.

FULL SPEED AHED, who had members who went on to be in LET IT BURN and SUICIDE PARTY, broke up about two years ago. Everyone in NJ is still waiting on their LP to be released on BROKEN MAN RECORDS out of PA. Word on the streets is that they are waiting for the cover art from PUSHEAD. Everyone should keep their fingers crossed, because FSA played some amazing hardcore and this yet-to-be-released LP is pretty much a masterpiece. People have dropped similarities to NEGATIVE APPROACH, BLACK FLAG, and POISON IDEA, but don't expect a cheap rip-off. It's also skate-rock, but don't expect the faux fashioned punk/skate crossover that's been so trendy lately thanks to the extensive PISSDRUNX coverage in skate videos and magazines. FSA is legit. They released a handful of demos, an EP on NJ's own TEAMWORK Records, a split 7" with KILL YOUR IDOLS on NJ label HELLBENT, a 7" single on PUSMORT that is ridiculously hard to find because it was released at some PUSHEAD convention in JAPAN. FSA members got two each themselves, and if you happen to find one

and are looking to trade it contact Antdif~aol.com, or anyone in NJ for that matter.

Another recently down and out NJ act is 97A. 97A did some sort of reunion and last show, after never officially breaking up. You can check out any of their records on singer Chris Kelly's label TEAMWORK. 97A kicked fucking ass.

BLIND SOCIETY have been touring extensively and have a semi-large amount of records. Most notable and recently worth checking out are their last two LPs. One of which just came out on Blackout! Records and is fast grueling paced punk hardcore. They play a great live show, which has been a blessing to the NJ kids for the last five years. Check them out one of their many US tours, or at one of their common Jersey Shore shows.

Although some people claim that the now defunct BAD FORM sound like the STOOGES, I still don't feel the similarities. I think different elements of REDD KROSS, NECROS, GERMS, and the CRAMPS make a better comparison. It seems like they started to turn more heads after they broke up, which shows a little insight as to what happened to some of the great bands who never really got out of NJ while they were around. They released two 7"s, one on YOUTH ATTACK Records and the other on drummer Dan's label MAD AT THE WORLD. Along with doing a label, Dan had done shows at his old house in New Brunswick. Having some of the best NJ shows in the last few years, Dan let an endless amount of kids do shows at his house, really helping out the efforts of ExcessBS and Team Narc. NJ really owes a thank you to Dan for opening his house to us. I don't think anyone will forget the fun that ensued in his crib the day after Sept. 11: the bands were 9 SHOCKS TERROR, OUT COLD, DS 13, THE BAD FORM (their last performance) and DOWN IN FLAMES. I think some kids needed to let off some steam because it was one hell of a show.

SOMETHING IN THE WATER, although already described in the last NJ scene report, have been playing a lot and recording a lot. With big plans ahead and a good load of songs to rock, they play intense punk a la Born Against. SITW have ex-members of brutal NYHC-esque NO CONTEST, who although defunct, recorded a great, currently unreleased LP of crossover gems. If it comes out, or you know someone who has it on tape, it's worth hearing.

Not only are there great bands to check out in NJ, there are good reads. *GAME OF THE ARSEHOLES* is a NJ several-pager. *G.O.T.A.* deals mostly with the international aspect of hardcore and punk, with articles on foreign bands past and present. I've heard many a punk describe their experiences with the fanzine as follows: "When I first picked up an issue I barely heard of any of the featured bands, but now, thanks to Stu of the Arseholes, I feel like a connoisseur of foreign punk!" Expect coverage of bands from Sweden, Netherlands, Italy, Japan, and everywhere and in between. Check out some of the articles Stu has written for *MRR*, and you can get a taste of what *G.O.T.A.* has to offer. Send a stamp or some foreign object to STU c/o G.O.T.A, 9 Fenwick Road, Whippany, NJ 07981.

Another great NJ zine is *ORGAN OF HOPE,* which contains lots of old, sometimes obscure, US HC coverage. Reprinted interviews, columns, record reviews, and good layout all make *ORGAN OF HOPE* a standout in the scant pile of recent hardcore zines. Send a stamp to ORGAN OF HOPE, PO Box 3400,Wallington-City, NJ 07057.

RECLUSE fanzine was a straight-edge hardcore zine that hopefully will see another issue. It contained hardcore news, record reviews, and a reprinted UNDERDOG interview. UNDERDOG were a great late 80s hardcore band from NJ that I'm sure you have heard. They continue to reunite now and again with a different singer, meanwhile the bassist works at a pizza place down the Jersey shore. I haven't eaten there but I am sure its top notch New Jersey pizza... it always is. *RECLUSE* fanzine, due to another zine with the same name, will be discontinued, and the author will pick up with the first issue of *LOSS*. Issue 1 will be out by the time you read this, and I don't have the address, but email me and I will give it to you (Antdif@aol.com).

Check out old issues of the now NJ classic *HARDWARE* fanzine if you see any. Also keep your eyes peeled for *A HARD RAINS A-GONNA FALL* fanzine, which sounds like it may be a DYLAN tribute zine, but in fact will be a no-frills hardcore punk zine with bonus pictures of cops, graffiti, and of course punk bands.

The Garden State is even home to a professional screen-printing place run by NJ hardcore dudes, called TDT! If your own squeegee and screening kit is falling apart or is just too much to handle, call 1-888-TDT-EDGE, and they will be more than great business to you and your band.

New Jersey, the supposed "Armpit of America," the same stinkhole that you dread driving through between Philly and NYC, has really been a great center for the US hardcore scene with the likes of the previously mentioned bands and with others who came and went long ago. Salutes to the great, although lesser known MUTHA RECORDS bands of the early 80s, i.e. THE WORST, CHRONIC SICK, FATAL RAGE, SEND HELP (to name a few) who continue to boggle and jar the minds of collectors and punk kids alike. Not to forget THE MISFITS, ADRENALIN OD, and the other Northern NJ bands based around the BUY OUR RECORDS label in the mid 80s. There are the likes of DETENTION, whose records are sought after now by KBD collectors, but barely anyone cared about then. More recently there was FLOORPUNCH, LIFETIME, FULL SPEED AHEAD, DEAD NATION, MOUTHPIECE, FANSHEN, 97A and

more who all kept things interesting and awesome in NJ during the 90s. Truth is, if you still hate New Jersey or think it's a shitty state, that's fine. Some of what they say is true. If you have seen the *Toxic Avenger,* you know what's up. But in regards to the punk scene, New Jersey's still got it, and for that matter, *will always have it* as long as there a bunch of angry kids in this armpit of America who dare pick up an instrument, a microphone, a pen, a can of spraypaint, or just have the enthusiasm to get something started.

—Anthony Atlas

New Brunswick, NJ Scene Report

Birthplace of the BOUNCING SOULS / Chunksaah Records and the DEGENERICS / Dead Alive Records

OK, so like there are things goin in New Brunfus even though it may seem stripped of all youth culture. I mean the town booted the sk8 shop, the comic shop, two record stores, one of the two hip music bars...coincidence or no? the one hip music bar left is reserved for punk and metal bands pushing 30, unless your tear it up and you, um, did whatever they did to get famous.

So I'm in bliss cause I can usually find the underground shit around town because I hang with them all from time to time. Not trying to boast or say I'm friends with everyone, because I'm certainly not, but I try to keep personally disconnected enough so I am still welcome most places. Avoid the drama and you can enjoy the show! So with this, maybe I'll inform some of my own townies of what's going on right under their noses.

So like, New Brunswick you have some HC music—STILL KICKING, FANSHEN (very intense and poetry included), SCARLET LETTER, SOMETHING IN THE WATER (Black Flag-esque thrash HC) and so on, I'm sure there's more. These bands have stuff on Hater Of God Recs up in NY state and Politically Corrupt (area label, run by Chris of SOMETHING IN THE WATER, and they got a SUICIDE PARTY 7", very good dirty, gruffy, dark HC). Oh yeah and an up and coming band, BLACK NOVEMBER (HC experimental punk) just put out a new demo.

There's also the pop scene, (some of this shit overlaps, mind you, sometimes) there you got SANBOX (new CD, *Rocks,* and a 7" out on Umbilical Records) and SLAPPY/MAZEEFFECT (Ramoney stuff, new material on MazeEffect Records) and the ERGS (nerd pop, smart funny shit). I think they have stuff on Whoa Oh Recs and Frilly Pink Recs (fer shure, it's their label, also got stuff by JOHNNY HOTDOG AND THE CONDIMENTS, equally as amusing and possibly nihilistic) and of course the self-proclaimed, world's greatest band ever, the ATOMIC MISSILES (a newer band mixing a Modern Lovers/Spacemen 3 type sound) have a new CDR demo available.

And uh, the mods or hipsters or whatever. Cool kids to party with. and some really interesting and annoying music comes from their parts. :et's see—uh Mark (release-less math stuff), GIVE ME DANGER (indie, a little math, Stooges?, loud, they got a CD demo available) and MONSTER PUSSY, EX-MODELS (great math art-core, Talking Heads/Devo/Shellac/Youth whatever, it's good, they got stuff on My Pal God and some label up in Hoboken). And oh yeah, shit, from the ashes of STORMSHADOW, you got the MATCH AND THE MOTH, I haven't heard them but a couple New Brunswick enthusiasts were raving...

And the anarcho and activism.... New Brunswick seems pretty damn corrupt after living and bumming around here five years. there seems to be like a hundred bully cops around every corner, ready to bust up any basement or gathering (and/or worse). I've seen it a hundred times, and shit, the fine is up to $500—I heard this the last time I was in court for a parking violation or something. I've been slapped with a couple noise violations for $300. the locals and punks have a decent activist scene. THE HOPELESS DREGS OF HUMANITY started here (CD and 7"or on Ever Reviled Recs) as well as DREAD FABRIK (CD on, God, I don't know, I heard they left boxes of CDs in the house they got evicted from, but do try to find it) these same kids did the Food Not Bombs and sorts, but a lot of them skipped town. I guess it's part of the lifestyle.

Me, what do I do? I play in a punk band, the HUMAN ADULTS, whose previous moniker had been a bit pigeonholed, but it's OK, you'll see. We got a demonstration EP out on Halloween on Eat Me Recs.

Oh yeah did I mention Hamilton St. Cafe and stage? Most, if not all, yeah I think all ('cept SUICIDE PARTY) have done that place. Those are the good nights there. Other than that they get a good show here and there—it's kinda out of town, but it is the only punk-owned venue around. Unfortunately the younger tasteless crowd does most of the shows (lotta emo and skacore), 'cause the rest of us are too broke or our parents are done giving us any money (ya gotta rent the place). But the joint brings in some nice shit, the World/Inferno Friendship Society for example.

Noise punk—I don't know if there is any other than the shit my click does. I and my associates do a cassette label, DIHD, mostly noise and live/lo-fi punk shit. just released *Basement Recordings Vol. 3* featuring the Secret Museum (a great no-wave band outta the area) live DREAD FABRIK material, a local industrial group, Forensic Research Center, and some noise, OCTOPUS, and FLASH*RAM (the shits punk)

Yeah, the noise punk scene comes and goes around here. It's mostly CDR and cassette releases for bands like MUSH MUSH (rip), THEE BLACK ONEE (harsh performance based noise punk band), 2673 (solo noise performer) etc. This stuff is available on DIHD.

Gigging in the city is limited to basements, no complaints. There are a lot of them and it's a hell of a time. New Brunswick *knows* how to throw a basement show. All of us do.

And there's this sports bar, the Somerset Inn, where they cut the water off cause punks and hipsters show and don't pay fer drinks. it's decorated like a sports bar to the extreme—football, beer and tits, boring rubbish, but they usually pay the bands, nice. Some of the shows there feature like the BRIMSTONES (retro garage surf punk kinda, right?), ZERO ZERO (a dance party band feat ex-members of New Brunswick's LIFETIME, stuff on Chunksaah and Jade Tree) and FORTUNADO (somewhat a Dischord-style band).

Yeah so I've probably said enough about nothin'. I know I missed some shit. Um it's an alright town. Probably better than Malaysia.

—Trrevor Pennsylvania
deadadult@hotmail.com
look it up.

Update: A couple days after I wrote this report on New Brunswick, the area underground experienced some *real* drama. I was busy pursuing my life as a hermit when i got a call from my pal telling that the Against Me!/Audio Heart/Virginia Black Lung show was being moved to his house because the FBI and New Brunswick Police Dept shut down the original basement show location. Turns out the show was a benefit for some 28 Anti-Racist Action activists that were arrested down in Baltimore for rallying against a Neo-Nazi/White Supremacist meeting (check out http://www.infoshop.org/baltimore_ara_support.html for the details). Apparently the boys in blue believed that skins, of the racist caliber, would show up to Brunswick and violence would break out. Even though Against Me! canceled because they had two shows in one night, we all had a very peaceful emo screamo time at the new location. With an exception of a couple tears shed at the sight of the ARA walking around with baseball bats...*just in case*!! New Brunswick, NJ USA

HEY KIDS! WANT OTHERS TO KNOW WHAT GOES DOWN IN YOUR TOWN? TIRED OF BANDS PLAYING LAME PLACES? SEND US A SCENE REPORT, AND LET EVERYONE KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO!

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BIKINI KILL "Pool Sessions" 7" [$4.00]
Different versions of three songs; "Star Bellied Boy", "Demirep", and "New Radio" than what appeared on their records, plus one song " Not Right Now" that I couldnt find on anything else. Neat-o!

THE ABSENTEES "Illegal Listening Device 1979-2006" CD [$11.00]
37 tracks of madness - demented lyrics with crazed vocals from a very pissed Rocco Roll and crew. Like a missing link between late 70's punk and the early hardcore of the 80's. Fast, snotty, and out for revenge!

THE DISTRACTION "Calling All Radios" CD [$10.00]
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RIISTETERROR "Taabajara Hardcore" 7" [$3.50]
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Amazing comp of obscure Swedish punk, hardcore and new wave all recorded in one guys basement studio from 1979-1986 - 30 tracks in all! Excellent and diverse & largely unreleased stuff, totally worth getting.

Just Added: ASTRAL ANARCHY (NAZIS FROM MARS and more), JONNY CAT RECORDS (TRIGGERS, FLIP TOPS, WENDY-O Tribute, and more), PUKE RECORDS (LARRY 7"s and LP) plus new from DETOUR and PTB!

coming soon: DOG MEAT RECORDS (Australia), KICK N PUNCH RECORDS (DENMARK), KANGAROO RECORDS (The Netherlands), SCREAMING APPLE RECORDS (Germany) and new releases from HOSTAGE RECORDS and DIRTNAP RECORDS plus a whole shitload more that we just can't remember.

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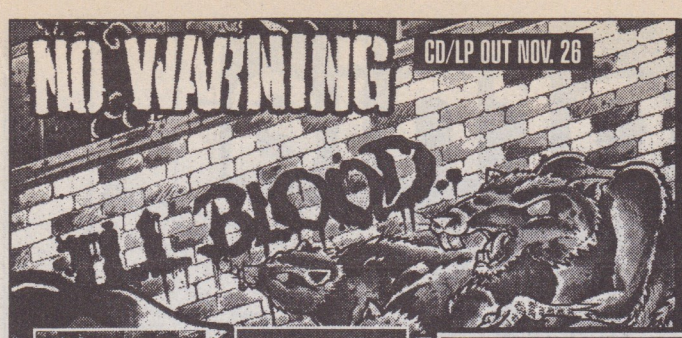

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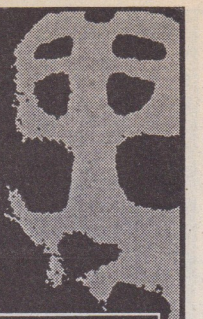

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Mr. California

And the State Police

I'm No Guitar Player

Mr. California with help from the State Police has been bringing his furious brand of lunacy to the world for almost two years now. He has been in attack mode as of late. Releasing a full length on Proud to Be Idiot, the "She Came From Outer Space" EP, a split 7" with Vilently Ill and a collaboration project with G.X. Jupitter Larson. Anus Alessandro of the Grabbies (also the Head honcho of Proud To Be Idiot Records) and I cornered Mr. California and his absurd lobster print pants and Steve Jones hair, just long enough to interview him over pizza and beer at Alessandro's house of drama. The State Police were not present

MRR: Why don't we start at the beginning pre- Mr. California, since you're an old school punk

A: He's not old school, he's just old

MRR: Let's talk about leading up to Mr. California because you weren't always Mr. California, or were you?

MR.C: No, I wasn't always Mr. California. Around 1985 I was in a band called I Am The Hamster. We did a split 7" with the Surrogate Brains and did a 7" record called "Beers Ok". We also appeared on a 10 band comp called "We got your Shorts"

MRR: Any Bands we might recognize ?"

MR.C: Sewer Trout, Surrogate Brains, Stikky, Insanity Puppets...

After I Am The Hamster circa '89 came a band called Lame Duck, in which I sang. My friend Matt played the pre-set patterns on a casio and we had a back up singer and dancer. Live, we were pretty funny, but it did not transfer very well to the studio. We played one show at Gilman on July 4th with Screeching Weasel. We did a 10 minute version of "Police Truck"

MR.C: I moved to Arizona and ended up in a band where I played guitar and programmed a drum machine. We were called the Incredible Monkeybots. We played one show, a Halloween party...

MRR: And you played a 10 minute version of "Halloween"?

MR.C: No, we played a half hour, with a little piece in the middle where we gave out presents. We didn't really have it together enough to put out any records. I got divorced and I was doing shit loads of speed. I mean my head was reeling. I got sober and moved to California. I ended up in a band with my friend Ross, Mark from Public Humiliation and Eggplant from Blatz. We were called the Cliché Adicts. We had a few cool shows. We played Gilman's 10 year anniversary party on a Sunday and handed out two twelve packs of diet 7-up, fruit loops and other shit, we tossed all those out there and then of course got pelted

Assorted Names of Tunes

What freedom?
A Political song for Ricky Martin to sing
Punk Rock Aerobics
Ugly Haircut
7-11 Tragedy
Drunk Again
I Cry
In the Red
Let's Torch the Police Station
Tambourine Fantasy

A: So, you've been playing guitar since '89 and you still can't play?

MR.C: Yeah..'cause I'm just playing my style

MRR: What is your Style?

A: It's called random

MR.C: I know it sounds random live, but in the studio, there is certainly a hell of a lot more... um... I take my time and concentrate on making sure the parts are in the right spots. Because I play like shit, I do, I play bad, I'm no guitar player but I can't find people that want to do this shit. It's much easier if I just program everything and just go for it

MRR: That should be the title of this interview;"I'm no guitar player"

MR.C: But still entertaining no less

MRR: When does Mr. California come into existence?

MR.C: Around December of '99 I started recording with my guitar and 4-track. That stuff, and then some, ended up on the Scarey Records 10 song 7". It was just just stuff I did during that time period, and I was completely sober here...

MRR: The records don't sound like you're sober

MR.C: I know. I'm gonna do a record called lo-fi for the high guy

MRR: Scarey Records out of Italy? How did you hook up with them?

MR.C: I just sent out demo tapes all over the world and out of the US because I really didn't think...everyone's really serious about music in the US...

A: So, give it to the Italian clowns. I remember when Carlo from Scarey came to my house with the tape

MR.C: Carlo liked it. And he got in touch and pressed it up. I then put out the 24 song 7" myself. Around this time I was getting e-mails from different people and Carlo hooked me up with some Grabbies singles. Alessandro and I got in touch and he looked me up when they moved here...

MRR: And so the Grabbies and Mr. California unholy alliance was born?

MR.C: Yeah I guess so. The Greg Lowery Experience record was next. It's a collaboration between me and Alessandro and Davide of the Grabbies. We ended up sounding like an anti-Warhol-pre-punk-post-noise-car crash. It wasn't originally going to be a Greg Lowery Experience record. We just got drunk and recorded at my house. We decided to put it out as a one sided 7". Then we thought if it's gonna be a one sided 7" lets make it look like a rip off record. Alessandro suggested a rip off records like band photo in front of Greg's house. Then our friend Ross suggested the name Greg Lowery Experience. You get the picture...

MRR: Why Greg Lowery? Why not the Russell Quan Experience or the Jon Von 3?

MR.C: We don't know where those other guys live. We knew where he lives so we took photos in front of his house...

MRR: What was the response to that record? Any threatening letters or phone calls? What did Greg think?

A & MR.C: (in concert) It sold out in a week.

MR.C: You'll have to ask Greg. He wrote on his website that it sounded like white noise and he was expecting a bad garage band sound. I think he dismissed it as a bad joke. Which is a shame because it's much more than that.

MRR: The split with the14 Year Old Girls is next, no?

MR.C: I ended up doing a split 7" with the 14 year Old Girls from Saugus, CA. I brought my 8 track to their place, recorded them, and took some stuff I had recorded and released it myself. It got panned in Heartattack , which was great...

MRR: ... A good review in MRR though...

MR.C: Well , The14 Year Old Girls didn't necessarily get a good review but my side did

MRR: Why the self-released records with only 300 copies? Is it purely economics? Some elitist angle your going for? Master plan?

MR.C: It's really all I can afford. And it gives me just enough trades with enough people so I can get records and have no problem getting rid of them all

MRR: Talk a little about your live show. Your recent tour and audience reactions

MR.C: It depended on the night, but most of the time pretty good.

More Assorted Names of Tunes

Cowboy's night out
Fucking Commercialism
Fashion statement
The Plague of the Southern Baptist
Beautiful Chaos Parts 1 and 2
She Came From Outer Space
Machine
The Resurrection of GG Allin

A: Liar

MR.C: It was a 15 day tour with the Grabbies . We went all over the place, fuck I'm a rock star now, we started in San Francisco and headed North. We played our way to Seattle and then headed East and went as far as East Lansing, Michigan. There were nights that I thought I played great, yet ashtrays and shit from the bar we're thrown at me, but I still thought they were great nights. Some nights I played my heart out and they were mediocre shows

MRR: What do you expect from an audience? What do you look for? What's a typical reaction to a Mr. California and the State Police show?

MR.C: Usually the first five minutes people sit there stymied ... (interupted by Alessandro falling of milk crate)

A: One of my favorite things about your performances on the tour would be after the first four or five minutes when the audience stood there looking at you with their jaw dropped not knowing what to make of it. But sometimes you win them over or you don't—there's that minute or four where it's complete chaos when you don't know what's gonna happen next, whether they're gonna kill you or circle up in a mosh pit. I guess that's not much of a question. Give us a tour story, a highlight

Tambourine Fantasy
Mama was a gypsy. Daddy was a hippy.
They got together and you're so trippy.
Tambourine Fantasy (x2).
They were grubbin'. They started rubbin'.
Pushin' and a shovin' at the love-in.
Tambourine Fantasy (x2)

MR.C: We played this kids basement in Madison, WI on a Wednesday night. Tim Offensive is his name. That was just crazy, I have no clue how these kids and everybody got off on it. The kegs had run dry, so whoever was sticking around was doing so to see what was gonna happen next. I was playing last, which was kind of weird for me, playing after the Grabbies has always been fucking tragic. It was one of those times when Alessandro is so fuckin' hammered that you know you need to get him up there now or the Grabbies are not gonna play tonight. So four bands have played it's late on a Wednesday night, the Grabbies had almost brought the house down and I had to follow that. There was this thumbs up thumbs down girl. We couldn't talk while the bands were playing , so she was doing this thumbs up thumbs down thing, I couldn't understand what she was getting at. Anyway I played the set and I played it for her because she was out there and if she's reading this she should get hold of me and we need to get married

A&MRR: My god. What?? Great tour story. Thanks

MRR: Some nights you would ask the audience to shout out subject matter and make up songs on the spot

MR.C: Yeah... I like to do some improv type work sometimes, especially when I'm feeling on , when I'm feeling on and in control of the State Police.

MRR: Who is in charge of the live shows Mr. California or the State Police?

A: 50/ 50

MR.C: No- it's more than 50/ 50...

MRR: In whose favor?

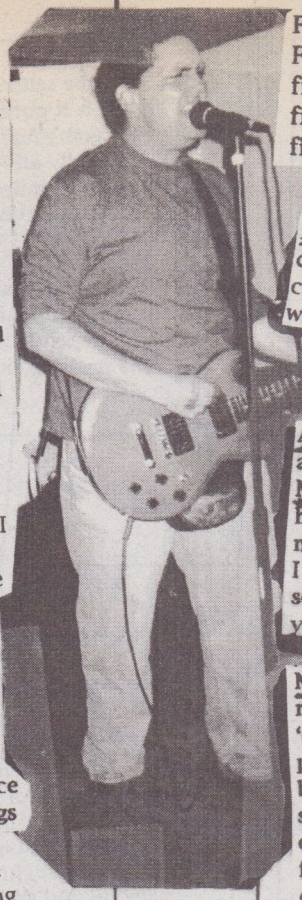
MR.C: I actually think the real trick of the matter is the polarity, is different because the electricity is different, sometimes it takes a little longer, certain nights than others, to get a hold of the State Police, reign 'em in and play the songs the way...

MRR: So, what you are really saying is it depends on how much pot and drinks you've had before you step on stage

MR.C: That is correct...absolutely correct...Um I know 2 or 3 beers works for me I think, right? Was anyone monitoring me? No?

A: You're asking the wrong people

MR.C: Ok, If there is anyone out there who wants to be my tour monitor and come out and see what is the proper dosage for Mr. California to perform a great show...and that way we can do this 24-7, 365 what do you say after that? Millenium after millennium baby!



Fight the Power

Fight the Power (x8) Look at me, I'm fighting the power. Fight fight fight the power (x8) look at me, I'm fighting the power.

A: What ? Huh? How do you label your music?

MR.C: Fuck, it's hard to label it, because the drums can have a sterileness to them, you can't add any feel to the drums, do you know what I mean?

A: Yeah, but that's not what I asked, I didn't ask for the pros and cons of drum machines

MR.C: Punk Rock... A: Do you think your shit has something in common with all the drum machine, keyboard bands that are trendy now? I think on your new CD, at first listen may sound like some of that stuff. But I don't think you fit in with them, why is that?

MR.C: Those people are not my influences, my music does not fall into that category 'cause I'm not trying to emulate them. Some people may say I do because the sounds may be similar because we are using some of the same equipment. My music has more distortion, a crudeness, or dirtyness that is not found with those people. They are going for a cleaner sophisticated sound

MRR: Also they would never wear lobster print pants A: Or a wrestling t-shirt

MR.C: you'll notice there is no other genre of music that can claim they have more songs about wrestling in the last ten years... MRR: Who cares? Mr. C: You may not think it matters but the truth of the matter is ...MRR: The truth of the matter is it doesn't matter ...

A: Do you think your next album will be on GSL or Troubleman or Kill Rock Stars?

MR.C: No A: Why not?

MR.C: Because my stuff is too hard for those guys, and the messages I get across to people are pretty much like a ...an explosion of a dream from the psyche...if you would ...as hippy as that might sound, I'm serious ...one minute you can be mister nobody setting up the tape equipment, running drum tracks, running music on top of it, and the next thing you know, you're spitting words out, they're yours due to all the shit that's been going on in your life prior to that but it's mutated like a dream...

A/MRR: wow! We will cut you off right there

MR.C: One thing about the tour that needs to be said here and now is that I was told to not wear sandals, and I think that's fuckin' wrong. Image is everything to Proud to be Idiot records

A: It's not wrong...your lucky I did not tell you, you can't wear those fuckin' pants. What about the Proud to Be Idiot full length? Your best shit I think

MR.C: Yeah, it's called "I'm Gonna Kick You in the Head" it's 52 songs in 29 minutes. All of it done on my 8-track. Probably three years in the making, doing just those 30 minutes. That is the best stuff I have released so far. You know, you can feel it. You know when you're doing good shit and when you're doing filler and crap

MRR: We've learned a little about Mr. California. Who are the State Police?

MR.C: The State Police are basically all the pre-programmed stuff, the drum machine and sometimes the bass accompaniment

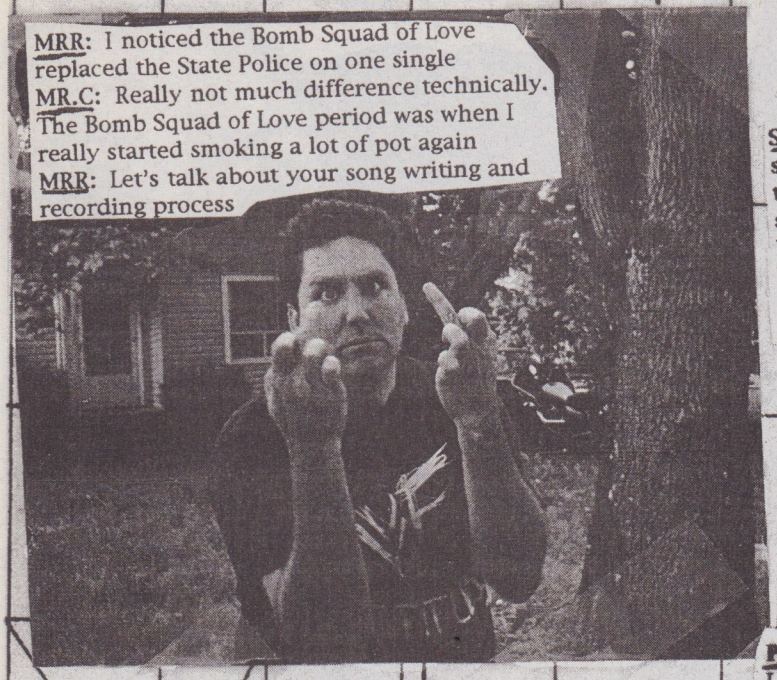
MR.C: I hear a drum sound in my head then I build bass lines and guitar around it. Usually I write the drum tracks first...then throw a bass line down...then throw a guitar on top of it...then make up lyrics. I go into the studio with drum machine and bass ready

MRR: So what's next for you and the State Police?

MR.C: I sent the masters off today for a new split with Vilently Ill. Pressing 350. I'm thinking about brown paper bagging it, because of the cover. The cover features a female midget porn star. Her name is Bridget the midget. There will be a split single with the Northwest Breeders and a collaboration project with G.X. Jupitter Larson. I'm not sure what format that will be released on. Hopefully vinyl

MRR: Any final words?

MR.C: Erm, no -- I will be touring in October, and hopefully playing more often around the Bay Area. Write the Proud To Be Idiot address (PO Box 410325, San Fran, CA 94141-0325) they have the CD and other shit of mine. E-mail me at abandof1@hotmail.com



MRR: I noticed the Bomb Squad of Love replaced the State Police on one single

MR.C: Really not much difference technically. The Bomb Squad of Love period was when I really started smoking a lot of pot again

MRR: Let's talk about your song writing and recording process

Selected Song Lyrics:

Sacrificed: I will cut my hair and I will shave my face and I will be stepped on by the human race. Sacrificed for customer service (x4)
For the lowest wage. You can be despised.
While the fat cat plays another rround of golf. You are the scapegoat for a multi-product.

Goin' to the Liquor Store: Keep it open I want more. My little brain is going to burst. If I don't quench my thirst , I'll follow it up with pills and smoke. Prove my life is not a joke. The good times I'm cashing in. I'm number one. I'm gonna win. I drive fast. I live fast. And I'll be done with life way before you. Donuts in the parking lot. Killing cops if I'm caught. I'm stupid wild and free
Don't you want to be just like me?

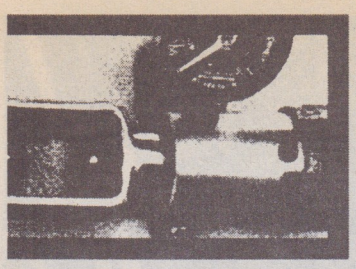
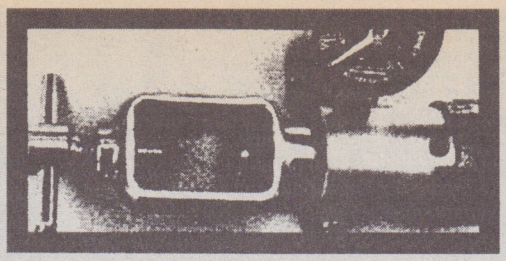
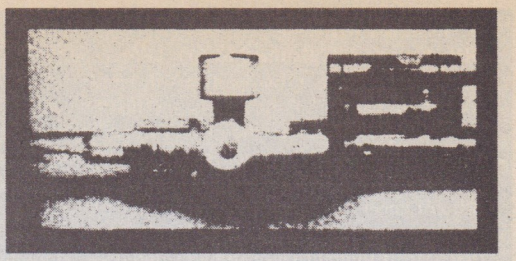
Poser
I got a bottle of superman's blood
And a piece of the cape for prosperity's sake
Got an Anarchy tattoo
It's at the bottom of my foot you can see through my shoe
I've been kicked out of fifteen bands
But fuck it man, I've got plans
When I bite off more than I can chew
I don't swallow, I spit it back at you
Please don't call me poser
My ego is as big as my erection
And you haven't seen my Misfits collection
I wear spikes when I'm in the pit
And if you get bloody, I don't give a shit
My life is beer and fashion
Hell, I can't even spell cumpashion
All I own is black clothing
And thirty-two ounces of self loathing
Please don't call me poser

Mr. California Discography
***24 Song 7" released 4/2000 500 pressed
**45 Rpm 7" record" released 8/2000 on Scarey Records (Italy) 300 pressed
**Greg Lowery Experience 7" 10/01 300 pressed on orange vinyl
**Split 7" with The 14 Year Old Girls released 1/02 500 pressed colored vinyl
**"She Came From Outer Space" 7" released 5/02 100 pressed on colored vinyl
**"I'm Gonna Kick You in the Head" CD released by Proud To Be Idiot 5/02 1,000 made. 115 have ltd tour cover. LP soon
**Split 7" with Vilently Ill

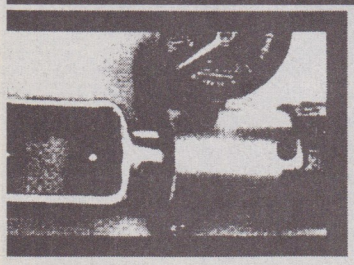
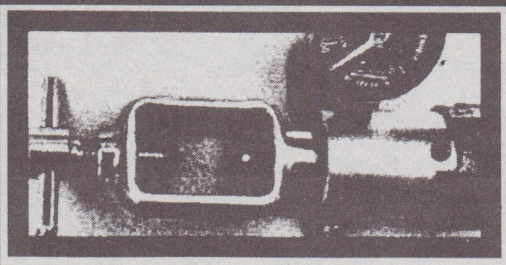
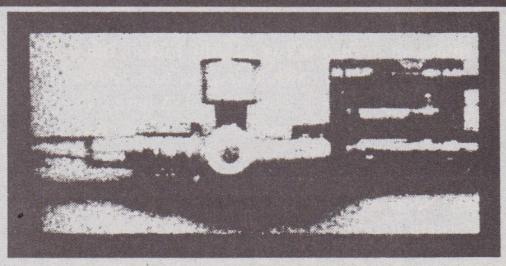
TWO PUNKS. LOUD MUSIC.
SHORT INTO. READ ON.

IRON LUNG

INTERVIEW BY: JEB TOOCRASS
PHOTOS BY: TERINA McCRAW

MRR: You both are in, or have been in, many other bands. What made you decide to tour so aggressively with Iron Lung?
Jensen: I am totally into playing music as much as humanly possible. Fortunately, Jon and I are on the same plain with most things, so touring is a no-brainer.
Jon: I never really got to tour with any of the other bands I played in. It's so easy now, and touring is one of the best things ever.
MRR: How many tours have you done?
Jensen: We've done two separate West Coast tours, one by ourselves and one with Teen Cthulhu and Brainoil. We have only done full US tour so far but I think another may be in the works for the not-so-distant future.
Jon: Yeah.
MRR: Does the success of *Iron Lung* (all things being relative) mean we've seen the end of some of your other bands? I'm specifically wondering about GOB since that is one of my all-time-favorite bands.
Jon: I think GOB is dead, but I have some plans for other bands.
Jensen: Personally, no way! I will continue to rock in all of my bands as long as they will have me.
MRR: Do you find the extreme underground scene small enough that people have known who you are on your tours, or are they pretty much getting their first taste of Iron Lung? Maybe they know you from your other bands?
Jensen: I remember on the first Iron Lung tour, the only people that had ever heard of us—besides our friends—were people that went to the last Spazz show at Gilman. Every once in awhile I get kids coming up to me saying, "Hey didn't you use to play in...?" or "You're that guy from..." It kinda freaks me out sometimes that kids know about other bands I'm in. I guess I'm in denial about anybody liking anything I'm involved in.
MRR: How do you balance doing Iron Lung with all the other stuff you have to do?
Jensen: Since there are only the two of us, we can juggle practice times with anything pretty easily. And, contrary to popular belief, there is nothing to do in Reno, Nevada, except gamble the rent money away at the black jack tables.
Jon: I don't really have that much other stuff to do. Iron Lung is my life. Without it I would die.
MRR: All your lyrics are have medical themes, right? Is there a theme within that theme or will you pretty much write anything related to medicine?
Jensen: When we first started we only wanted to write about the obsolete machines of the medical world. Since then we have broadened our horizons a bit, but we definitely keep it in the realm of medicine and medical technology.
Jon: The lyrics are also a metaphor for human suffering. At least that's what I read into them. It's all bullshit anyway according to Evan Garner.
MRR: My wife had a long battle with a brain tumor and every time I hear stuff like that in songs I realize I am sensitive to it. Have you ever really offended anyone with your lyrics?
Jensen: Not to my knowledge, and if we have offended you or your wife, I will be the first to extend apologies. I have battled a couple of tumors myself, and let me tell you it's no picnic, that is actually part of the reason I got so interested in medicine in the first place.
Jon: I never thought of our lyrics as offensive. The lyrics are definitely not pro-human suffering. Some of the lyrics are written from the view point of a machine or a doctor's diagnoses, so I guess I can see where they might appear to be cold or without compassion, but our intention is not to be exploitative.
MRR: I've not been offended at all. Sorry, I didn't mean to imply that. I've just wondered about—exactly what you said—the "coldness" of it. Or, perceived coldness anyway. It seems to me there can be a balance between touching on subjects of life and death. The balance being between the fact that suffering is just another part of life, and the fact that suffering usually happens on a very personal level. I hope I'm making sense. You said you see the lyrics as a metaphor for human suffering. Are they just observations or is it commentary? Are trying to make a statement of any kind?
Jensen: Unfortunately one of the hardest facts of life is that everybody suffers. Some more than others, but sooner or later everybody goes through one of those depressions that can render a person completely fucking useless. Some of the songs deal with that kind of feeling. To me music has always been an outlet, so naturally the content can represent the worst shit inside of a person. As far as observations and commentary, I suppose they could be a little of both. We just live from day to day and write down the experiences within them. I hope that answers your question.
MRR: Do you see the noise segues, the samples, in your music as contributing to your "machine" theme?
Jensen: The noises between our songs are just another way to translate the meaning or feeling of what the song is about. I read somewhere that some people understand new material better if they read it, and some if they hear it. A history teacher I once had was a firm believer in that method, so we would read chapters then hear music from the period or even watch films pertaining to the shit we were learning. I always dug that so now I apply it to our music.
MRR: Does having a thematic lyrics ever prove limiting?
Jensen: It did at first but now it seems like we just opened the doors to whole new world. I have learned more about medical history and technology in the last two years than I had in my whole life previous to starting the band. It may sound dorky but this band is the best research project I've ever done. I don't see my quest for knowledge stopping any time soon.
MRR: It seems like it takes forever for your stuff to finally come out after you have recorded it. Is that on purpose, or just the way it is when working with DIY labels?
Jon: It seems to be the nature of releasing anything these days. It takes more time and costs more money to get records pressed, sleeves printed, etc.
Jensen: Yeah, you can't have wine the day you smash the grapes. You get me?
MRR: Do you find it easier to just do everything yourselves as far as recording, touring and releasing records or is it easier to work with other people?
Jon: It really depends on who you are working with. It's always best to work with friends.
MRR: What is the status of your split LP with Lana Dagales, and your full length LP?
Jon: By the time this interview is printed, it should be out.
MRR: Both the split and the LP?
Jensen: No, just the split LP. The writing for the full length will be done sometime in the next few weeks. We will hopefully record it by the end of the year.
MRR: What other *Iron Lung* projects are in the works?
Jensen: We just got finished recording songs for a split with BG and a split 5" with Quattro Stagioni. We also did a song for an upcoming Ugz compilation. We are hoping to do a split with Goat Shanty, a record on Wicked Witch from Holland, and maybe another split with a different European band after the LP is done. I think that might be all for now. Oh yeah, we're going on tour with fellow two piecers Lana Dagales in November. West Coast only, sorry.

Jon: Goat Shanty broke up.

MRR: Are you still planning to do a 15" record?

Jon: I found a place in Europe that will press a 15" record, and the first release I am planning to do will be the first two demos by the legendary Japanese band, Blutar. It's the perfect length to fit both cassettes. I can't believe I actually got permission, but I've been in contact with Uchimura for years and he gave the thumbs up. After that we will work on the songs for the Iron Lung 15". In fact, we were planning to ask you to do some guest vocals, but now you know.

MRR: Me? I thought you two had standards... (Laughs) Did it piss you off that your album won't be able to be on Slap A Ham, since they are closing up shop?

Jensen: I am more upset that Slap A Ham is folding than angry about our record not coming out on it. Chris has released some of the most influential grind records of all time. I'm sad to see it go, but all things do. Besides, Boredom Noise and 625 were doing the vinyl all along so it's gonna come out anyway.

Jon: I just feel bad that Slap A Ham had to stop.

MRR: By extreme music standards you both are becoming senior citizens. Have you ever wanted to just say, "Screw it" and go get normal nine to five jobs, and quit doing music?

Jensen: I will never quit doing music! The thought of living the normal nine to five life sickens me. I know what it's like to go without playing and just working all the time, let me tell you, it fucking sucks. I am really lucky to be able to play the drums and to play with somebody as awesome as Jon.

Jon: Jensen is not a senior citizen. I am. It might be too late to grow out of this "punk rock phase".

MRR: It used to be a big deal to see extreme music fans over 30. Especially in the US. Now, since the music itself is aging, so is its audience. It's not too uncommon to see people in their 30s or 40s involved in the scene. Does that jeopardize the "youthful rebellion" of the music?

Jensen: No way dude, we are gonna keep on rebelling against the youth until it kills our geriatric asses!

MRR: So you guys have no love for my home state of Utah. What seems to be the problem?

Jensen: I will admit that the last time I came through Utah, I saw some beautiful scenery and ate some good food, so the only remaining problem is really just trying to figure out directions inside Salt Lake City.

Jon: I love Utah.

MRR: C'mon. I think you described it in *Short, Fast and Loud* as a place that smells of a mix of shit and industrial waste. Didn't Jon get hassled by some highly intelligent and industrious jocks last time you were in Logan? For the record, I lived in Logan for three years over a decade ago while finishing a BFA degree, and there is no love lost between me and most of that town.

Jensen: Okay Jeb, you're right, Utah sucks ass. I'm never setting foot in that shit hole again.

Jon: I love Utah.

MRR: If you could pick one Iron Lung song as the song that best sums up the band, what song would that be?

Jensen: That's a tough question. It would probably be "Loss Of Breath", the first song on the Lana Dagales split. It's short, to the point, and fucking rocks. It represents a human side to life that we can identify with yet is just as confusing in content as is every day of life.

Jon: There's this unreleased song that will never ever come out. It goes Ner Ner Ner Ner Do Do Do Do X4. Then there's this fast part and then a slow part. That is my favorite song. I forget what it is called.

MRR: The songs on the Reno compilation album seem to me to be very different from your other songs. Was that just the production or were you trying for something different?

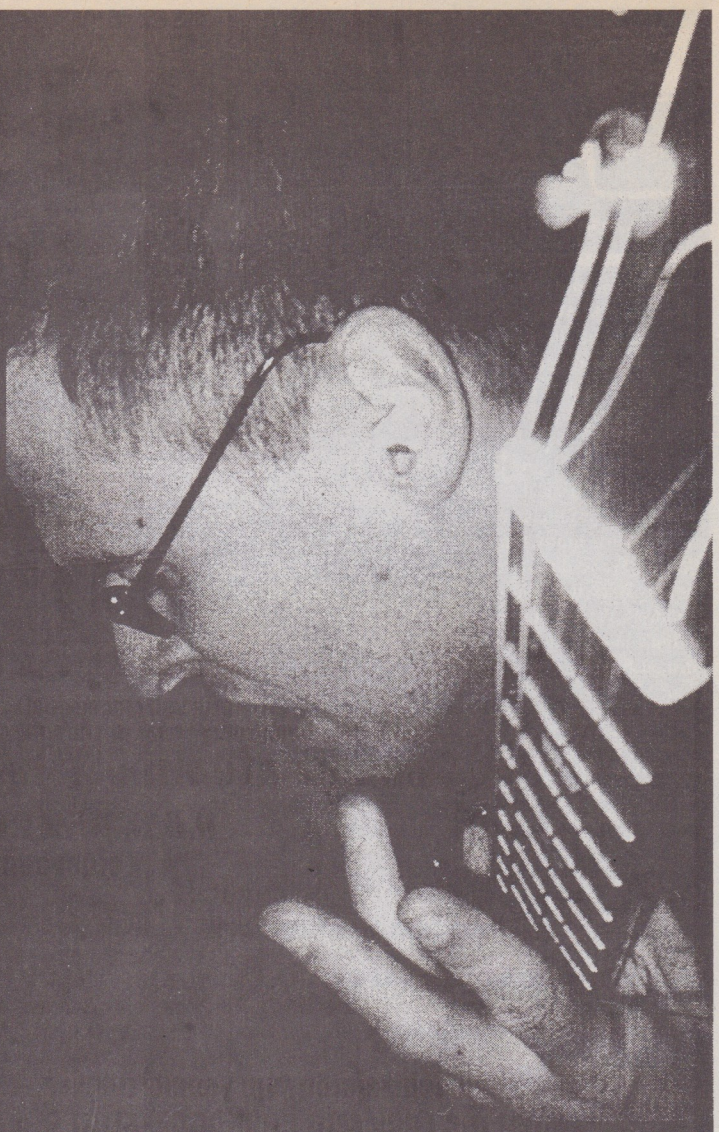
Jensen: I think it's the production; those didn't come out the way we wanted them to at all. We recorded them in the same day as like seven other bands on that comp. What a nightmare it must have been for both Tom, the recordist, and Tom, the label guy. I commend them both for that though, that record would not have come out otherwise.

MRR: When you played the final Spazz show you used a vocalist. Do you do that a lot or do you two usually just do the vocals yourselves?

Jensen: Every once in awhile, we like to have our friends sing the songs with us. It's fucking fun that way. Our pal, August, is singing for us on the tour in November, that's gonna rule the earth! I love that guy.

Jon: August sang with us a couple times on tour. What a great guy. We played in Eugene to literally no one and August still managed to break the PA.

MRR: Send me tour dates for that when you get them. That is honestly one worth maybe flying to California to see.



Jensen: Are you serious?

MRR: Very serious. You and Lana Dagales are two of my favorites.

Jensen: That's just crazy, who would do such a thing? Oh yeah—Sam Wicks. He wrote me the other day and said something very similar to your remark. That would be pretty fucking awesome if you and Sam came out. Wow, I'm in shock just thinking about how truly lucky I am to be doing something that people really dig. Thanks.

MRR: Have you ever recorded with someone else on vocals?

Jensen: Our good pal, Robert, recorded some vocals on the split LP, but that's it for outsiders on the records. Iron Lung has always been just me and Jon's thing. I am definitely not against the idea of having a guest or two every once in awhile.

MRR: Do you think two-piece bands are still seen by a lot of people as a novelty, or have they become legitimate?

Jensen: I think that is all in how they are presented. I would hope that people think of our band as being legit because that's the way we treat it, but there are definitely some novelty two-piece bands out there. I don't know if people realize how many two pieces there are that fucking rock. I won't go into it but rest assured, there are a lot.

Jon: I think that a band is only a novelty if you want it to be a novelty. That does not exclude two-piece bands. I personally think it is the wave of the future. Efficiency through minimalism.

Short, Fast & Loud Volume One, Compilation, Slap A Ham
Iron Lung ,10 Song CDR Demo, Satan's Pimp/Black Mot
Teen Cthulhu Split 7", Rock and Roleplay/Satan's Pimp
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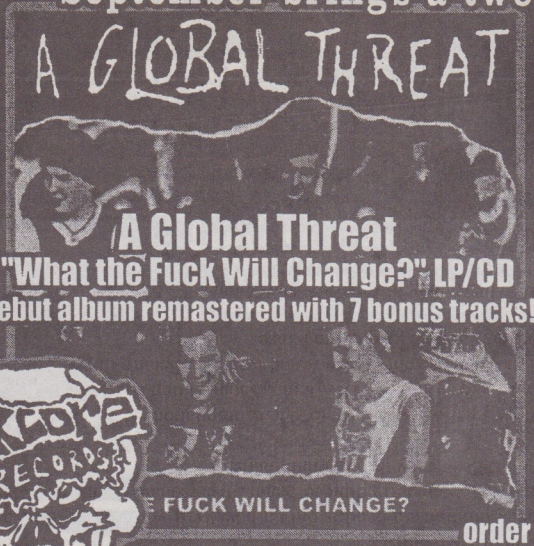

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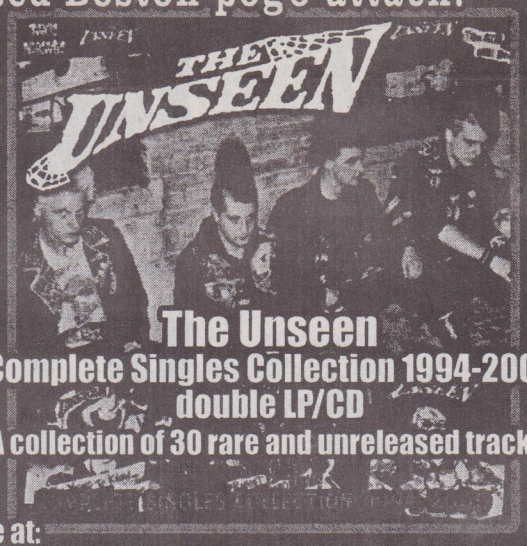

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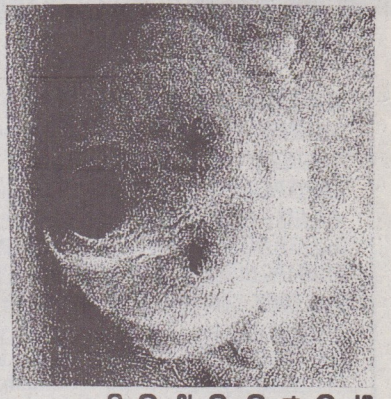

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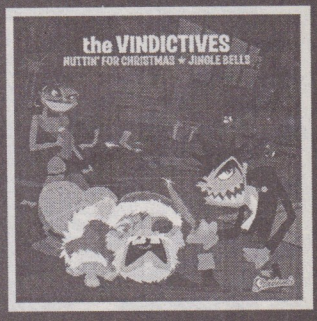

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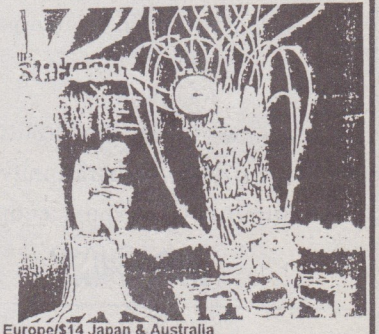

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THE RIFF RANDELLS

Interview by Brace Paine

MRR: List your ages.
Anne-Marie (drums and backing vocals): I'm 21.
Justin (bass): Nine years old.
Kathy(electric guitar): I'm 22.
MRR: How long have THE RIFF RANDELLS been a band?
Anne-Marie: We started in '99 with a male singer. We kicked him out, and have been a three piece since '00.
Kathy: He quit first, *then* we kicked him out. Our first band practice was in February of '99. I think we just sat around 'cause we were shy. Then we started butchering cover songs. I think the first was "I Love Rock and Roll" and some Pointed Sticks song.
MRR: Where have the Riff Randells been to?
Kathy: We've done three cross-Canadian tours- the furthest east was Halifax-and we've gone to California, too. On our way back from the East coast we played New York, Chicago, and Minneapolis. We almost drove into Mexico when we were searching for a Target store, but that doesn't count as band related. We're going to California in November again.
MRR: What is your favorite Ramones song?
Anne-Marie: "53rd and 3rd", because of the part that Dee Dee sings! I love that part!
Justin: "The KKK Took My Baby Away".

Kathy: "Beat on the Brat", 'cause I want to beat up a few people. You know who you are!

MRR: What is the connection between The Riff Randells and The Inflatable Boy Clams?

Justin: The Inflatable Boy Clams are our mother band. They reproduced through binary fission and we were formed. They are the best band on Earth!

Kathy: Plus they are *hottt*.

MRR: Temple Of The Dog versus Mother Love Bone, who do you love?

Anne-Marie: Temple of the Dog are the champions. Mother Love Bone were hippies!

Justin: Mother Love Dog.

Kathy: Temple of the Dog all the way.

MRR: When will we see a Riff Randells LP be released?

Anne-Marie: Once we record it, and decide who will put it out; early next year is our goal.

Kathy: Yeah. It's kind of taking us a while due to distractions. We have a 10" record coming out any day now on Alien Snatch Records from Germany. Check that out. It's got seven hits and it's on pink and purple vinyl.

MRR: Tell us about the infamous Dee Dee King/Riff Randells show that took place in Thurston Moore's basement five years ago.

Justin: That show was insane! Dee Dee King was amazing! He played all the hits! We opened up and did an all left handed improv set for 13 minutes!

MRR: Anne-Marie, your drumming has been described as a robotic Keith Moon, just where do you get all your power?

Anne-Marie: I get my power from my arms. They aren't human arms. I have robot arms that make me drum like a drum machine.

Justin: A drum machine on steroids!

Kathy: Don't piss her off. I did one time.

MRR: Did you meet in high school? if so, what classes did you have together?

Anne-Marie: Me and Kathy met after high school. We met Justin at one of our shows.

Justin: I was homeless in Vancouver, and looking for something to do, so I went to their show. I thought they sucked.

Kathy: Yeah. Justin was pretty mean when we first met him, and homeless, wearing only tattered rags. But we're not judgmental or anything, so we let him play with us, rags and all.

MRR: Justin, is it true you were supposed to be in Nirvana but Dave Grohl snagged your place?

Justin: Yeah, that is true. It's kind of embarrassing. Right before *Nevermind* came out, I had tried out and was accepted. To celebrate, that night I went out and got drunk; and I had a nasty fall which split my head open in three different spots. I had to wear a head cast for a year, and at that time it was not cool to wear casts so I was replaced.

MRR: What's it like being a Canadian punk band?

Anne-Marie: It's fine. It's just like being a punk band anywhere in the world, I guess. It would be easier for us if we were American though! Then we could tour easier and a lot more.

Kathy: I love Canada but I also really don't like it sometimes. There are only like six cities worth playing-depending on the season-in this huge country. Plus there's this major inferiority complex going on in a lot of people's minds, where Canadian bands that totally suck are worshipped by people here just 'cause they are Canadian. It's weird and lame at the same time. I prefer playing in the states.

MRR: If you could play with any band ever, broken up or still together, who would it be?

Anne-Marie: I'd want to play with Nikki and the Corvettes, The Neo Boys, Joan Jett and the Blackhearts, and The Dishrags. We missed playing with Nikki Corvette in Minneapolis by a few days on our last tour. It was really sad.

Justin: My dream show would be Devo and the Jingle Cats playing at the exact same time as Whitehouse. The Jingle Cats are my favorite all-cat band, ever!
Kathy: The Ramones, The Runaways, Nikki and the Corvettes, A%TC. The Mini-pops circa '83 with rosy cheeks. This is a hard question. The Pinkz! The Shaggs!

MRR: What are your feelings on Destiny's Child? Who is your favorite member?

Anne-Marie: The women of Destiny's Child are all awesome, but Beyonce is my favorite. She writes the songs, produces, and is an excellent performer.
Justin: Beyonce Knowles! No contest!
Kathy: I like Destiny's Child. I bought Anne-Marie the Beyonce Barbie for Christmas last year. Now she has two. My fave is probably Kelly. It's a tie between her and Beyonce.

MRR: Bill Clinton is supposedly a big Riff Randells fan, would you ever consider playing in the White House?

Anne-Marie: Sure, we'd play the White House, if Bill Clinton still was the president.
Justin: I would love to do a Riff Randells/Bill Clinton collaboration or split 7", with us playing our music and him playing saxophone.
Kathy: No, thanks.

MRR: The Riff Randells currently have one CD, a 10", and three 7"s available; what is it that is so appealing about seven inches?

Anne-Marie: They are cool looking, a good size, and are fun to collect. We love 7"s.
Justin: They're the perfect length, and they make good Frisbees.
Kathy: I dig the size and the squareness of them.

MRR: What is your favorite thing about Canada and Kathy, why do you live in Calgary?

Anne-Marie: Canadian beer?
Kathy: I don't know why I live there. My favorite things about Canada are Eskimos, igloos, and Bryan Adams- seriously.
Justin: My favorite thing about Canada is how you can commit a serious crime and be let free practically the next day.

MRR: What is your favorite food?

Anne-Marie: Nachos, sandwiches, pizza, burritos, and just about anything that has cheese in it or on it.
Justin: Sushi with cheese on it. Just kidding; pizza with sushi melted on it.
Kathy: Microwaved burritos are really good, and so are crunchy spicy tuna rolls.

MRR: What does your family think about you being in a punk band?

Anne-Marie: My family thinks it's cool. They're really supportive. My mom sends our 7"s and CD to her relatives. I think they think I do bad stuff when I'm on tour, though, because they're never excited when I tell them we're going on tour.
Justin: Since I don't go to school, my parents are glad that I'm doing something instead of nothing at all.
Kathy: My mom is ashamed and thinks we are not very good. She hid in a tent when we played at a festival this summer.

MRR: What does the future hold for you?

Anne-Marie: We really want to go to Japan, so we're going to work on that next year. We're also going to put out a full length.
Kathy: Yeah. We are hopefully gonna tour in Japan and Europe and all that stuff. I guess we need a full length first, so that'll come soon. I think the future holds a lot of shopping for the Riff Randells and lotsa dance parties.
Justin: I will probably get kicked out in the near future.

THE RIFF RANDELLS

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CHAIN

Interview by MINAGAWA NEGA
Translation by miki lyn taylor

The Osaka-based band CHAINSAW is one of the hardest "Japakoa" (Jap hardcore) bands in Japan today. They recently released the 6-song mini-album "BELIEVE" simultaneously on OCTPASSCUT RECORDS in Japan and SIX WEEKS in the U.S.. Plans are in the works for releasing a "Best of" album from SIX WEEKS, which will be available in the U.S. and Europe. This Japan-grown foursome is sure to shock the world with their heavyweight-crushing vocals and killer rock-metal guitar sounds. Welcome to the world created by Jerry "O" Thunder fire "Rolling Special" (Throat), Araki (Woofer), Masashi "Jet Finger" (guitar) and "Crazy Namako" Kouhei (drums).

WHEN WAS CHAINSAW FORMED?

Masashi: In 1991. I'm the only original member. We broke up once and I joined the band FREEDOM. Me and the drummer from FREEDOM got together in '93 to start the new version of CHAINSAW.

Jerry: I joined the band in '94. Then the bassist left so we just did studio practice for the next 2 years. We finally started playing shows in '96 after we found our new bassist.

Kouhei : I joined in May of 2000, after the old drummer left. Actually, I was the part-time support drummer from about 2 or 3 years before that.

Araki: I came into the picture this June. I was really surprised when they first asked me to join. I mean, I was a huge fan of CHAINSAW for the longest time!!

Masashi: You're kidding?!! We kept putting out ads for a bassist but never got any responses, so we asked this guy.... (laughs)

WHAT IS YOUR DISCOGRAPHY LIKE SO FAR?

Masashi: Tape"Ever live this life"(Cry Records), 7'EP"No need welfare"(Dando Records), MCD"Nothing will change..."(Blood Sucker Records), MCD"Louder than god"(Blood sucker records), V.A/CD"The island of hard core fighters"(MCR Company), V.A CD"Blood sucking freaks 2001"(Blood Sucker Records), Split CD w/R.O.M "T.T.M...?" (Shining records), VA/CD "Okuma Kojika Baba Tsuruta Gajiro" (Satsugai enka vinyl), MCD"Believe" (Octpasscut Records/Six weeks).

WHAT DO YOU GUYS USUALLY DO?

Masashi: We only get together when we play, so I really have no idea what the others do. We all live separately and have hidden lives elsewhere (laughs). Our band is based on the doctrine of Secrecy... (laughs)

JERRY- YOU LIVE IN YOKKAICHI CITY, IN MIE PREFECTURE, RIGHT? (a few hours' train ride from Osaka)

Jerry: That's right.

YOU GUYS PRACTICE ONCE A WEEK AND PLAY 2 OR 3 SHOWS A MONTH - ISN'T THAT HARD ON YOUR SCHEDULE?

Jerry: It's nothing special. We just do what we have to do.

ARE YOUR SHOWS BASED MAINLY AROUND OSAKA?

Masashi: No, half of our shows are outside of Osaka.

Jerry: No matter where we go though, it's always like home to us.

Masashi: We've been to most of the outskirts [of Japan]. We're really grateful to all the people who set up shows for us in the provincial areas.

SO YOU'RE REALLY A "LIVE" BAND!!

Masashi: Well, that's our ideal.

Kouhei: We'll be going to Hokkaido soon, and we went to Okinawa this summer. It was a certain incident in Okinawa that got me the nickname NAMAKO. ("sea cucumber") (laughs)

HOW DO YOUR AUDIENCES REACT TO YOUR SHOWS?

Masashi: It depends. Some days it's good, other days it's bad...

Jerry: But generally we make a lot of friends everywhere we go.

JERRY-WITH YOUR OUTGOING PERSONALITY, YOU MUST HAVE A LOT OF FANS!

Jerry: Yeah. I want more!!! (laughs)

DO YOU THINK YOUR SONGS REFLECT THE DIFFERENT INSPIRATIONS YOU HAVE IN YOUR LIVES? LIKE YOU LIVE AND PLAY AT HIGH SPEED??

Masashi: Yeah, maybe. That's what we're aiming for so it's cool if it comes across that way. We're not the "fastest" band around, but we like our songs to have a feeling of speed.

Jerry: Not like we're trying to escape from something, though.

Masashi: Yeah. We're very serious about our sound... except for me!! (laughs)

WHAT'S THE STORY BEHIND GETTING "BELIEVE" RELEASED ON SIX WEEKS?

Masashi: We've been trading stuff with overseas labels through e-mail for a while. I just realised that it would be faster to put our record out over there.

WHO RUNS SIX WEEKS?

Masashi: Jeff from CAPITALIST CASUALITIES.

WHAT DOES HE THINK ABOUT CHAINSAW?

Masashi: When we sent him the master, he responded saying, "These songs are great! We'd be delighted to put this out!" So I wrote back immediately to thank him, and the rest is history. We also have plans to do a "Best of" album with SIX WEEKS.

SAW

THAT'S GREAT! 'TIL NOW, YOU MOSTLY ONLY PUT OUT MINI-ALBUMS SO I WAS ALWAYS CURIOUS WHAT A FULL-LENGTH ALBUM WOULD SOUND LIKE.

Jerry: Wouldn't it be tiring to listen to THAT much of us at once?? (laughs)

WILL THE "BEST OF" ALBUM BE AVAILABLE IN JAPAN?

Masashi: No, it's an exclusive contract. We still sell our past albums in Japan so it would just cause trouble to have both going around.

SO ARE YOU READY TO STRIKE AMERICA?

Masashi: There's no need to strike! Americans are friendly!! Max from 625 Productions is really cool. We always e-mail each other about different bands and random stuff.

Jerry: We just want to have a good time!!

WHAT U.S. BANDS INFLUENCED YOU THE MOST?

Masashi: Poison idea, Crucifix, Final Conflict, Bad Brains, MDC, Dead Kennedys, Gang Green, the Dicks, Capitalist Casualties, WHN.

Jerry: Battalion of Saints, Bad Brains....

Masashi: I like European bands, too.

YOU HAVE A COUPLE OF ARPEGGIO-BASED INSTUMENTALS, "INTRO" AND "OUTRO", ON THIS ALBUM (BELIEVE). WERE YOU TRYING TO EXPRESS SOMETHING DIFFERENT WITH THESE SONGS?

Masashi: We were trying to introduce the dramatic side of our band. You know, like the Damned. (laughs)

THE DAMNED, GHB..... I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU SOUNDED KIND OF LIKE THE DAMNED. LIKE YOU'RE RUNNING AT FULL SPEED... BY THE WAY, I NOTICED THAT YOU GUYS GENERALLY HAVE A BALANCE OF BOTH STRONG & HARD SONGS AND UP-TEMPO, ENERGETIC SONGS, BUT MOST OF THE SONGS ON "BELIEVE" ARE REALLY HARD. WHY IS THIS?

Masashi: We tried to avoid writing light-sounding songs for this album. We wanted to emphasize the sharp edge of hardcore.

BECAUSE OF YOUR U.S. RELEASE?

Masashi: No. That wasn't decided until after the songs were written.

YOUR LYRICS REFLECT WHAT YOU THINK AND FEEL IN EVERYDAY LIFE, RIGHT? LIKE WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO OVERCOME A GREAT SADNESS AND MOVE FORWARD AS FAST AS YOU CAN?

Jerry: Yeah, we all have different feelings, and we do express them in our songs. We sing what we want to tell ourselves. We don't want to preach to our audience. We just write what we think, not what we want others to think. We write about who we are at that time and place.

YOU SING BOTH IN ENGLISH AND IN JAPANESE....

Jerry: People tell us that it's better to sing in Japanese. I suppose if we're going to do more foreign releases, we probably should write in better English... For now, we just want people to listen to our songs.

THE SECOND SONG "PEACE OF MIND" IS ABOUT SPENDING TIME ON A BEACH, ALL RELAXED AND HAPPY?

Jerry: I thought of that song as I was taking a nap on a beach. It's a pretty uplifting theme.

BUT SOUND-WISE IT'S REALLY HEAVY..... SO I THOUGHT IT HAD SOME SORT OF SARCASTIC, TWISTED MEANING TO IT??

Masashi: We didn't mean to make it twisted... did we?

Jerry: No, not really. (laughs)

AND YOU USED A PICTURE OF A BOMB ON THE ALBUM COVER...

Masashi: A bomb? It's a cauliflower!!!

IT WASN'T AN AERIAL PHOTO OF A BOMB EXPLODING??

Masashi: Did it look like a mushroom cloud?

K: Weren't you TRYING to confuse people??

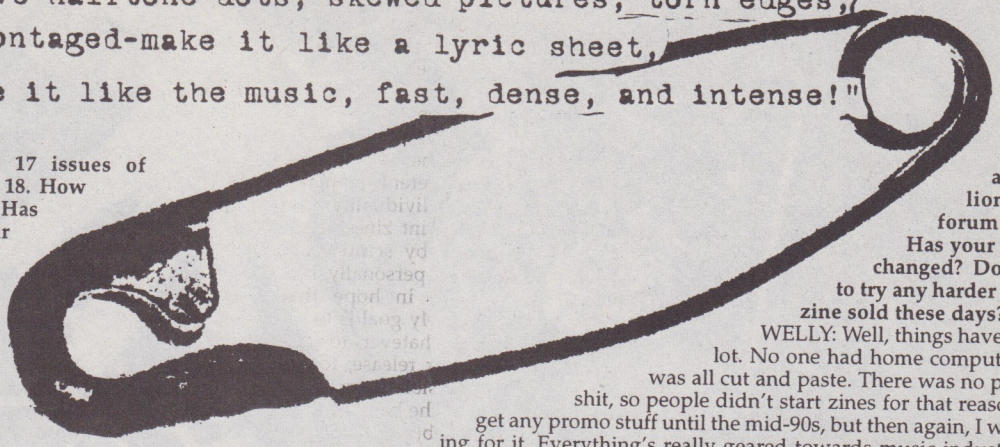
Masashi: It was a spontaneous idea. That's why we used a low-quality photo. I wanted it to be hard to figure out...

Jerry: Let's get back to the subject of the lyrics, OK? ...So, once we decide how many songs we're going to put on the album, we go into forming the overall image. Then both Masashi and I write songs and put them together. usually turns out just right. It's really a mystery the way it works out so well.

ARTCORE FANZINE

Interview by Tim Brooks in San Francisco
and Mike Clarke (Inflammable Material)
in London, via email.

"Punk rock is jam-packed,
loads of black, reversed text,
as many images as you can ram in there,
fucking massive halftone dots, skewed pictures, torn edges,
all montaged-make it like a lyric sheet,
make it like the music, fast, dense, and intense!"



MRR: So, you've done 17 issues of *Artcore* and you're on to 18. How long ago did you start? Has the output been regular since you began? What made you start a zine?

WELLY: I started making my first zine in January '86 and put it out in February. I started a zine 'cause I found my first copy of *MRR* in January '86, and was totally blown away by zines, especially *Between The Lions*. I basically had never heard of fanzines, I didn't know what they were. I just decided there and then that I was going to make one. It goes without saying that the first few issues were utter shit, but I didn't have a clue what I was doing. It was one hell of a learning curve and the buzz I got from it was enough to fuel me to the present day.

A lot of people pick up on the fact that I've only done 18 issues in 16 or 17 years. The first 4 issues were small runs off a Xerox—I started out on the school office copier until they banned me for a swear word—so I could make them when I needed them. They were put out bimonthly, pretty much. For the first 3 I sprayed blocks of color on the cover, DIY style. Then in spring of '87 I did my first lithoprinted issue, which was a split with *Euthanasia* from Boston, which was another art zine put out by Ron Lacer who now runs Fan Attic Records. The split enabled us to pay for the litho. We now reckon it may be one of the first-ever split zines. Ron came and visited South Wales and the deal was struck.

Then I started college in the autumn of '87. This was when things slowed down, I couldn't get a grant to live on for my first course, which was two years. So I worked on a building site for a month, saved all the money, and lived on ten pounds—15 dollars—a week for a year. Obviously, there was no money for printing zines, so issue 6 didn't come out until summer '88, and 7 until summer '90. I finished college in '91, but I never got a job. I spent a year or so getting a youth business grant and loan from the Princes of Wales Trust, which meant I could buy my first Apple Mac and put out issue 8 in autumn of '93 and 9 in the spring of '94. Of course this "business" thing didn't work out, and things went back to small Xerox runs for 10, 11, and 12 about once a year. I got back into litho runs for 13 in '99 and 14 in '00. Then for some reason I got totally invigorated and decided to start putting out 2 a year in the summer of '01, and there's been 3 since then. I really want to make a go of it and keep it regular. People are always fucking moaning about it being irregular, so I've got to shut them up!

MRR: How do you think things have changed with fanzines since you started? You recently wrote a long article for *Fracture* on zines from the late 80s; do you think those were the Golden Years for zines? Do you think there has been a decrease in the amount of zines being made and the amount of people reading them, now that there are a million web forum boards? Has your readership changed? Do you have to try any harder to get your zine sold these days?

WELLY: Well, things have changed a lot. No one had home computers then, it was all cut and paste. There was no promo bullshit, so people didn't start zines for that reason. I didn't get any promo stuff until the mid-90s, but then again, I wasn't looking for it. Everything's really geared towards music industry bullshit now, everything has to be placed in the hierarchy, you know, you've got to brownnose. Everything has to look the same, it's all generic.

Was the 80s the Golden Age of zines? Well, of course I would say that. But some kid who's young now will say in ten years '02 was the Golden Age of zines, you know? It's all subjective. Like, I grew up in the 80s, so obviously I'm totally into 80s Hardcore/Punk, and I ram that down everyone's throats in my zine.

I keep pretty much everything, and I've got a full size filing cabinet crammed with zines from the mid 80s to the present day. I think there has definitely been a decrease in the amount of zines being made. And, as I've said before, that's got to do with the cutoff point in the 90s when consumer culture really took a grip on kids. That was the first generation to get sucked into gaming and the internet, so there're a lot of kids today who input and don't output. I still think people want to, and do read zines, but consumerism is about convenience. Kids want it at their fingertips, whether it's off a shelf in a chainstore, or through a keyboard and credit card. And seeing as most zines ain't gonna be available through either of those outlets, a lot less people are going to see them. So now the "rock" press have jumped on "underground" music, turned it into "youth culture" and promoted the idea that "underground music" is about one band or one record label. And that's part of the big shift in attitudes.

As a kid, for me it was all about searching out stuff I'd never heard of. I'd save for a month to buy some import album and totally take a risk on it being shit. Was I lucky? Damn right! That was excitement and adventure. Where's the fucking adventure in having some glossy mag tell you what to buy this week? I have no idea if my 'readership' has changed. It's nice to see the same people coming back each issue though. There's still the little school kids who write "Dear Sir," which always makes you smile. There's still people who are obviously in their forties or older, judging by their writing and names. And I still only get one or two orders from the entire United States for each issue, and that says a lot about consumer culture. I think the UK is merely just catching up.

It was harder to sell zines in the pop punk years 'cause a lot of kids then seemed to want to prove their coolness by sneering at you and telling you to fuck off 'cause you were some old man in their youth club, but things right now are great. I sold out of my last issue in two months, so

Web zines? What are they?

I've never seen one.

Zines are made out of paper.

for the next one I'm printing more.
Web zines? What are they? I've never seen one. Zines are made out of paper.

MRR: Technical crap now; how many copies do you print of each issue? Have sales gone up, down, or fluctuated over the years? How is your distribution?

WELLY: It's varied wildly over the years, from a few dozen when I started, to a top run of about 1,000. Currently it print around about 500, which in the scheme of things these days is nothing. But when you consider that I sell them all myself, and it's not free, I think it's pretty respectable to sell that many twice a year. The circulation is all about how much work you're prepared to put in, and I've found that DIY distribution is the key. The more places you can get 'em in, the more you're gonna shift, it's as simple as that. I don't really sell 'em at gigs anymore unless they're on the bands' stall, though. The vast majority are still sold from single orders through the mail that I pack up and send once a week.

MRR: What relevance do you feel fanzines have in '02, either in the "punk ghetto" or within the great mass of other printed media and the internet? Do you sometimes feel you plow a lonely furrow? Also, could you ever see *Artcore* helping you to distribute your writing or art in wider circles than punk?

WELLY: A fanzine is relevant if it can remain objective. If it becomes corruptible then it's relevance is severely tarnished for me.
A lonely furrow? Well yeah, that's the whole point, isn't it?
I can't really see how the zine would "help" me to work outside of punk. I do graphics for bands and labels all the time, and I've done design and print work in the past for your average Joe, but just basic letterheads and business cards type stuff. And the "Vaultage" stuff has meant I've gotten to write liner notes for CD re-releases like M.D.C., Gang Green, Moving Targets and the P.E.A.C.E. album. So yeah, I guess I sold out, huh? Everyone has their price—ha ha.

MRR: You've been involved doing art and graphics in the punk scene for years. Apart from the zine, what other graphics projects have you been involved in? Even since its inception, *Artcore* has been renowned for its strong look; do you think that zines need to look professional and artistically pleasing for them to be worthy, as that's clearly important to you? Have you been professionally trained?

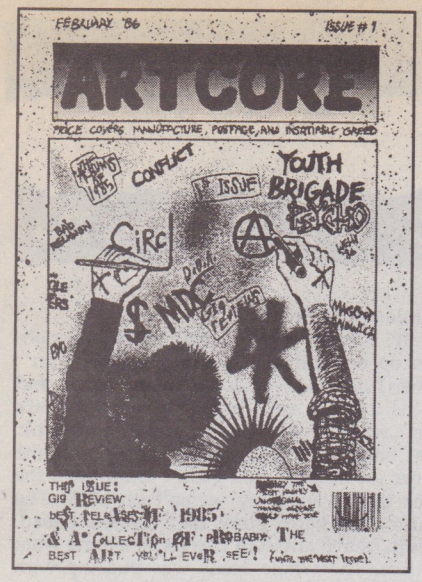
WELLY: I've been lucky enough to have had people allow me to put together their graphics for their releases over the years. I quickly realized that the vast majority of bands and labels either don't have any spare money for graphics or they are so into what they're doing they want to do them themselves. So it's just something I do when I can, and I'm always into it, it's what I wanted to do when I was a kid. I try to get better at what I do with each project, and of course, if anyone's interested, they can always get in touch.
Zines don't have to be "professional" to be worthy, but it's always great when you see someone has gone to the effort to make something look a little different, or make it look good. It's all about individuality; I don't like seeing generic newsprint zines as much as I don't like reading baby scrawled couldn't-care-less ones. For me personally, I just try to approach each issue in hope that I can improve on the last. My goal is to produce a band interview, or whatever, to look like it could be part of their release; to include as much imagery as possible to incite the reader into wanting to hear the band or look deeper into a particular subject. It's too easy to assume that words are going to do this on their own, "graphic communication" is just that, communication; you can convey more if you've got the images to back up the words, and then the music, whatever.
"Professionally trained?" Well I've been into art since I was a little kid. I used to write and illustrate my own little books when I was pretty young, design make-believe record covers, you know, the usual stuff. By the time I hit high school I was investigating different media, I was silk-screening record covers and band logos, copying pictures and practicing the styles and techniques of people like Pushead, Mad Marc Rude, and Winston Smith. Just like a lot of people I guess; my story is by no means unique. I used to paint jackets for people, too, from about the age of thirteen. Those were the days, ha ha. I think making the zine made me realize what I wanted to do, though.
Basically, I was doing graphic design and I didn't even know it existed. I had trouble getting into college, but I did, and I ended up doing four years of design, both graphic and the whole lithographic printing process. I've never worked "professionally" at it, though. I never really want to work 9-5, not only because it's living death, but because if I did what I do 9-5 as some lap dog churning out soulless crap for someone else, then I wouldn't want to do what I love when I got home, and that would be a fate worse than death. I just work a couple of hours a day and spend the rest doing punk rock shit. The bills are paid, the food is on the table. I'm not greedy.

MRR: Your emphasis on the "art" in *Artcore* is pretty unique; most zines concentrate on bands or politics.

Welly: It pretty much covers bands and politics too, but with an added emphasis on "art". When I started I wanted an original angle, and I was into art, so it made sense. In the 80's "art" was so much more important in punk. You bought records on the strength of the cover art because you didn't know who the fuck they were, they weren't on MTV. The music press hated punk, they wanted it dead. I didn't have any cool friends to tell me what to like. The whole scene was buzzing with vibrant ideas, and part of that was the artwork. Every band had a hand drawn logo, and it *had* to be good. Things have changed a lot, and a lot of it is because there's no necessity to put pen to paper anymore. Your PC does it for you, or you don't bother and just buy your reading off the shelf. You don't see many punk artists anymore, do you? And if you do, they soon disappear into the corporate mainstream. If you look at the art of punk now, it's completely changed. From record covers to zines, now it's all about looking "arty", glossy, slick, and professional with just about 100 percent use of photography. But back in the 80s, it was about bleeding onto paper and filling every conceivable space, and not only because of economics, but because the opportunity to put something out was a privilege, and not something you expected simply by virtue of the fact that you existed.

MRR: How do you physically put the zine together? I take it it is done on the computer for the most part? What programs do you use?

WELLY: Yeah, it's now all done on computer, that came about since I managed to afford a cheap scanner a few years ago and finally got to input images. Before then it was copy, cut and paste all the way, which is great, and I did resist going 100 percent computer generated for a considerable length of time. I still try to make it look that way and I still output my own originals and paste them up for printing. I'm learning all the time, and I really try to keep that punk rock look to it. I don't like all those generic computer-looking layouts you get with some zines, that's last train to fucking Snoozeville if you ask me. Loads of blank space, tiny photos and a straight lines representing some kind of post-modern artistic statement—fuck, that's not punk rock, that's Maths! Punk rock is jam-packed, loads of black, reversed text, as many images as you can ram in there, fucking massive halftone dots, skewed pictures, torn edges, all montaged—make it like a lyric sheet, make it like the music, fast, dense, and intense!
Oh, it's all done on Photoshop and Quark Xpress on a fucked old Apple Mac, what else?



MRR: Are you very picky about the content of the zine? It seems that you only feature bands you really like and you are not concerned about offending people if need be. Do you think this kind of impartiality is important in creating a credible zine?

WELLY: I do prefer featuring the bands I'm totally raving over, and will hassle them until I get an interview; but I'm equally interested in interviewing a band if I think that they have something interesting to say even if their music isn't 100 percent what I'm totally into, or if they've got an original angle. I mean, if I think a band are brilliant musically but absolutely have fuck to say, then what's the point in interviewing them?

Offensive? Damning? Who me? Ha ha. I've actually been quite surprised as to how much I get away with. It just got to a point where I got so sick of reading all the zines and it just being this whole big fucking' arse-kissing sycophant parade for the sheer sake of getting free promo or climbing the greasy pole of rock journalism. Real so-called "journalism" should be about calling people on their shit, reporting reality, using the spread of knowledge to invoke something. Now it just seems to be about getting ahead and carving a niche for yourself in commerce, and constantly revising your own history to suit what's "in".

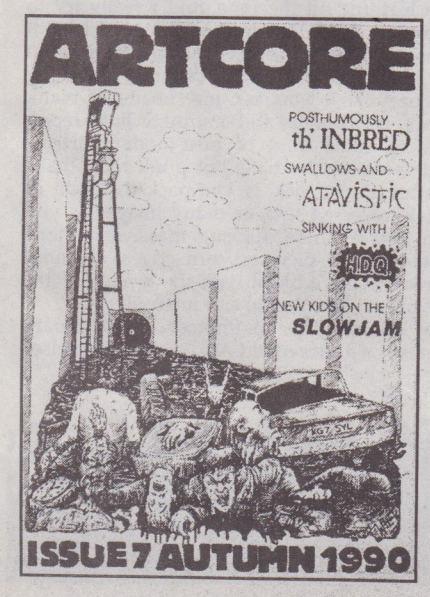
Punk rock was supposed to be about stirring the shit storm, sticking the fingers up,and being a pain in the arse. I don't set out to offend anyone, that's not the point. The point is to try to inject some humor and quality control into a scene that has largely lost both of those things, since the majors, media and *suck*-cess started sniffing about. I mean, there are a lot of labels that send stuff once and never again; but if you can't handle it, then you shouldn't be in the business of putting fucking music out.

Seriously though, I don't set out to offend any band members, 'cause everyone's doing their own thing. It's only a review, one point of view in a world of 6,000 million, so I hope people don't take it too personally. I just kind of adopt this "grumpy old man" persona simply because it's more fun to write and hopefully, read. That's another reason why I'm not a fan of zines that have a dozen plus reviewers—no offense, heh heh—'cause you find that individuals get given their style, so most stuff gets a great review, whereas, if you've got one persons' opinion, you can quickly work out their tastes and where they're coming from, and get a better idea of whether you'll like a release when comparing what's written with you're particular tastes. Like say, some emo fan reads my zine, they're gonna know straight away that they want to check out the latest Oblong Sorbet album 'cause I had a violent outburst in the review. It's all just meant to lighten it up a bit.

Although after a while, you do see the cycles coming around, and you also see how an awful lot of people jump from trend to trend. So, if you see something as either trite, pretentious or fake, then you want to make it known, it's not an attempt to offend the bands or anyone. But if punk rock's gonna keep moving forward, then zines, as one mouthpiece of quality control, have a social obligation to question. 'Cause otherwise, the whole thing just treads water and drowns in a whole load of backslapping nepotism. I'm no better than anyone else, and neither is my taste in music, but if you are lucky enough to have an outlet for your voice in this world, however small, then you should use it to it's full advantage.

MRR: Over the past few years you have introduced a section called "Vaultage" which is indepth articles of bands and scenes gone by. Is the historical aspect of the zine important to you? Is there a particular balance of new versus old that you try to maintain?

WELLY: "Vaultage" started small, but as I planned, it's grown into half the zine. A lot of of people have come forward to contributem which has also taught me a lot about not having to do the whole damn mag on my own. It just hit me one day that no other zine that I knew of had really done a dedicated section or zine specifically about documenting the old stuff. As soon as that hit me, I knew it was something I wanted to pursue. After all, that's where it all began, that's the stuff that I see



as classic now. Anyone who reads the mag knows that preserving the 80s is my own personal little crusade, ha ha, but I try to get different people doing their own personal faves, meaning by default you're going to have a varied mix of styles from different times and places—also meaning not all the bands are my all-time faves. It all just makes it that much more interesting to read, and that much better for the zine as a whole. After all, I get to design stuff for bands I've loved for years with a well of images from all their releases. I guess it's like putting a bootleg out, ha ha.

Of course, the historical aspect is very important. If us old farts sit back, content with what we know without sharing some of that with the younger kids, then we'll just be leaving the task to rock journalists who are more than well versed in the rewriting of history and the output of total shit. If any of us care about the music we love, then we have a responsibility to keep the story alive so it won't get perverted or forgotten. Granted, none of us were there, we all wax lyrical about bands from Europe or America that most of us never saw, but I like to think everyone does their damnedest to do thorough research and not write shit, in fact I know they do. All the people who've written so far, Pete and Tom Craven, Kip-Xool, Steve Scanner, David Stuart, and some guy called Tim Brooks, are all people I know to be passionate about, and committed to, their punk rock.

MRR: How have you managed to remain enthusiastic over the years when most other zines which were around when you started have burned out? It seems that *Artcore* is coming out more regularly now. How do you find the time, seeing as now you have a band, Four Letter Word, and a family? Do you foresee a time when you'll stop doing the zine?

WELLY: It just gets better and better. The older you get, and the more responsibilities you acquire, makes you realize more and more the preciousness of time. I've got so much to do and say and very little time to do it in. I don't want to waste what little time I have working in an office wishing my days away, I want to be making more and more stuff and just getting it all out there as much as possible.

Yeah, it's known that most people disappear when they have kids. If nothing else I'd like to prove that fucking wrong, for a start! If anything, when you have kids, people disappear from you, and then say, "Oh, they had kids and disappeared." If you don't see these things as a big obstacle, you can just make things work—cooperation with your partner included. Manage your time to get the most out of it, and "work" as little as possible. My kids have inspired me in many ways, and that's another reason I do more than ever. I can't really think about or visualize an end to the zine. I guess when that day comes I'll know it.

MRR: What have been your favorite articles over the years? Who or what haven't you covered that you would like to?

WELLY: I can honestly say that those are two questions I've never spent any time on. My favorite stuff is invariably what I'm working on now or what I'm working on next, and I never know what I'd like to cover until I think of it, or if someone says, "How about I write about this for you?" I don't really look back on back issues and reminisce.

I guess it's the buzz of getting a reply from a band that really gives you a kick that makes you keep going back for more when you're a kid. Being 17 or 18 and getting interviews with the Freeze, Rites Of Spring, Instigators, Adrenaline OD, Cowboy Killers, Psycho, C.O.C., Spermbirds, Urgent Fury or Th'Inbred. Punk bands were/are/should be on the same level as you, and approachable. If you hear a band that intrigues you, you can contact them and they'll answer questions, at length, about their view of the world. Whereas, in the mainstream, you only get to learn about the "stars" favorite color socks. Although, you have to 'email a lot of bands to get a reply these days, which is kind of sad.

MRR: What advice would give to folks trying to put their own zine together, who want to produce something as long-standing and con-

sistent as *Artcore*?
WELLY: Just do it because you are driven to do it. Because you think you have something to say or something to add that may be of some value. Because you have a burning love of the music, politics, or whatever that is above and beyond consumerism. You have a need to take part rather than to just speculate. Like when you're standing in the audience and watching your friends' band and thinking "I can do that" and really wanting to just get up there and join in. It's exactly the same; if you see a zine that you really like and think you can do it too, don't worry about what people will think, just jump in there feet first and start creating something by yourself, for yourself, and if others like it, that's all well and good. A lot of the things that go on today, like getting advertising, free promo, taking part in phone days through publicists, kissing bands arses, getting passes to festivals, trying to impress people, or working towards a job in "the industry" should be furthest from your mind. In fact, for me, they would be the reasons *not* to do it. Ultimately, spread the message of what you believe in, promote only what you choose, and defy convention.

MRR: Punk twenty five years later, what's the point beyond nostalgia/tribalism/smug ghetto-elitism?
WELLY: Well you could say that, but if that's the case, when was there ever a point? All the same problems remain the same as they were twenty five years ago, not much has changed and yes, punk has achieved very little in the face of the big picture. Yes, the mainstream has hijacked the imagery, and made it acceptable to a once hostile society, and yes, there are legions of willing hopefuls queuing up to sellout the music as style without content. But it's like what Jello Biafra said in '81, "Punk will never die until something more dangerous replaces it," and the only thing that has come about that's more dangerous than punk itself is punk selling itself out, like a lot of people are doing at the moment, and ironically, people who have paid no fucking dues whatsoever.
I think the overriding thing for me, above and beyond cliques, elitism, and all the shitty cycles that come and go, is, on a very personal level, this is my creative outlet; and on a general level, like any belief system it generates hope. And, the fact that nothing has changed, and may in fact be in some ways worse, is no reason to abandon a concept that has given so much to so many people, both in hope and creativity.
I know people who would say, "What has the scene ever done for me?" Well without "the scene", I would never have achieved what I have in my lifetime. I have done and seen so many things with no money and little more than an unwritten law and an unspoken knowledge, that wherever you are, there will be someone there willing to help you out, for no other reason than you may happen to share similar record collections and have a mutual respect because of that. Yes, as you grow older, you realize that you aren't going to change the world, and neither is punk rock, and it's easy to look back on the past as better, but that's part of the human condition. I remember people complaining it was all dead and buried, say ten years ago. But how many of those people who, if asked to look back now, would not be able to recall something great that's happened in the last ten years? It's all subjective. You've got to just keep looking forward with an eye on the past.
MRR: What's next for *Artcore*, and how can folks get a hold of a copy?
WELLY: The new issue, number eighteen, should be out by the time you read this. It should have Channel Three, Pitch Black, Our War, D.F.A., Send More Paramedics, and the guys from the Kill From The Heart website. "Vaultage" has got Adolescents, Effigies, Big Boys, Rattus Spizz, and S.S.T. Records, and more by the time it's out. For the first time in a million years I'm gonna have to raise the international price because the rises in postage rates are crippling me. So if you live outside of the UK and send $4.00 postage paid, you'll get a copy. Inside the UK it's still £1.50 postage paid.

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OUR APATHY HAS BECOME DANGEROUSLY OBSOLETE. Right now, in America, every aspect of our existence is ruled by conservatives. Ideas and creations that don't fall in line with established economic and/or political agendas have become maddeningly rare. Over the years our lives have become so comfortable that we have purposely squelched the most radical parts of our psyches in an effort to maintain the status quo. So that nowadays, the counter culture runs counter only to the most superficial aspects of popular culture. And we are paying for it. When all our heroes traded in their Dodge Ram and Ford Econoline vans for tour buses, and dressed the underground up in "extreme" fashion their voices became indiscernible from the voice of corporate America and the counterculture virtually died. A shame, but hey, we bought the tickets. So we get what we deserve. And maybe that wouldn't be such a big deal if it only meant that the jagged edge of rebellion had been worn tediously flat. I mean boring isn't deadly is it? You can't die from too many **Warped tours** can you? The problem is that when we no longer hear the voice of our own counter culture neither do the flatheads who decide where this country is headed. I'm not only talking about the **fucktard cowboy** who snuck into the White House. I'm talking about everyone who lined up behind him. The people who ran to the polls when he told them to elect every right wing political tough guy who ever uttered the words "homeland security". These are the same people who think that hanging a $2.00 flag on your car antenna and cruising to **Wal-Mart** is a good way to tell the rest of the planet not to fuck with America. They are the people who just wrote George junior a blank check. This being true it is important to remember that the sound of rebellion, of "punk rock" for lack of a better term, serves several very important purposes. First, it lets the powers that be know that there exists a section of society they will never understand; a frightening force to be reckoned with who's values and motivations are completely alien to them. Second, it is the sound of sincere self-expression. Self-expression is the product of freethinking, and freethinking breeds good ideas. And lastly, it's fun. In recent years "punk rock" has become a very lucrative endeavor. So much so that money has replaced many of the ideals that made it an important and interesting artistic voice. Right now, punk rock functions exactly like the rest of the industry. Major corporations sponsor giant concert tours, and "indie"labels sign bands with potential marketability being their primary concern. This is blatant conservative thinking, a capitalistic prime directive. And successful capitalists are the government's best friends. I mean when was the last time the **Warped tour** got busted up by the cops? Where am I going with this? I'm not really sure except to urge those of you who create, and/or listen to music to venture outside today's tired musical environment whenever possible. If you have a band and you worry that your music doesn't sound enough like **NOFX** or **Bad Religion** or some artificial **Irish band** to make a dent in the industry realize that that is a GOOD thing. If you are writing a song and are inspired to play a chord progression that will, in all likelihood, disqualify you from consideration by **Fat Wreck Chords**, play it louder. It means you are on the right track. If your goal is to create another power pop punk combo remember that **Joey** and **Dee Dee** took the best of what that tired genre had to offer with them when they left. If you are a music fan, try as often as possible to get out and see a show that isn't the **Oz Fest**, the **Warped tour**, or some overhyped label showcase. You might even consider contacting one of your favorite bands and asking them to come play your town. Try to hook them up with a show. You never know, you might enjoy playing promoter. Look, I'm not saying that there aren't very healthy pockets of musical rebellion out there. I've been to a lot of musically interesting places. It's just that the sounds emanating from these scenes aren't nearly loud enough to drown out the tedious drone of artistically bankrupt corporate punk rock. Nor am I saying that money shouldn't be a consideration for a touring, hardworking band. It has to be. In fact, his whole diatribe is a thinly veiled advertisement for the **Pavers** (www.thepavers.com) I'm not even saying that I'm above reproach. This is as much an indictment of my own misplaced values as anyone else's. As a matter of fact, I was in a band called **ALL** like a hundred years ago and we were chastised by this very publication for many of the same transgressions I'm complaining about right now (ironic huh?) And I'm not holding up my music as the definitive example of what the counterculture should be playing. There is no such thing. It's not the sound of the music that matters; it's the reasons it's being played that make it worthwhile. Right now this country is being swallowed by its own self-doubt. Before the terrorist attacks we'd grown so comfortable that we became apathetic. Then when the shit came down we'd forgotten how to take care of ourselves, and we got scared. So when our hillbilly president started talking about bringing 'em in "dead or alive " a lot of people figured he knew what needed to be done, and how to do it. Well he doesn't, and it's time to make some noise about it. It isn't enough to be angry, **Eminem** is angry as hell but so what? He's made so much money for so many important people playing the self important, misunderstood, persecuted, angry asshole that he could go have dinner at the White House tomorrow if he wanted to. The noise I'm talking about is the noise that **Black Flag**, **Minor Threat**, the **Dead Kennedys**, the **Germs**, the **Bad Brains**, the **MinuteMen**, even the **Ramones** made. Punk Rock has only to exist to make its point. And right now it very nearly doesn't. Well anyway, before I go I'd like to invite you again to visit our website (www.thepavers.com.) We have a guest book so you can feel free to tell me that years of playing music for peanuts hasn't given me credibility. It's made me bitter and sanctimonious. Then feel free to visit our merch page and make me an even bigger hypocrite. Or you can take the opportunity to ask me who the hell I am. Also, you can download a song (Red Suzuki) from our latest blockbuster LP and see if we suck or not. Thanx for reading this..... Scott Reynolds

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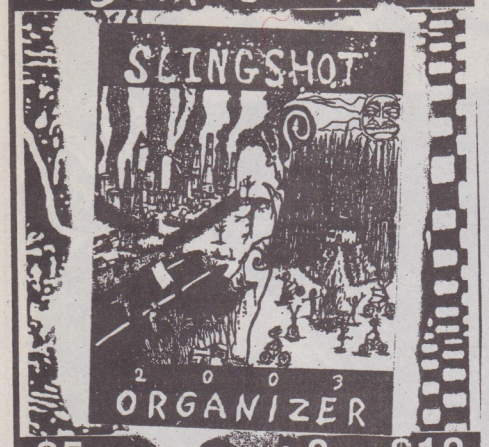

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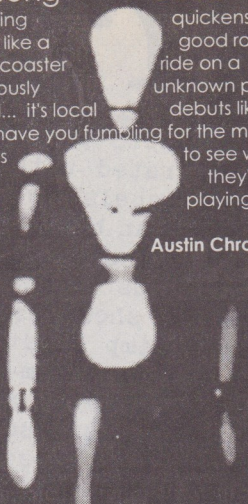

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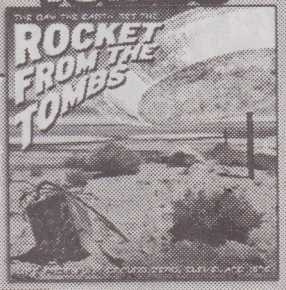

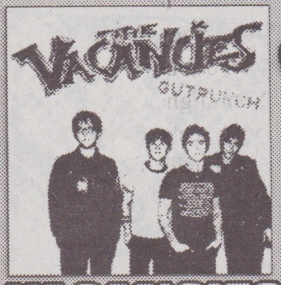

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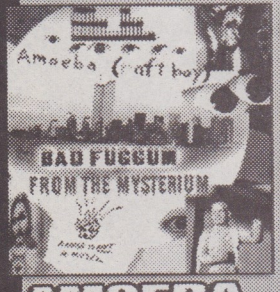

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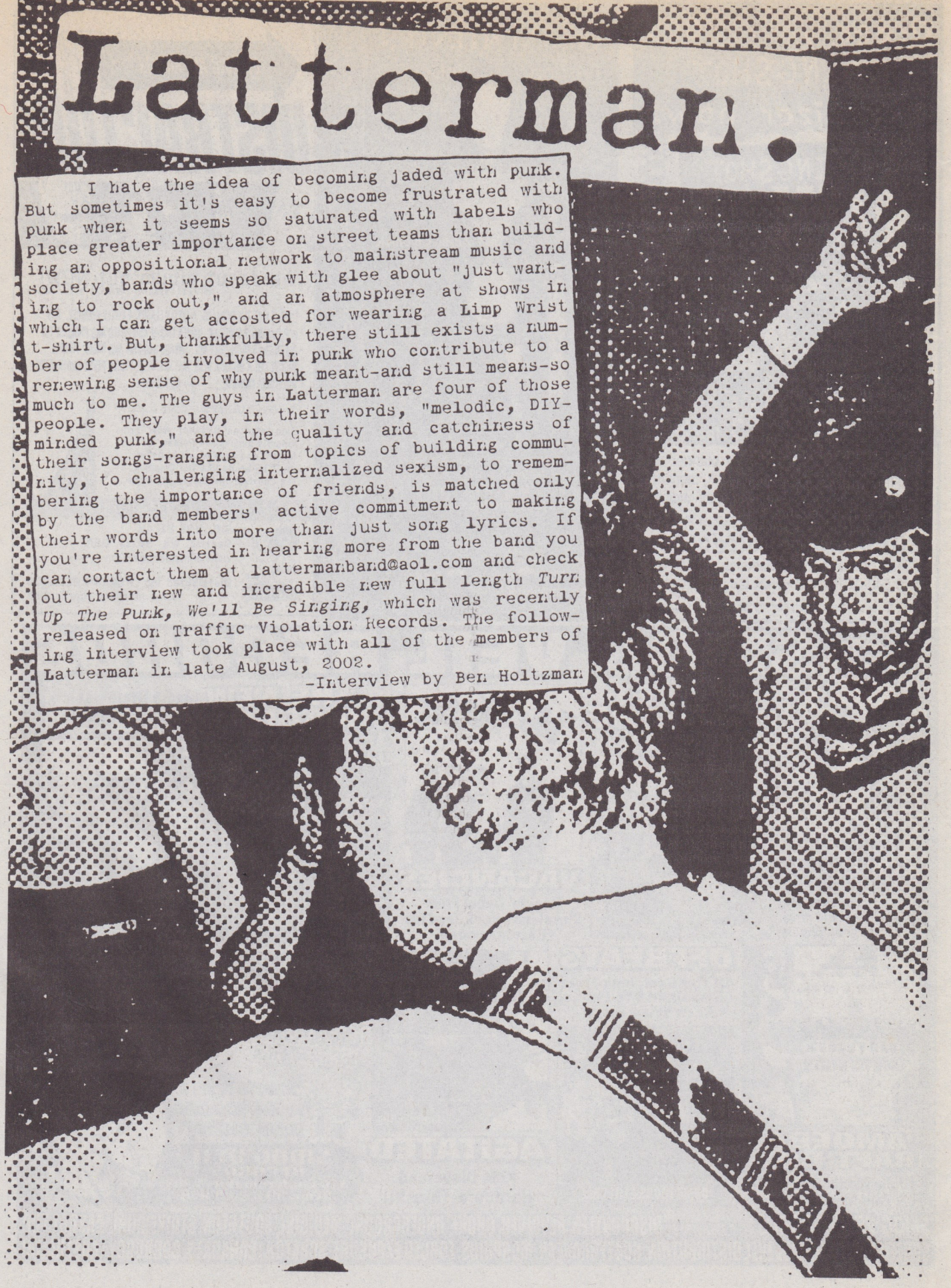
Latterman.

I hate the idea of becoming jaded with punk. But sometimes it's easy to become frustrated with punk when it seems so saturated with labels who place greater importance on street teams than building an oppositional network to mainstream music and society, bands who speak with glee about "just wanting to rock out," and an atmosphere at shows in which I can get accosted for wearing a Limp Wrist t-shirt. But, thankfully, there still exists a number of people involved in punk who contribute to a renewing sense of why punk meant-and still means-so much to me. The guys in Latterman are four of those people. They play, in their words, "melodic, DIY-minded punk," and the quality and catchiness of their songs-ranging from topics of building community, to challenging internalized sexism, to remembering the importance of friends, is matched only by the band members' active commitment to making their words into more than just song lyrics. If you're interested in hearing more from the band you can contact them at lattermanband@aol.com and check out their new and incredible new full length *Turn Up The Punk, We'll Be Singing*, which was recently released on Traffic Violation Records. The following interview took place with all of the members of Latterman in late August, 2002.

-Interview by Ben Holtzman



MRR: Could each of you tell us your ages and what you do in Latterman?
Phil: I'm 20 years old and I sing and play guitar.
Matt: I play bass. I'm 17 years old and I also sing.
(Laugher from all except Matt)
Mike: What the hell are you talking about?
Matt: 18. I'm 18 years old.
(Continued laughter from all)
Matt: Sometimes I forget how old I am.
Mike: I play guitar. I'm 17.
Matt: You're actually 17.
Mike: Exactly.
Pat: I'm 19. I play drums.
MRR: Let's talk about punk. You guys use the word punk a lot, which I think is a good thing. More and more bands seem to be trying to disassociate themselves from that word and punk itself, which I think is lame. Why has it been important for you to use the word as often as you do? Why do you use that word and what does it mean to you?
Matt: I think in essence it's a rebellion. I think that's one of the core concepts of punk. And I think a lot of that is being washed out by a lot of stuff that is going on in punk, even since the very beginning of when punk started. It's always been mainstream culture and corporate culture trying to take it away and making it something they can sell. And they did it, too! Right now you can buy punk at the store, you can buy punk at the mall. But I don't think that it's lost. I don't think that there isn't still some part of it, in DIY or in things that bands I know and love do, as well as things that I can try to do that can make it a rebellion—sort of like reclaiming it. The reason I keep using the word is because I don't want to let someone—"the man"—turn it into something that they can just sell back to me.
MRR: I think this is particularly interesting because you don't have a typically punk sound. If anything, I would think most people would use more words like "melodic" or "poppy" to describe your sound. How do you describe your sound to those who haven't heard you, in booking a tour for instance? And has it been hard for you to tell people what you sound like and for them not to get the wrong impression of what you're about? Like, when you tell people how you sound, do you worry that you'll end up getting misrepresented and put on pop-punk shows with six bands just singing songs about girls?
Phil: I normally put it straightforwardly, saying we're a melodic punk band or a DIY punk band.
Matt: Normally I'll say that we're DIY-minded, or tell what we sing about, or say that we're melodic. But I guess people can sometimes take that the wrong way. And as far different types of shows, one time we were playing a show in Dayton and there were a lot of bands who were like Saves The Day or New Found Glory and stuff, and we were kind of thrown in the middle. And I think all of the kids at the show really liked us, but at the same time, while we were playing and were describing songs, people would yell stuff like "less talk more rock." This one guy bought a CD and he had an American flag on his shirt that said, "we will have our revenge." And it's weird to think that maybe these people see it as just a sound or something.
MRR: 'Cause you are one of those bands that actually cares about having a message. A lot of what Latterman seems to be about is this message of positivity or being positive. Is that accurate? What does that mean to you guys and why has that been so important to be such a thrust for the band?
Pat: As far as being positive, I mean, I know that I question being positive all the time. I can get really negative about people or things that go on in life, but everyone gets down about things and I know I don't always have the most positive attitude about things. Even as far our practices go, when we had our friend Ian filling in for us, he was really surprised about how "unpositive" practice was 'cause we can get down on each other about things. But I think it's really good to not let like the little things in life really get to you. Being positive doesn't mean that you're going to be like cheery every day or not remember that things in this world are really fucked up. But I think being negative, I mean, bands may not understand that when they sing about negative things, that has a real impact on people. I think all of us can really get down about things, but for something that is as important to us as music, which can be a tool for showing ideas to people, I think that that's like the number one thing can realize in this world—that things can change and that you can have an influence over how you view things and what your outlook is.
MRR: Is there ever a concern that that message might become cheesy? I mean, not that you're out to "get the message of positivity to the kids," but if this is something that you want people to be receptive to, do you think about the way you phrase it or approach it so that the message doesn't get dismissed?
Matt: I've thought about that a lot. I think it all comes down to not taking yourself that seriously and knowing that you can poke fun at yourself, which we do to some extent. As long as you're realistic about something, then it really can't become that cheesy. And I think we attempt to be pretty realistic about our outlook on things and to be positive and understand that you can't be happy all the time. But you can attempt to, and you can attempt to have a good outlook on things.
Mike: We try not to just sing about like "be happy," that's it, end of story. It's not, "be happy, there is no sad." There are points where of course you're not going to be happy, but the strength is always there, as it goes. It's always possible to look at the bright side.
Phil: At the same time, I mean, the lyrics definitely are oversimplified, as most lyrics are. But what it means to me is to try to keep my arms open to people that can help me when I'm down and to try to surround myself with a network of support, not necessarily coming from a job, but from people who I love.
MRR: Can you maybe go over a history of the touring that you've done and maybe talk a little bit about why you've made an effort to go out as much as you do?
Matt: We toured last summer for three weeks and then we toured January for what was supposed to be two weeks, but ended up only being four shows. And this summer we toured for about a month and had to cut that a little short due to van troubles. And we're going out again in January for probably 10 or 11 days.
Mike- We sing a lot about community and how it's important to share with each other and I mean, we all love Long Island and we want to pass that whole feeling of community past Long Island to a broader base and share with people all over. That's why we want to tour as often as we do.
Matt: And it's really fun. We don't want to deny that part of it.
MRR: But how much can you really accomplish that spreading of community where you're going to a place and just setting up and playing and then moving on? How much is the notion that tour is going out to try to accomplish something really valid? I think a lot of bands have this idealized notion of what they're doing on tour, when I think a lot of times it ends up being more about hanging out and having fun. Or is it OK that tour

may be just about having fun?
Phil: As far as spreading a message goes, it's awesome when people come up to us and say that we've influenced them, or it's awesome when you hear a band sing about something meaningful…
Matt: 'Cause we try to explain our songs when we play.
Phil: Yeah, it's awesome when you see a band explain their songs, but as far as "the holy mission of touring," you're right, there's only so much you can do. As you said, you're only there for a few hours. When it comes down to it, tour is about having fun and trying to get through to a certain amount of people. But as far as really building community, it's not much of a community builder, because you're constantly moving.
Matt: But I think it's building a network.
Pat: Yeah, spreading ideas.
Phil: But as far as community building, that's not gonna be a main purpose. You can spread ideas, you can help networking, but I wouldn't say trying to build community is our main reason for going out. My main reasons are that it's fun, I love meeting people across the county. I love getting our message out to the handful of people that we can. That's amazing to me. But at the same time, as far as the option of touring more year-round, it's not something I would personally want to do. I'd rather go out and tour to refresh myself, to see what's going on around the country and building something really meaningful at home, more of a community type thing.
Matt: It shouldn't be the purpose be all end-all, 'cause then what are you really doing? You can't build community 'cause you're not there. Just like traveling around constantly. I think the most important thing we can do as people is to just build community where you live and to do things locally. That's why I think touring half the year or more than that or whatever, is not a good idea.
Pat: For us.
Matt: Yeah, for us.
Pat: Yeah, I don't want this to come off as "bands shouldn't tour, they should try to build community." That would be nice, but not every band can do that or wants to do that.

MRR: Getting back to the guy with the American flag, I would assume that when you guys go out on tour that most of what you try to play are DIY spaces…
Matt: We get what we get, honestly.
Pat: Even if we had a choice, I don't know if I would always prefer to play DIY shows. I mean, it depends on what you classify as being a DIY show, but if we play a basement or to people who already believe in DIY ethics, that's great. But at the same time when you're singing about something you feel strongly about, getting the message out, playing in front of people who basically have the same thought process as you or agree about a lot of the things, that's cool and all, but it's also very important to play to people who may not have been introduced to those ideas yet. Maybe that guy with the American flag just never got introduced to those ideas yet. In terms of playing DIY shows or not, it's not that important to me. I don't know about anyone else, but I think it can be bad when you're always playing to the people who have the same ideals as you do.
Matt: But even at so-called DIY shows, not everyone has the same thoughts about things.
Pat: Yeah, I mean even at DIY shows, I am sure that there are people who haven't even heard those concepts before. I mean, we played that one show, it was in a basement and there were those girls that came up to us and said it really meant a lot to them that we played that song "Sausage Party" *[Discussed later in the interview].* It meant a lot to them cause they had never heard a male talk about that type of thing before. That was at a DIY show but there are a lot of people who don't go to so called DIY shows who I am sure would have had the same reaction as those people did.
MRR: Well, let's talk about DIY then.
Pat sighs
MRR: OK, Pat, we won't!
Pat: No, it's just that I hate it when people try to say what is DIY and what is not.
MRR: I haven't even asked the question yet!
Pat: Fine.
MRR: II was curious about what the DIY ethic is for you guys? A lot of people throw out that term and I am interested to know how you define it—what it is and why it's important. It is something you guys talk about a lot so I think it's important to explain what you mean by it.
Phil: Basically what DIY means is to create something meaningful, something that hasn't been handed to you by commercialism, mass media, and whatnot. Something we can all create ourselves, that we can all be involved with. Not just the chosen few. It's something that everyone can truly be a part of as they wish in their own creative way. It's not supposed to be defined or supposed to be exactly one thing or another. But it's something we all define ourselves and something we all create ourselves—whether it be through music or through whatever other means. That's basically what it means to me.
Pat: As far as why I have a problem with it, when you asked the question, we basically all have all different concepts of what DIY means but to say can you define things, I'm not a big fan of labels, 'cause once you create labels it separates people. I mean, I know that when you're a band singing about, like, what we sing about, you can't be about nothing. You can't be wishy-washy in the middle. If you're gonna sing about it, stand by it. But as far as what things mean or what the definition is, you basically have to come up with your own definition. I hate it when people say "oh, if I'm not DIY, I'm not part of that clique." I'm not a part of that…
Matt: You can't be DIY, that's the thing. But it has to be something. DIY has to be something. To me, I guess one of the most important parts about it, like I said about punk, is that it's a rebellion. It's like, people aren't doing these things for us, people aren't handing things to us, we're doing them ourselves. People misconstrue it. I've heard people say "oh, I went to the store and I bought things myself, that's DIY." You know, obviously that's not what we're talking about. I think that's one problem with the term DIY, in that you really mean "do it together." Do it with your group of friends, do it with the community. And do it 'cause you love it.
Mike: Getting back to what we were saying earlier about being opposed to making punk a

novelty and how punk is being bought and sold by the mainstream, DIY, for us as a band, is kind of like saying "we're not going to be bought out, we're not gonna try to make our band a novelty for people to buy." It's kind of more about how we're doing this because we love doing this and because we love sharing this with our friends and we love playing to our friends, rather than stadiums.

Matt: Or people who are going to be our friends.

MRR: I'm always curious about bands being able to retain those values and how you feel about that—the future. And to use a really lame example, what if a big label offered you a contract?

Phil: A big label to me exists mostly to make a lot of money. Maybe some of those labels like the bands they have, but some companies really like the products they put out. A lot of labels exist to make money and I don't think this band exists to make money. It exists to me for different reasons. As far as what a bigger label would have to offer us—nothing. Honestly, I don't see much. Maybe a name. Maybe help book tours a little better. But honestly it's not worth it. Through it all, through the pain in the ass of booking tours, it works out. And you meet people in the settings we get into on tour and that's amazing to me. A label doesn't really have anything big to offer us. The option of making money just honestly never seemed like a big thing to me. I have a job and I can make money that way. I'd rather not make what I love doing into a fucking job.

MRR: Can one of you explain what "Biggest Sausage Party Ever" is about?

Phil: I can start off. The Biggest Sausage Party in the World.

Laughter from all except Phil

Mike: *Ever*!

Matt: The Biggest Sausage Party *Ever*!

MRR: I'm the rock journalist. I got the title right, you got it wrong.

Phil: A bunch of dudes sitting around the table…

Pat: No, a bunch of dudes who can't fucking remember things, like the names of their songs or their ages.

Phil: Basically, the song is about creating spaces where everyone can feel comfortable, in this case focusing on the lack of female involvement in the punk/hardcore/DIY scene. Basically how we should be conscious of the privilege we've been given and conscious of the situations we're in and how everything's not alright. And how if you go to a show and you see the gender ratio of bands and it's not 50%, if half the people in the crowd, in the bands, aren't female, then something's off somewhere.

Matt: And that it's not the women's fault, as some people might say. I think a lot of it falls on guys, 'cause of how we were brought up or how sometimes you go to a show and you hear guys saying things like "oh she's a bitch," or something like that. Guys turn it, very often in punk and hardcore, into a very macho environment. And it's about how that's a problem and that's not OK and that we need to recognize how we contribute to that. I've been socialized just the same as every other guy and I have internalized sexism just as everyone else does and I need to be honest with myself about stuff like that and how we need to make a conscious effort to get rid of it, which is not always the easiest thing.

Phil: And to support the female struggle in any way we can.

Matt: Yeah, and how it's really inspiring to see more women at shows and more women in bands and how I think that's fucking awesome.

Phil: I don't imagine it being an easy thing, just going to shows your whole life and only seeing a bunch of guys singing on the stage about how their girlfriend fucked them over or something, or about how girls are the enemy. And I think it's awesome that women can break that barrier. I think it's really inspiring.

MRR: I think that there sometimes exists a mentality in the punk scene that if we write a song about something, that things are going to get better or if we sing along to a certain song, it makes us feel good about ourselves. How do you break away from that mentality with this, specifically with dealing with gender issues in the punk/hardcore scene? I guess speaking as guys or whatever, how do we take that further than a song? How do you guys take it further than a song and into a reality of actually trying to improve things?

Pat: Like, here on Long Island a lot of the booking collectives are trying to book shows that involve more bands that involve girls or bands that sing about certain things. More what a band is about than just how their music sounds. More than how many people this band is gonna draw—what does this band sing about, what do they represent, or who's in this band? As far as more "what can you do" type stuff and the way we sing about it, sure it's a pat on the back or maybe we did something good by singing about the female struggle in punk and hardcore, but at the same time even singing any song, you're getting ideas out there that may not be present. Like we talked about before, when you're singing about anything you're expressing ideas to a group of people and it's helpful if it's a positive one. Maybe people will realize that things are messed up. So for us, maybe it's like hey, we did something good, but it's also might make someone else think that this is messed up and maybe I should do something about it and instead of just like going to shows and being OK with things.

Phil: Especially since what I feel like we're trying to do is build an alternative to what the mainstream has presented us and within the mainstream, women's issues are suppressed and marginalized. If we're going to be build an alternative to that, let's focus on feminism and women's issues and empowerment to women. And I think it's important that we focus on an environment where it's not just a group of guys sitting in the front fucking finger-pointing. I think we need to be conscious of it and do our best to create an atmosphere of respect, where people can feel comfortable.

Matt: Like not having macho dancing, where people feel psychically threatened or trying to steer away from sexist language or sexist ways of thought. Just making an attempt to do those types of things.

Mike: I think that by playing the song at a show or explaining the song before we play it at a show, where there may be people who have the mentality of "women have their place" or have a macho mentality, if they hear this positive message that that shouldn't be the way you're thinking, that you shouldn't feel that you have the right to oppress other people based on their gender. I mean, if it changes one person's mind, even if it makes them think about it, that's a good thing.

Pat: It's not just about us telling other guys that they're wrong. It's also about how it's in all of us. How internalized sexism is in all guys. And it's also about helping a girl to say "you know what, I don't have to sit in the back, I don't need to go to a show and feel uncomfortable." It's not just a song going out to guys, it's going out to everyone to make people realize this should be a place where people can feel comfortable.

MRR: Your lyrics, in very direct ways, talk about Long Island DIY as an amazing place and you reference it a lot and I'm hoping you guys could talk about the scene on Long Island and talk about why it has an importance in what you're doing.

Matt: I've grown up on Long Island and have been going to shows for I guess like three or four years and Long Island is, as far as geographically and living, is a horrid, crappy place. It's a lot of malls, you need a car to get everywhere, people live far away from each other...

Mike: And rent is fucking expensive.

Matt: But as far as what's been going on the past few years, I think really good things have been going on. We've been building a community. All the kids and all the bands and stuff and I think it's something that's really good. There's been shows in basements and there's been shows in community centers. But because it's really hard to live here, as far as paying rent goes and having to have a car, people end up leaving and going other places. The reason I mention it so much is because I love Long Island and the scene here and I think as long as we attempt to make things better, that then it can get better. I think building community and building stuff locally is one of the most important and most effective things you can do. And I think that why I sing about it so much is because it's something that I want to try and do. I've talked to people who have come to Long Island who have said "there's a real sense of community here." Not to say that we're amazing and that other places aren't but I just think we have something good going on and people who come to Long Island from outside can notice it.

Phil: Not to say that we don't have our faults.

Matt: Oh, we absolutely have our faults. It's still mainly guys. It's almost all white kids.

Phil: But as far as its importance, it gives me a sense of belonging I've gotten nowhere else. As far as the potential of what it can be, as Matt said, people move away and it's always hard to make something truly sustainable. But I guess it just comes down to people having to make the effort towards not having it be a thing where every couple years it dies down and comes back. It's gonna keep doing that until we really decide to make the effort to make Long Island where we need to be, where we need to organize, where we need to get something done. Whether it be in activism, whether it be in the community.

MRR: What's next for Latterman?

Phil: We're writing new songs.

Matt: Going on tour again.

Mike: Late December through early January, probably down the East Coast.

Matt: Next summer, another tour, hopefully out to California.

TRAVIS CUT

For the last ten years, London's Travis Cut has been at the very fore of the UK Punk scene. They specialize in high-energy, melodic Punk, taking Buzzcocks' harmonies and playing them with the power and pace of Husker Du. Not content with being a mere "band," guitarist/vocalist Chris is also responsible for the country's latest DIY label the already highly regarded Firefly Records. Firefly has just released the band's third and most accomplished album, *Shambles*. This interview took place with Chris during August/September 2002.
Interview by Steve Scanner.

MRR: OK Chris, for those that may not know the band, give us the usual history bit; when and where you formed, why you got together, how you all met, your original influences, and previous bands of note.

Chris: I used to hang around Harlow Square, a venue just outside London, where Mac was the promoter. We became mates over our shared love of Husker Du and Arsenal. My previous band was just splitting up and Mac hadn't been in band for a while. He had previously been in the last live line-up of the Neurotics, then in Steve Drewett's band after that, The Indestructible Beat. We waited until the drummer (Alex) we wanted was available and got a set together in double quick time. At the time, we just wanted to play fast, loud, melodic hardcore. I was probably listening to a lot of Big Drill Car and other SST stuff at the time. Within about three months of our first practice we had played our first show with DOA, this was November 1993, and were heading out on tour with Down By Law.

MRR: Did you have any goals or ambitions when you first started? Did you ever consider at the first band practice that in another ten years you'd still be playing in Travis Cut?

Chris: Fuck no! At the time, all I really wanted to do was put a 7" out. Ten years ago, getting a record out seemed to be a much bigger deal than it is these days. Really, it's all been downhill since we put out *Waking Hours*!

MRR: You've recently released your third full album, *Shambles*. Are you happy with it in hindsight? Is there anything you would change, given the opportunity?

Chris: I'm totally happy with it, the songs are strong and it sounds pretty damn good; plus, the sleeve that our friend Chris did is awesome! Other than that, as with all our records, the only disappointment was, it taking about a year to come out after we finished recording it, due to record label hassles. Sometimes, I think half the reason we are still going is because of our dream of one day putting out an album that is stress free!

MRR: What is the deal with Them's Good Records? They released your singles compilation *Another Day, Another Drummer*, and they are involved in some way with this album too. How did you originally hook up with them? Do you feel they have given you the backing that you deserve?

Chris: Them's Good are an offshoot of a well-established indie label that specializes in electronica and ambient stuff. They wanted to start a punk offshoot, so they signed Goober Patrol (licensing all the records to Fat), after that they got together a pretty good roster of bands, Otherwise, Vanilla Pod. No sooner had they done so, and put out our CD, that they seemed to lose interest in the whole punk thing and just sort of stopped the label. They however had paid for the recording of *Shambles,* and it took a few months negotiations to agree to a deal with them about letting us release it as a co-release on

Firefly. Them's Good could have been a good label, I like the guy who runs it, but their hearts weren't really in it.

MRR: If we can just talk about a few tracks on the album, starting with "All My Friends Are Losers." Is this a cynical take on the "loser-punk" mentality? Or is this a serious perspective on punk being a scene for dropouts and losers in general?

Chris: It's not really specific to the "punk scene," it's just that most of the people in my social circle are pretty much going nowhere, myself included. I work a boring, but flexible office job, *but* there seems to be a general level of acceptance about that I'm sure plenty of more career minded types would view that attitude as wrong. The song is more of a tribute to anti-careerism!

MRR: What about "Nothing Left To Give?" There are some tortured lyrics in that song concerning "better days where no one died. Days where I drunk for fun and not to kill the pain inside." This is obviously about a close personal friend or partner, yeah?

Chris: It's just about a friend of mine who died in a car crash a couple of years ago. I traveled across the US for a couple of months a few summer's ago, a few weeks after I got back, I was in a pub and a friend of mine came in, he assumed I knew about our mutual friend and just mentioned his death in passing, which made the shock even greater. Obviously, the older you get the more stuff like that happens, but it never gets easier.

MRR: Many of your lyrics seem to be written from a personal point of view, focusing very much on the relationship kind of deal. Is that something you'd agree with? Have you ever considered writing something more topical, political, or socially relevant?

Chris: Believe me, I have tried writing about politics and stuff like that, and it's always turned out *disastrously*! I think most of the stuff that Mac and I come up with is personal, but not always relationship based. What can you do!

MRR: There was a four-year delay between the new album and the previous *Seventh Inning Stretch* release, why was that? You had some drummer problems long ago, was this delay a continuation of those?

Chris: Everything gets delayed in our world lack of a drummer, lack of money, label problems, work, everything gets in the way to some point. Between those two records, we had four different drummers! We did release a fair amount of singles and comp tracks during that time the compilation of those songs, *Another Day, Another Drummer,* came out and we managed to tour, including getting over to Japan, so it wasn't as if we were totally inactive.

MRR: How much of a progression do you consider the new album to be compared with the previous? Do you feel you're at a different place musically after such a long hiatus from the studio?

Chris: I just think we've got better over the years in terms of songwriting and playing, though I am still a useless guitarist! Tony is also the best drummer we've had in every aspect and I think that makes a *massive* difference (*plus*, he owns a van!). Our songs aren't rocket science they still pretty much go intro, verse, chorus, verse, chorus, middle eight, chorus, end I think it's too late for us old dogs to learn any new tricks in that department! We're not about to play a jazz exploration to a festival crowd!

MRR: Thankfully! Now, going back, did you not do some recording with Down By Law's main man Dave Smalley? How did you get involved in working with him and how was it? What did he teach you about the process of recording?

Chris: As I said earlier, one of our first tours was with Down By Law. We all got along and Dave mentioned he'd be interested in producing us, what he wasn't expecting was for us to take him up on his offer. I think we already knew our way around recording studios at this point, but Dave and Don Zientara worked really hard to get everything down in the relatively short time span we had to record the album. They made the whole thing as pleasurable as possible, despite a number of obstacles.

MRR: Who else did you meet in DC? I heard that you blew up the amp of Brian Baker (Minor Threat/ Dag Nasty/ Bad Religion). Is that true? How did he feel about that?

Chris: Yeah, it blew up in a puff of acrid smoke on a Friday afternoon. Mr. Smalley and I tried to fix it the next day, and we thought we'd cracked it. When we plugged it in again on Monday morning, it blew again, so we had to ring him and own up. He just replied with something like "Hey, I'm in Bad Religion, I've got loads of amps! I'll get my man to fix it!" He came in later that day to record two guitar tracks for us! Other than that, we met Guy from Fugazi, J Robbins, and one or two others. Mac went to the Dischord house, but I was doing something else.

MRR: You've played several shows abroad including Europe and Japan, how did you find those?

Chris: It's universally known that bands get treated better in Europe (on the whole) than they do in the UK. We've had hotels, all the beer we could drink, and two meals, *but* lots of these venues are heavily subsidized by governments and councils that actually give a shit about promoting music! Over here, people are pretty much on their own. I am involved in a gig collective in London (Rude To Stare) that attempts to make sure the bands are always fed, watered and paid, but most importantly that they have a good time, more along the European model. As for Japan, well, it doesn't get much better than being on the other side of the world, playing to a packed venue of people, half of whom are trying to sing along in a language they don't speak! That was the best two weeks of being in the band probably even with huge overnight drives, stifling humidity and the language barrier, it was awesome and everyone that met us and helped us out we still owe a debt to today for giving us that experience!

MRR: Just describe what you feel a Travis Cut show is like. Do you think you are an energetic band? Do you ever play any covers?

Chris: Short and loud! We always start off energetically and start flagging after about twenty minutes, but then, we are getting on in age! We've been playing the same Ruts and Senseless Things covers since the Ice Age, we're currently in the process of learning a couple of new covers!

MRR: What are your views on the "Holidays In The Sun" shows? Have you ever been asked to play at one? Would you

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ever consider playing one?
Chris: We've never been asked, but I'd happily do it once, as I think it would be quite a laugh. This year it seems to have tried to include a whole batch of newer bands anyway, so it wasn't quite the old school graveyard it usually is.

MRR: Over the last year or so, you have started and rapidly built a great reputation for your own label, Firefly Records. Why did you feel the need to start your own label?
Chris: I started the label in November 2000 because it was something I had wanted to do for a few years. Travis Cut has dealt with a *lot* of labels all around the world, some good, some hopeless. What we never really had was a label that really tried to help us, they'd put the record out and that was it. The idea with Firefly was to try to do things properly have a decent amount of promos sent out, help out with booking tours, place adverts, get decent distribution which I think we have done so far.

MRR: What do you look for when deciding what bands you wish to release on the label? Do you have any guidelines on what you consider worthy of release?
Chris: On the whole, I like to work with bands I have already met and think will be cool people to deal with. Something I really like about what we have done so far is that all the bands know each other, get along and there's a real community/family feel, which is something I would like to continue if possible. Other than that, the main factor is whether we like the music or not.

MRR: Is there one band that you are desperate to release something by? If so, why? Conversely, is there anything you have released, that you wish you hadn't?
Chris: There's nobody I'd sell my soul to release, short of Husker Du wanting to reform to put a record out through us! I was pretty happy to work with Gameface, but I'm equally happy seeing bands like Kids Near Water and Copperpot Journals grow in size and get the attention they deserve, partly due to our hard work. We've only done fourteen releases, so it's a bit early to start regretting any of them just yet!

MRR: Going back sometime, you used to do another label too, Incoming. What happened to that and why didn't you carry on releasing records under that moniker instead of Firefly?
Chris: Incoming was Mac's and my label. This was going to just be a solo venture, so it didn't feel right to use the same name.

MRR: Coming off music for a bit, how did you spend the Queen's 50th Jubilee weekend? What are you views on the Monarchy in general antiquated tradition of no worth in today's climate or essential part of British history? Does the UK need one even? Would you rather us be a state governed by a President, as in America?
Chris: For the Jubilee, my girlfriend and I borrowed her parent's house by the coast, as they'd gone on holiday. A bunch of us went down and ignored it all by hanging out on the beach and watching the World Cup! Personally, I wouldn't class myself as an anti-monarchist, as they have little bearing on my life. If US and Japanese tourists want to come over and stand outside Buck House, then who I am to deny them! If the alternative is a Republic headed by someone like then Tony Blair, then I hope that never happens!

MRR: You're football fans too, I understand. What did you make of the World Cup tournament? What did you think of the performance of the United States team? Have you not got an obsession with baseball too?
Chris: As with most major tournaments, the first couple of weeks were great, three matches a day and plenty of shock results. I was totally into watching the games in the morning. It kind of petered out towards the end though. Once England got knocked out, there was a decrease in interest as well. I thought the US did pretty well, and it was a shame that their performances weren't rewarded with a greater interest in their own country. I wouldn't say I'm obsessed with baseball, but I do try to go to a game whenever I'm in America.

MRR: You've been actively involved in the UK Punk scene for some time now. What changes, both positive and negative have you witnessed over the years?
Chris: I've been thinking about this a lot recently, especially when I've been talking to some old friends, like members of bands like Skimmer, Shutdown and Chopper. When we started, there were only a few bands doing what we were doing, it genuinely was a supportive and friendly scene. These days though, with the mainstreaming of "punk," what we are seeing are hundreds of bands forming, all with the intention of being the next Blink 182 or Sum 41. Things like MTV2 and Kerrang TV mean that bands can come from nowhere and sellout huge London venues. Bands are getting all jealous and petty if they're not getting features in the mainstream rock press. Most of these bands put nothing in and expect everything out they're not putting on shows, doing zines. I am hoping the DIY scene will be a strong and positive force, but the boundaries are getting so blurred now that I am questioning more and more if I want to stay involved. Too many bands are using the DIY scene as an attempted stepping stone to major labels and not as a genuine alternative to all that bullshit.

MRR: So, what does the future hold for the band and the label; any tours coming up, new releases etc? Have you even thought about working on the next album yet?
Chris: The label has five releases lined up which will take us up to January 2003. Travis Cut is writing songs for the next album now and we'll be recording around the end of January as well. This record will be coming out on our friend Aston's Boss Tuneage label. Next year, we aim to either do a few weeks in Europe or a second tour of Japan.

MRR: Anything you want to add, tell us about, or crack us up in a fit of laughter?
Chris Thanks for reading. Please check out the website.

THE PHENOMENAUTS

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, a band of singing Space Cowboys embarked upon a journey. After countless clashes with Space Spores, Space Spies and other enemies they have returned to Earth to delight audiences with Rocket Roll and a live show that cannot be decently described in these pages. I got a chance to ask a few questions in their Phenom-a-bomb tour van/ ship before they played the Gilman St. Punk Prom. Ladies and Gentlemen; the PHENOMENAUTS! -Bobby Manic

MRR: Why don't we start with who you are and what you play?
Commander Angel Nova: I'm Commander Angel Nova.
MRR: You don't have to do the voice.
Commander Angel Nova: Oh, well, what about the characters?
MRR: Ok, you can do the voice.
Captain Chreehos: The voice isn't going to come through.
Commander Angel Nova: Italicized. Anyway, I'm Commander Angel Nova.
Captain Chreehos: I'm Captain Chreehos.
Corporal Joebot: I'm Commander Joebot.
Captain Chreehos: No. you're not! You aren't that high ranked!
Corporal Joebot: Ok, I'm Corporal Joebot.
Major Jimmy Boom: And I'm Major Jimmy Boom. We are a space band; The Phenomenauts. A long time ago in a far, far galaxy, we started a band called Space Patrol which landed us in space and nowhere. So, we reformed and did some tweaking of different sorts and boom-badda-bing... we became the Phenomenauts.
MRR: And what is your mission?
Commander Angel Nova: To spread Rocket Roll and use Rocket Roll to defend the galaxy against injustice.
Captain Chreehos: We are a local band here on earth.
Corporal Joebot: From Earth City.
MRR: I'm under the impression that Joebot is not human.
Captain Chreehos: No, he's a robot.
MRR: How did you guys acquire Joebot?
Captain Chreehos: He's really just a prototype. There is a lot of malfunctions.
Commander Angel Nova: His obsessive, compulsive chip has a disorder..
Corporal Joebot: I'm superior to humans in every way. I'm always right and I know everything.
Captain Chreehos: He's 'alwaysî right, uh-huh.
Major Jimmy Boom: He hasn't been the same since that toaster incident.
Commander Angel Nova: Yeah, we caught him with that, and we'll say no more.
Major Jimmy Boom: He likes those toasters and pinball games, anything that has a slot.
MRR: Now, there's a fifth member of the band, right? Cadet Orbit the Trusty K-9?.
Commander Angel Nova: There's Cadet Orbit and there's also Chief Cadet Greg.
Major Jimmy Boom: See, what you have to understand is everybody is a cadet. Everybody is a Phenomenaut. We just happen to be the Phenomenauts core musicians. You could be a Cadet.
Corporal Joebot: Someday all!!! Yeah!!
MRR: Your brand of Rocket Roll sounds a little bit like rockabilly only less pretentious and fun. I noticed that you guys play a lot more with garage and party bands.

Corporal Joebot: Because they are fun to play with.
Commander Angel Nova: Well, we can't admit that we are less pretentious because that would be more pretentious and then we would be in that whole catch 22 so we can't answer that question.
Captain Chreehos: He's trying to trick us.
Commander Angel Nova: He is. Yes, we are a lot less pretentious and much cooler too.
Major Jimmy Boom: Our sound mixes.
Captain Chreehos: We have a little bit of a garage sound too. We are the chameleon band, we can play anywhere.
Corporal Joebot: We can play for a barmitzvas.
Captain Chreehos: Yes, but we haven't done that yet.
Corporal Joebot: What is the craziest story that you guys, oh wait…
Captain Chreehos: Hey, who's the interviewer here.
Commander Angel Nova: Shut him up or shut him down.
Captain Chreehos: Basically we are not rockabilly enough to be on a rockabilly show.
Major Jimmy Boom: So basically, we tend to fit better with punk rock and garage bands more so than rockabilly bands.
Commander Angel Nova: We do play with some rockabilly bands but we're not…
Corporal Joebot: We play ska stuff too.
Commander Angel Nova: We do not play ska stuff. We do play with ska bands. We play with all sorts of bands.
Captain Chreehos: We play with just about anybody.
Commander Angel Nova: We play with anybody because we're not pretentious and so cool.
Major Jimmy Boom: I remember that old lady on the Casio that opened up that one time.
Corporal Joebot: Oh yeah, she rocked.
Major Jimmy Boom: About 95 years old. Strange people doing strange things.
Commander Angel Nova: We have a good time. We played with brass and rhythm core bands. We'll play anywhere.
Corporal Joebot: We stole their posters. They had these posters. They were so loud, it was the loud music symposium.
Captain Chreehos: So, what about the posters?
Corporal Joebot: When you walk in it says…
Commander Angel Nova: SHHHHHH, don't tell him that. We don't steal.
Corporal Joebot: 'Before entering, shield earsî or, what did it say?
Captain Chreehos: It said Johnson's ear guards, guard you ears!!!!!!
Commander Angel Nova: No, it said "Earplugs must be worn or you have to have your hands over your ears." That's how loud it was.
Major Jimmy Boom: We play anywhere, we do play in the street.
Commander Angel Nova: We call them commando shows where we play on the street. Outside of real band's shows.
Corporal Joebot: Chreehos got arrested and thrown in jail.
Captain Chreehos: I didn't get arrested or thrown in jail.
MRR: You guys played Marc Rock N' Roll Adventure Kid's ice cream social, right?
Phenomenauts: Yeah
MRR: How did that treat you?
Commander Angel Nova: That was one of the funniest shows that we've played. We play peoples parties all the time.
Major Jimmy Boom: Yeah, we like parties.
Corporal Joebot: I can't believe how many people lived at that place. It was like 60 people or something?
Captain Chreehos: 400
Corporal Joebot: 400?
Commander Angel Nova: Thousand, Four hundred thousand.
MRR: But only 60 of them came down to see you.
Commander Angel Nova: Yeah, what a dud show that was.
Corporal Joebot: We play no less than 155,000 people per night per gig.
Major Jimmy Boom: We were hoping to play with the Rock N' Roll Adventure Kid's here for their CD release party.
Corporal Joebot: I saw Carlos here. Is he here?
MRR: Yeah, he's my band-mate.
Commander Angel Nova: Oh really, he's a good man.
MRR: He can be.
Commander Angel Nova: Oh
MRR: When he obeys. So, what kind of bills do like to be on most? Like, what do you feel most comfortable with?
Captain Chreehos: Parties or naked girl ones.
Corporal Joebot: $100 bills.
MRR: Have you guys played Stinky's show yet?
Commander Angel Nova: No
Major Jimmy Boom: We'd love to.
Corporal Joebot: They used to have that at the Covered Wagon Saloon, right? Now they have it at the Justice League. Angel made me steal speakers one time.
Commander Angel Nova: No, I didn't.
Corporal Joebot: It's true, you did.
Everyone: No, he didn't!
Corporal Joebot: Uh huh.
Captain Chreehos: This is on the record! We don't wanna talk about crime! Because after crime comes punishment!
Commander Angel Nova: Hey man! What if some kid reads this and goes, it's cool to steal because Joebot does it and he's the coolest!!
Corporal Joebot: Uh huh, and that's how we the speakers we got now in the van. "Joebot why don't you go and just clip those speakers off?"
Commander Angle Nova: We were just trying to get you out of the car. We are actually very nice people. We don't steal.
Corporal Joebot: And that's how we got five speakers in the van.
Major Jimmy Boom: We would never do anything like that.
Corporal Joebot: See! There they are drive in speakers!
Commander Angel Nova: It was the last night, they were closing down, we didn't steal nothin'!Corporal Joebot: And that was the night Chreehos went to jail. For murder!
MRR: You guys have an album out, *Rockets and Robots*.
Commander Angel Nova: Yup, brand new. Recorded in the dead of winter.
MRR: Where did you guys record it?
Captain Chreehos: Dead of winter.
Commander Angel Nova: Phenomenaut Command Center Beta, in Richmond.
Major Jimmy Boom: Which is our base.
Corporal Joebot: We were going to record it at Expressions for New Media originally but it was just so hard to schedule in all that stuff and so we just did it ourselves.
Major Jimmy Boom: And it came out pretty good for us doing everything our selves. Recording, mixing…
Captain Chreehos: We did it all ourselves. Colonel Reehotch, us, and my roommate Chad.
Commander Angel Nova: …and Cadet Phil James
Captain Chreehos: Cadet Phil "Spector" James.
Corporal Joebot: Yeah, Phil mixed it.
MRR: It came out real well, I thought you guys actually might have recorded at Expressions, How many tracks did you guys have?
Major Jimmy Boom: It's on a little 16 track that we have at our house, but we hooked it up to a computer.
Corporal Joebot: Computers are friendly!
Commander Angel Nova: We ran it through an analog processor to make it sound better…
Major Jimmy Boom: Then we stayed up for four days at the end just listening to it over and over and over. And by the last time we listened to it, it actually sounded pretty good.
Corporal Joebot: Can I have some of that water Angel? I'm really thirsty.
MRR: A lot of your songs are about you guys being space spies, but I thought you were space rangers.
Corporal Joebot: No way! I'm the spy!
(laughter)
Captain Chreehos: You're what?
Corporal Joebot: I mean… never mind.
Commander Angel Nova: There's a song from the perspective of a spy who is spying on the Phenomenauts. But that isn't really about us.
Corporal Joebot: I didn't actually know what it meant until afterwards and I was like, "Yeah, that makes a lot of sense."
(*ed: let it be known that Joebot sings the song in question*)
Commander Angel Nova: For every lie you tell I'm going to wait ten more minutes before giving you this water.
Corporal Joebot: C'mon just gimme some water! Please!
Commander Angel Nova: I'm sorry. Ill give it to you in eighty minutes.
(laughter)
Corporal Joebot: Angel's pissed! Why'd you say that? That looks really dumb!!
Captain Chreehos: The eighty minute drink.
MRR: You guys covered my favorite Marty Robbins song, "Big Iron," but you guys threw some new words in there.
Corporal Joebot: We call it "Big Irons."
MRR: What kind of Irons do you guys pack?
Major Jimmy Boom: They're blasters really.
Commander Angel Nova: There's a guy who's our arch-nemesis, Neptune Ted, and that song is about him.
Corporal Joebot: And it's all true.
MRR: Are you guys worried about Neptune Ted coming out tonight and ruining Gilman Street's Punk Prom?
Major Jimmy Boom: You know, I really hope not. I hear he frequents Berkeley a lot.
Corporal Joebot: Yeah, Neptune Ted wants to slash our tires, but we won't let him.
Commander Angel Nova: He's just that brave.
Corporal Joebot: He's brave enough to slash our tires when we're not looking.
Major Jimmy Boom: You don't want a piece of that guy though.
MRR: I thought you guys put him to rest with that devilish game of foosball.
Corporal Joebot: Yeah, with space foosball. He's a spore though.
Commander Angel Nova: Well yeah, he comes back.
Captain Chreehos: You can only kill off part of him.
MRR: The last song on the album, "10,000 Light Years," is more or less an acoustic song, do you have any plans to do any more recordings like that?
Commander Angel Nova: I don't know, we just got all boozed up.
Captain Chreehos: We did it all in one take, it wasn't multi-tracked or anything.
Major Jimmy Boom: We actually did do more than one take, that was the last take we did and that the most boozed up we got. We'd take a shot, play the

song then take another shot and play it again. By the fifth shot we were pretty loose.
Commander Angel Nova: Spice Space Rum.
Captain Chreehos: I guess we just lost our straight edge following…
MRR: Like they matter.
Major Jimmy Boom: We might get drunk and do more songs like that.
Captain Chreehos: It's fun to do, but yeah we started out with accordions and guit-anjos, and other various acoustic instruments.
MRR: What is a "guit-anjo?"
Major Jimmy Boom: It's kind of a guitar/ banjo hybrid that we made out of an old snare drum and guitar neck. We had a ukulele. But we are

always a little acoustic, both of our guitar players do play hallow body guitars and Chreehos plays a stand up bass.
Captain Chreehos: And Jimmy's drums are 100% acoustic.
Major Jimmy Boom: And when we do need electricity when we play out on the street we use a car battery. We're not Paul Simon acoustic, but we are acoustic sometimes.
Corporal Joebot: It's really hard to focus with all of these fans rocking the tour bus back and fourth.
Everyone: Laughter!
(*ed: a bunch of over zealous Punk Promers were having a water balloon fight out side of the van*).
Commander Angel Nova: Hey, Jimmy close up that starboard hatch.
MRR: You guys have a very fun sound, where do you draw your influences from?
Corporal Joebot: Musicals manly… wait, no…
Captain Chreehos: You are never getting that water, Joe.
Commander Angel Nova: A hundred and ten minutes.
Captain Chreehos: No you said a hundred and twenty minutes.
Major Jimmy Boom: Kind of every thing.
Commander Angel Nova: The Kinks, Marty Robbins…
Corporal Joebot: I like a lot of 80's music.
Captain Chreehos: Johnny Cash, the Ventures, the Misfits.
Corporal Joebot: (singing) I was turned in to an alien!
Captain Chreehos: That's right Joe.
Everyone: Laughter!
(water balloons begin to hit the ship)
Corporal Joebot: Hey!!
Commander Angel Nova: Don't worry the shields will hold.
Captain Chreehos: We're down to 98% but we should be okay.
Corporal Joebot: We're all over the place as far as influences… damn these punk rockers.
MRR: Is it safe to say you guys are a combination of Buck Rogers and Buck Owens?
Everyone: Laughter!
Commander Angel Nova: That's witty.
Major Jimmy Boom: We may have to use that.

Corporal Joebot: I always try to think of catch phrases for when people ask us what we sound like; 50s New Wave, or Futuristic Galactic… uh… what was it that we used to call it?
MRR: Are we under attack?
Captain Chreehos: No the shields will hold.
MRR: Any final words?
(everyone looks at Joebot)
Commander Angel Nova (to Joebot): It's okay they don't have to be true.
Everyone: Laughter!
Corporal Joebot: Na-na-nar-nar-nar!
Everyone: Laughter!
MRR: How do you spell that?
Corporal Joebot: I'm writing these books.
Everyone: oh, no!
Captain Chreehos: Don't talk about that. You can't those kind of words.
Corporal Joebot: I have profane books that I'm writing.
Major Jimmy Boom: We have a CD, buttons…
Captain Chreehos: …and we will have a new movie out before the turn of the century.
Commander Angel Nova: …and go visit our web site but don't complain about it to us, we know it sucks.
Contact:
www.phenomenauts.com or phenomenauts@hotmail.com

PRETTY little FLOWER

Interview by Chris Bland.

Pretty Little Flower, is a politically oriented grind/thrash unit from Houston, Texas. Watch out for the new PLF split LP on Rescued From Life Records.

MRR - OKAY, LET'S START WITH WHO'S IN THE BAND AND WHAT DO YOU PLAY?

Dave - I guess I'll start. I'm Dave, I play guitar and do vocals.

Frank - I'm Frank, I do drums and a little bit of backing vocals.

Sean - I'm Sean and I only play bass. They don't let me sing.

MRR - HOW DID YOU GET THE NAME "PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER", AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Frank - How did I know you were gonna ask that?

Dave - I guess, when PLF was first formed it was Frank and Jeff, our old bass player who isn't in the band anymore. They didn't know what to call the project, and they were just kind-of jammin' on it when I suggested Pretty Little Flower 'cause it was the wimpiest possible name I could think of. And of coarse I didn't know I was cursed, 'cause I ended up joining the band and now we're stuck with this shitty-ass name.

MRR - I THINK IT'S FUCKING INCREDIBLE, BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T MENTION THE STYLE OF MUSIC YOU PLAY, AND YOU PLAY THIS CRAZY FUCKING POLITICAL GRIND THRASH AND YOU'VE GOT THIS TOTALLY OFF-THE-WALL NAME, AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY THAT IT WAS INTENDED TO BREAK A STEREOTYPE OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. THAT'S TOTALLY THE IMAGE THAT I GOT WHEN I THOUGHT WHY WOULD A BAND LIKE THIS HAVE A NAME LIKE THAT.

Frank - We were just driving down the street and we were like, "What are we gonna call the band?", and Dave was like, "Pretty Little Flower", and were just like, "Okay", and it kind-of just stuck.

Dave - It was nothing as poignant as you suggested, but maybe we should start telling people that.

Sean - And it also works out 'cause we can always change the words 'cause everyone just calls it PLF.

MRR - YEAH, AND IT'S NOT LIKE YOU CAN READ THE NAME ON THE 7". (LAUGHING) OKAY, I KNOW THAT THE MEMBERS OF YOUR BAND ARE FAIRLY ACTIVE IN THE POLITICAL SCENE, GO THROUGH SOME OF THE ACTIVITIES THAT EACH OF YOU PARTICIPATE IN.

Sean - I was at one point active in Food Not Bombs in Houston, but I haven't been in a few months. Helping get food, distribute it, stuff like that. What do you do Frank?

Frank - I used to be active. I used to go to Food Not Bombs all the time, go to protests, ABC protects, police brutality protests. I go to the police brutality protest every year, but I haven't done shit lately.

Dave - A couple other people and I do Anarchist Black Cross (ABC). We publish a newsletter and mainly just correspond with prisoners and raise money. I guess that's the only thing I do from an organizational perspective, but other than that I go to protests to support other causes and stuff like that. And a major issue in Houston is the pollution. It's pretty bad in relation to other U.S. cities, the most polluted city in Texas, and supposedly it has the most polluted air in the country, off and on. We've been going neck and neck with L.A. for number one, but I think we might have slipped from our reign of greatness. (laughs) But one thing that I thought was really audacious was when Houston was shown to have the worst air in the country, the solution that was supported by public officials and representatives of local corporations was to lower the speed limit like five or ten miles per hour, instead of focusing more on the 550 fucking chemical plants in the greater Houston area, like Union Carbide, Exxon Mobil, Shell Chemical, and all of these other plants. The air stinks.

Frank - When you go back there after you've been gone, you can just smell it...

Sean - You can smell it as you're driving through...

Dave - Yeah, last time we came back from tour , as soon as we were about thirty miles north of the Houston area, the air gets real thick and stinky... It just pisses me off. I think it's real typical of the way that governments work with multinationals, to lay the blame upon consumers while ravaging the earth as they please.

MRR - OKAY, THE BAND HAS BEEN AROUND FOR A WHILE AND YOUR ONLY RELEASE IS A SPLIT 7"...

Dave - Ahhh, you always harp on that...

MRR - ...WHY IS THAT, AND WHAT/WHEN IS SOMETHING ELSE DUE?

Dave - I guess the "why" is because at first our goal was to record and put out something, and that took a little while to put out...

MRR - WELL LET'S START WITH HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN TOGETHER.

Dave - Frank and Jeff started in...

Frank - January of '99.

Dave - Three and half years ago...

Frank - ...and Dave joined in like March. And then we kicked out our other guitar player, Ben, who played guitar and Dave just sang.

Dave - As far as only having a split 7" out, I put that out with help from a friend, and we haven't really asked anybody to put any other stuff out. We're on a couple comps. We're on that new Reality Part 4, Murderous Grind Attack comp on 625 Records,

we've got a track on a comp on Mortville Records that hasn't come out yet, and we're supposed to contribute some tracks to an Anarchist Black Cross comp that Stefan from here is putting out. We've talked to a couple of other bands about doing splits and stuff, but I guess we'll see how that works out. We just recorded about a month and half ago, and we really like the stuff, so we're gonna write some people and see if they want to put it out as a 7" or something. It's about a 7"s worth of stuff. We also have t-shirts...you can't listen to those, but...

Sean - ...they look so cool!

Dave - ...and you can spend your money on them. (laughing)

MRR - YOU DON'T HAVE ACTION FIGURES OR ANYTHING?

Dave - No, but we've got sweatbands though.

MRR - EXPLAIN THE SONG "APATHETIC SHIT-HEAD", AND NAME NAMES.

Dave - I guess I'll field that one since I wrote the song. It's just about the attitude that some people adopt in music about not being political. That's fine, you should sing about whatever is important, regardless of what it is. But it pisses me off when people refuse to tolerate anything in the line of socially aware lyrics because they don't want to be jolted out of their perspective, they don't want to be confronted with something different. It's kind of funny 'cause I've had a couple of people get kind of snippy because they thought I wrote the song about them. I think that's kind of audacious for them to think that I'm gonna spend my fucking time writing a song about a person I know instead of confronting them about something. So it's not about anybody in particular.

MRR - SEVERAL YEARS AGO I SAW AN ALL T SHIRT OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT THAT SAID "KEEP YOUR POLITICS OUT OF MY MUSIC", AND I FIGURED THERE MIGHT BE ANOTHER BAND OR SOMETHING THAT YOU BASED THE SONG ON.

Dave - That's the attitude that the song attacks, but, no, I didn't have ALL in mind, because they suck.

MRR - YOU GUYS CONSIDER YOURSELF A POLITICAL BAND, BUT HOW DID YOU COME ABOUT PLAYING THE STYLE THAT YOU PLAY, GRIND, AND DECIDING TO MAKE IT POLITICAL? AND WHY DO PLAY GRIND AND STILL CONSIDER YOURSELVES PART OF THE PUNK / HARDCORE SCENE?

Dave - We didn't start out as a grind band, it was more like moshy, Damad influenced type stuff. As we got better and tighter...

Frank - ...and I learned how to do blast beats better...

Dave - ...and as all that happened and we actually learned how to play our instruments better, we started to play faster. We're all big fans of grind, but... As far as still considering ourselves part of the punk and hardcore scene, instead of maybe the death metal scene for example, I think it's because that's what we're about. I consider myself a punk, or at least part of the punk scene despite how I might look or what my band might sound like. That's what I'm about, doing things without the big, lame, flashy record companies and doing things through networks of individuals and friends. I guess it's just 'cause we're part of the punk scene. Our lyrics play a part in it too, because we sing about political issues and things like that instead of gore macabre slaughter.

Sean - That seems to be the big difference between grindcore in general and death metal. Grindcore seems to have more of a politically oriented focus, whereas death metal lyrical content doesn't really have any meaning to it, it's more just like a backdrop for the music and the musicianship.

MRR - SINCE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE MUSICAL STYLE, WHAT ARE SOME OF THE INFLUENCES FOR YOU?

Dave - As a guitarist, as bands go, I'm influenced by old Sodom, Terrorizer, Doom, or real fast stuff like that, old Kreator, German thrash-metal, crust, stuff like that.

Frank - My drum influences are mostly Dino from Dystopia, Cripple Bastards, His Hero is Gone, Avulsion, really heavy fast stuff.

Sean - I'd have to say just purely from a musical standpoint, my influences on my playing don't really come from grind at all. I'd have to say that my big influences are more like Mike from Green Day, Descendents. I started listening to stuff like that when I was 11 or 12, and that's when I started playing bass. Also, my mom is a jazz singer, so from the time that I was really, really young she was exposing me to different kinds of jazz and world music and stuff like that, and that's where I get a lot of my musical influence from. And Jaco Pastori doesn't suck. He's a fucking musical genius...

Dave - I was just pretending like I knew who he was... (laughing)

Sean - You don't even know who he is?

Dave - I thought his name was funny so I said he sucked.

MRR - OKAY, I WAS TOLD THAT A LOT OF THE VENUES IN HOUSTON THAT WERE DOING UNDERGROUND SHOWS OR WERE A PART OF ANY SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY HAVE BEEN SHUT DOWN, OR AT LEAST THREATENED TO BE SHUT DOWN, ALL OF THIS RIGHT AROUND THE SAME TIME AS THE RADICAL ENCUANTRO CAMP. DO YOU HAVE ANY OPINIONS AS TO WHY THIS IS HAPPENING?

Dave - I wouldn't doubt if those events were correlated, with the strengthening of government military intelligence, it would make sense that they would get aggressive on stuff like that. It is kind-of true, a couple of venues have gotten harassed, and the community space has been threatened, from out of nowhere, with the fire marshal harassing them and stuff like that. I guess I would say that my opinion is that I wouldn't be surprised, but I haven't really investigated the matter first hand.

Sean - I think also, the location of a lot of those clubs is an issue, especially in the Montrose district. It really seems like not just the police, but the entire city of Houston, is kind-of trying to raise the social class...

Dave - ...gentrify...

Sean - ...yeah, it's real obvious that gentrification is taking place. I've seen a lot of homeless people in Montrose that are almost all in jail now. I lived there for about four years, so I got to know a lot of them, and I don't see any of them around any more. And it's about real estate too. When my mom first moved there, she had an apartment where she was paying about $300, and when she moved out she was paying $450, and that was just over the span of about a year and half. So I think that kind of thing has a lot to do with it.

Dave - Yeah, and among other things, they've been trying to get the 2012 Olympics in Houston, and that ties into a lot of the gentrification that is going on around downtown, like in midtown, the third ward, and Montrose. For example, Main street and some other downtown streets have been gutted and a lot of the smaller businesses have been suffering or have had to go out of business. So really, I think a lot of all this gentrification is wanting to get the Olympics to Houston, wanting to put Houston more "on the map" so to speak, to make it more marketable. It's already a huge hub of the American medical industry and the chemical industry, so I think that ties into a lot of it.

MRR - OKAY, DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING ELSE THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY?

Dave - Yeah, thanks for doing the interview. Chris plays in Bread and Water and they're really good. I'd also like to plug regional bands from Texas and Houston like Epitome of Society, One Last Chance, Regurgitated Feces, Wrath of Beowulf, Sick Abuse, Pretentious Defecation, IBM, Race Against Time, Akkolyte, Terminal Dysentery, Garuda, League of Struggle, Shetavert Four.

Sean - It seems like Texas has a lot of potential to have a really healthy scene for all kinds of music, there's so much good music, but a lot of times it just seems like it never ends up getting heard.

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FUCK THE CISTERN! THE STORY OF

Without ever releasing any records of their own, X-cretas became an influential and popular band in the anarcho scene, benefiting only from a few self-released cassette tapes. Relying more on a circle of friends and an organic process to the band, they would become closely associated with bands like Anthrax and Antisect. Another group of teen punks, their playful irreverence disguised what turned out to be a lifetime commitment for some.

Trev, "This is what goes through my mind when I think of the X-cretas; I cringe at the first demo. I'm not a big fan of my own voice (who is?) so I'm not a big fan of our second demo, which is infinitely better than the first. I remember having a great time in the band. I also remember getting pissed a lot. Hey, I was a sixteen/seventeen year-old kid, what do you expect? I think we had some pretty good songs and I'd actually love to do "Locked Away" with Active Slaughter. I'm fucking glad I did what I did and, as corny as it sounds, they really were the starting block of the ideals I still believe in, as regards to my musical career. I honestly don't think I would change a single thing concerning that era at all."

Trev, now, is still playing politically charged punk rock with his band, Active Slaughter. But in the early 80s, he was one of two founding members of X-Cretas to last throughout the band's existence. Like many teens in London, he had already been carried away by the excitement of punk's first wave.

Trev, "Its the classic old reason as to how/why I got into punk, which I'm sure is the same for thousands of other people. I saw the Pistols on the TV and was totally blown away, so being a fourteen/fifteen year-old kid and reaching that rebelling against everything stage that most prepubescent teenage kids do, it seemed the perfect medium to vent my spleen. It was just so different, so dangerous and, of course, parents hated it, which is reason enough to like anything I feel. I have to admit that at that time, I didn't really have much of a spleen to vent, but through reading about the various original punk bands and listening to the lyrics, it soon became apparent to me that there was a fuck of a lot of things to be angry about. It also became apparent that punk was also very accessible, with its general ethos that anyone can do it, and to a kid with no musical talent whatsoever, that was a real godsend."

In Gillingham, the music scene had been steeped in 70s rock and was more or less unaffected by the punk explosion happening elsewhere in England. As a result of their indifference, punk rock wasn't so much a challenge to the music establishment, so much as a completely separate playground.

Trev, "Well, pre-punk it was the usual old thing; lots of long haired bands either doing a set of cover versions or self-penned stuff with the obligatory fifteen-minute guitar break in the middle. Boring shit basically. Post punk it was pretty much the same. What can I say; Gillingham's never been renowned for keeping up with the times. Okay, I'm taking the piss a bit here (not much though) but there seriously wasn't much of an uptake of punk initially, but fortunately that slowly changed and within a couple of months, a few bands did start to appear and a punk scene did start to evolve."

As a result, people like Trev saw music as kinetic energy source. It was the first time that playing music looked like an open door.

Trev, "My musical career was most definitely inspired by punk. Up to that point, I had never even slightly entertained the idea of doing anything musically. I liked music but there really was the feeling that in order to play it you had to take music lessons or practice religiously for 25 years or, well, basically, that only certain special types of people could do it. Punk just blew all of that away, and as I've said, to a snotty nosed fifteen year-old, such a thing really was music to my ears."

Total inspiration was coming from the live gigs, as records were often little more than souvenirs from the bands.

Trev, "I'm not really sure why, but many of my memories of the early 80s are of when violence ensued before, during, or after certain gigs nearly all of those being Crass gigs. Actually, make that *all* of those being Crass gigs. It's a bit odd really, as I basically hate violence, except where absolutely necessary (not because I'm a pacifist, because I'm not, but because I can run better than I can punch). In a kinda perverse sense, I suppose then my best memories were the ones I bore the young punks down at the pub with as I sip upon my half a mild, *should* actually be my worst ones. Ah, it's a funny old world. However, I do have one everlasting memory of a gig that didn't involve any kind of violence, except perhaps an aural attack on my eardrums, and that was seeing Discharge at the 100 Club in London, sometime in the early 80s (before they went shit sub heavy metal). Now, I'm sure many bands lay claim to being the loudest band in the world and who knows, maybe they are, but that night I remember leaving the gig and thinking that my ears *were* actually bleeding. At the end of their set they did the classic *let's create a fuck of a lot of feedback by putting the guitar in front of the amp trick* that all self respecting noise merchants are obliged to do as they leave the stage. A distorted to buggery Discharge guitar in front of a loud as-fuck Discharge amp; I'm sure you can imagine the crescendo of white noise that ensued. It was excellent! Then they came back on and did an encore of, oh, I don't know, but as they were/are one of my all time favorite bands, I'm sure it was brilliant, whatever it was."

Within a few years, loads of young punk bands were sprouting up in the area.

Trev, "Well these are the ones I remember, I'm sure there were probably others, but I'm an old bastard and thus my memory's

"It is possible to have the politics and the party!" •Trev, X-Cretas

X-CRETAS

BY LANCE HAHN

a bit dodgy (to say the least); there was Naked, The Committed, The Accursed, TDA, The Pits, Sulphate, Anthrax, The Pop Rivets (they were known as a punk band back then), The Dead Birds."

It was in this atmosphere of three-chord creativity that Trev decided to start a band for the first time.

Trev, "Pre X-Cretas I was a musical virgin. Coincidentally, I took up smoking after our first practice."

Rather than start looking for proper musicians, he and three friends decided to put a band together with no previous ideas about who would or could play what instruments.

Trev, "Again, the classic old story. The X-Cretas was a bunch of four mates who, on the 24th of August in 1980 decided that they'd had enough of sitting around, saying we could do that, and got off their arses and actually did it. On that particular fateful day, I turned up late for the meeting; we had decided to sort out who'd play what and the other three had already bagsied their instruments, leaving me to be on drums, whether I liked it or not. The bastards."

The name was quickly chosen for its caustic and scatological humorous quality.

Trev, "Simple, it was kinda shocking, rude and would piss off old people; that was partly what punk seemed to be about to us back then. It's also quite humorous I think and allowed us to come up with a couple of quite brilliant slogans such as Shit Music For Shit People and X-Cretas, Fuck The Cistern. There was always an element of humor in what we did."

In Gillingham, the punk scene was less defined by styles and musical allegiances. While influenced by Crass, the band were initially equally influenced by the more traditional and some times diametrically opposed punk bands at the time, as proven by their Pork Dukes infatuation.

Trev, "Definitely. When we first started, it was Don on vocals, Bill (Don's brother) on guitar, Loz on bass and me on drums. We were all into more or less the same stuff, but Don was really into the Pork Dukes at that time, whereas the rest of us were being drawn to the more political, anarcho side of things. Subsequently, our first real set of songs were a bit of a mish mash of humorous stuff (I still cringe at some of the things that we considered funny back then, but hey, what do you expect from a bunch of fourteen/fifteen year-old oiks, thank fuck I've grown up a bit is all I can say) and stuff that tended to veer down the anarcho road. A bit like Peter And The Test Tube Babies meets Crass. It was good. It was fun. But as me, Bill and Loz began to get more and more into Crass and the like we knew we couldn't really continue doing the cheap Pork Dukes imitations. That's ultimately why Don left."

As with many others who would form anarcho-punk bands at the time, that interest in Crass and their way of life started with their first listening to *Feeding of the 5000*.

Trev, "Well there's only one real answer to that and that's Crass. I honestly don't think I've ever experienced the excitement and hairs-standing up on the back of your neck, intoxicating exhilaration that I felt when I first heard and read the lyrics to *Feeding of The 5000*. I've said that the Pistols were new and exciting, well, Feeding took things to a completely new plain of excitement for me. As I recently heard Noodles Romanov from Bug Central say, the Pistols introduced us to anarchy, but Crass actually explained what it meant. It perhaps seems a bit jaded and dated to some people now, but at that time Feeding was totally original, there was nothing else like it. I know it sounds like pretentious crap, but that album played a great part in shaping the way I am today my political leanings, my attitudes toward music, everything! I still listen to it to this day, and there aren't many albums I can say that about. I know that some people, both then and now, accuse Crass of basically being doom and gloom merchants, but to me they were inspiring, positive, they made you feel like you were part of something and that you could initiate some form of change. These feelings became amplified when other bands such as DIRT, Conflict, Subhumans, Flux and others began to appear. That's when I really began to feel that I was involved in something. Ah, those were the days."

Along with the music and the more theoretical ideas, X-Cretas were also becoming inspired by Crass' day to day practices of anarchist DIY.

Trev, "Well, I think I've more or less just answered that. But what's also got to be remembered was that Crass wasn't just about the band. Crass, to me, signify a whole host of other things such as truly independent record labels, helping lesser known bands (with their Bullshit Detector series for example), complete DIY gigs with no bouncers, the re-birth of CND, the artwork of Gee, the films they showed at their gigs. Crass was always about more than a bunch of people bashing out what in reality is pretty straightforward punk rock stuff on a stage. I suppose, quite ironically, you could say that they were the first band to deliver a complete musical package the record covers, the films, the posters and artwork; stuff that the PR men of today's pop bands try so desperately to sell to the kids. I can only really say that seeing Crass was truly an experience. One that lifted me up, it was inclusive, friendly and made me want to get involved in some way."

Crass and their live performances in particular were compelling enough to Trev and many like him to travel distances, risking life and limb to see them play.

Trev, "I can't actually remember where or when it was, it might have been Ipswich in 1979 or 1980, but then again it might not; some mates and I had gone to see Crass. As was quite often the way for me, primarily due to excessive alcohol consumption, I cant remember the actual gig itself, but I do remember that before we went in, some really, really sensible person (typed in a sarcastic tone) had seen fit to shout abuse at a passing Hell's

Angel. The things people do after one shandy too many, eh?"

"Anyway, we went in, saw the bands, and then left. The trouble was we were in Ipswich (or wherever), we were drunk, and we didn't have a clue how to get back to the train station. Oh yeah, and we'd been told by someone that a gang of Hell's Angels were out looking for punks in order to kick all seven shades of shit out of them. Well, if ever you need a cure for drunkenness, I'd suggest using that particular gambit, because it worked a treat on me. Anyway, employing tactics that would make any commando proud, we somehow managed to eventually locate and sneak back to the train station. The same train station that had seen the last train back to London leave about ten minutes earlier. For the record, such news is also a brilliant way to aid sobriety. Oh well I thought, at least we haven't run into any rage-filled, homicidal Hell's Angels. And oh, how wrong a person can be. As we lurked in the shadows of the station, we heard what was quite obviously a pack of rage-filled, homicidal Hell's Angels driving ever closer on their bikes. Oh shit! Now, to this day I still can't work out why it was there, but just to the side of the station there was a massive square hole (30ft x 30ft perhaps?) in the ground with steps leading down into it. Perhaps it was a storage place or something, who knows and, indeed, who cares? I sure as hell didn't as we scurried into it and all huddled close behind the back of the stairs."

"As I've said, I really can't remember when it was that all this took place, but I am pretty sure that it must've been in late Autumn or early Winter, and thus quite chilly. Well, why else would my teeth have been chattering? Anyhow, looking back on it, what followed was straight out of any classic thriller/horror movie. As we sat there in silence we heard the bikes pull up and watched as their headlights partially lit up the back wall of the hole. Have I said oh shit yet? Well I'll say it again. Oh shit! Then we heard the bikes being turned off and the sound of boots upon gravel as someone started to walk toward the hole (feel free to add your own oh shits whenever you like). To a man (even the woman who was with us) we all peered up and through the gap between the steps as this person then stood upon the top one. We all continued to watch as his boots then stood upon the second one, and then the third, and then the fourth. And I'm sure you can probably imagine the tense, suspense inducing musical score that would be playing at this point were this actually a film. And then he stopped. Oh joy! And then said, and I quote, "unless you lot down there have got shooters, you're all dead." Oh bugger, bugger, bugger! And then he just stood there on that infamous fourth step. And we watched. And he stood some more. So we watched some more. And he stood some more again."

"The bastard! He'd obviously watched too many classic thriller/horror movies. Which was lucky for us really because he remained true to the script of such movies and, after what seemed like hours to me, but was in reality only a matter of about 30 seconds, he turned and ascended those aforementioned steps, thus allowing the heroes of the piece to live and fight another day. Or, to put it another way, live to face more possible death threats at Crass gigs; which I proceeded then to do. But hey, that's another story (although the ending is always basically the same)."

"I make light of that story now (even though I had to sleep in a bloody telephone box that night after having escaped down the railway tracks in a direction which, fortunately, turned out to be London bound), but I have to say I've never been so scared in all my life. What's perhaps the most frightening part of it all (and the bit that is often forgotten when people witter on about Crass and the good old 80s) is that things like that *really* did happen in, during, or after Crass gigs at that time, or at least the ones I went too. They were fucking scary times. I reckon I've probably been chased about the place by members of every youth sub-culture there are or were. It wasn't fun but hey, where are those Punks, Angels, Skinheads, Mods, members of the general public now? Fuck knows, but I bet a lot of 'em now have proper haircuts, wear comfy slippers and sensible slacks, and cant even vaguely remember why they did what they did, whereas I can (albeit that I know have a slightly modified slant on it). Perhaps that's a clear demonstration of the influence Crass had on me they helped create the foundation of my political beliefs, and they taught me how to run fast."

In those early stages, the band was still a mixed bag playing several bastardized covers along with their originals.

Trev, "As I've said, our earliest stuff was a bit of a mish mash of things. I'd say that about 85 percent of what we did was original stuff, but we did do a few covers, including, if memory serves, "Melody Makers" by the Pork Dukes, "Something Else" by Eddie Cochran and a bastardized version of "The Wanderer" by Dion, which we re-titled Dirty Cunt, of which I'm sure you can guess the lyrical content. Now you know why I cringe sometimes when I look back at our humble beginnings."

Of course, the band was still just for their own amusement at the time, as huge political declarations seem superfluous when playing in a pub to your friends.

Trev, "Our first gigs were played in our local town (Gillingham in Kent) and surrounding areas, to a bunch of mates. They were good. A lot of fun and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves."

"I know that initially we were just playing for the sake of playing, the buzz of being on stage, so in a way its quite possible that any message we might have been trying to convey got lost in the sheer excitement and fun of it all. Like I say, its hard to know why people responded the way they did. All I know is that people danced and seemed to enjoy themselves. I don't remember anyone coming up to me afterwards and saying they really liked the lyrical content of any particular song. I think though that after Don left and we started to play with more overtly political bands (becoming more political ourselves) outside of our immediate circle of friends and venues, people might have been more responsive to our lyrics, but that might just be wishful thinking on my part, because I've certainly not got any real evidence to support it."

As much as their set was defined by covers and originals, it was also equally divided between political songs and silly songs.

Trev, "I wont bore you with a complete list of all the songs we did in our original formation, but looking at the list I have from back then Id say our initial set consisted of about 65% political songs and 35% humorous or cover songs. For example, we had songs entitled P.C. Wanker, Army Lies, War, Fascist Pigs, God Save Us-which are representative of our more political stuff-and Eddie Zodiac, Melody Makers (by the Pork Dukes) and Something Else (Eddie Cochran) which reflected our more humorous side.

By early 1981, the band

were finding themselves playing more and more with certain bands, some of whom would be come more directly involved in the anarcho punk scene including showing up on Crass *Bullshit Detector* compilations.

Trev, "I consider the period when we started to be when Don (the original vocalist) was in the band, and in that time we played with the likes of Naked, The Committed, The Accursed and The Pits. I wouldn't say we felt especially close to any of them other than to the extent that we were mates with all of them.

By February, the band felt sufficiently confident in their live set that they felt it needed to be documented on tape. They recorded their first demo, as most bands did, for next to nothing.

Trev, "Exciting. I distinctly remember us taking all our gear on the train down to the neighboring town of Strood no mean feat and going into the studio which in reality was some blokes cellar where he had a few bits and pieces of recording gear. Of course none of us realized at the time that as far as studios go this was probably the worst one on the entire planet, quite simply because we were naive and just too excited at getting our stuff onto tape (though I suppose the fact it only cost £8 to do should have been some kind of indicator). It was a good, fun experience, even though the resultant tape was complete shit (for which we cant entirely blame the studio I, for example, am crap on it)."

They had by then begun to weed out the Pork Duke influence as shown by the songs they chose to record for the tape.

Trev, "Okay, here goes it was recorded on the 6th February 1982 and the songs are War, Clone Fashion, Fascist Pigs, 666, Pre-Menstrual Tension, PC Wanker, Army Lies, Grim Reaper, and Lets Dance (originally by Chris Montez, I think). And before you ask, the reason that Pre-Menstrual Tension is so called is quite simply because we didn't have a name for it and someone just said lets call it that. The name bears no connection at all with the lyrics, it was just us being stupid.

With the other songs, however, the title would pretty much sum up the entire content of the track! While not quite to the extent of the Discharge haiku, their lyrics had become very specific in their intent.

Trev, "I think the song titles pretty much reveal the lyrical content (aside from PMT of course). Its worth bearing in mind that by this time we were all big Crass and Discharge fans so its not really that hard to guess what we were singing about. I can actually remember quite a lot of the lyrics. In fact, quite recently I did a copy of it for a friend and found that I could virtually sing along with the whole thing.

Unfortunately, going on the cheap while recording resulted in a less than representative recording. The thin sound often entirely masks the structure of the sound entirely. But its still a punchy set of punk songs better documented than not at all. In fact, many of the songs are key in showing how anarcho punk was evolving into a long ranting style that would be further developed by Anthrax and Polemic.

Trev, "Our first demo was shit, pure and simple. It and our second demo were released on BBP Tapes over here a couple of years ago and in the sleeve notes I refer to it as a bloke talking to the accompaniment of a swarm of busily buzzing bees which is a pretty fair assessment I think. The general consensus amongst those who heard it was pretty much the same.

Obviously not very happy with how the demo turned out, it was lucky the band had no real plan for it anyway other than to document for themselves and a few friends what they had been doing.

Trev, "We didn't really do anything with it (except cringe) other than to give it to a few mates. I don't personally remember us doing it with the intended desire of signing for a label or anything though that might have been a possibility I suppose. I just remember wanting to do it to finally get some of our stuff on tape. As far as I know it was never used for anything, compilations or otherwise. I guess its not until relatively recently in my musical career that I've consciously thought about recording something specifically with the intention of possibly doing something more with it than just listening to it at home or giving it to mates etc."

As it would turn out, the tape didn't even accurately represent what the band were sounding like at the time.

Trev, "We weren't particularly great live (okay, but not brilliant) but we certainly weren't as dire as that tape."

But the aforementioned move more towards the political, Crass-influenced songs and away from the obnoxious, Pork Duke-influenced stuff, eventually led to the end of the first line-up with vocalist Don splitting the band. This would lead to what most people probably think of when they think of the X-cretas, with Trev moving from drums to vocals. Loz and Bill remained on bass and guitar respectively. But there was still the issue of what to do about a drummer.

Trev, "After Don left and I took over on vocals we obviously needed a drummer. Wed played in Gravesend (Kent) quite a lot by then and had got to know the members of Anthrax who were from around there (I'd like to say we inspired them to form a band, but I doubt that's true). Pete, their drummer, volunteered his services and hence the connection was made."

The band continued with this line-up for a while mostly playing local gigs with the occasional trip outside of the area.

Trev, "We didn't tour at all. I think the furthest we ever got outside of Kent was London. I don't really know why that was. We were lazy bastards I suppose. In fact its only now, 20 years on, that I'm finally going to get to play outside of the UK when my new band, Active Slaughter (excuse the cheap plug), play three dates in Finland, ironically enough with Oi Polloi and Conflict."

The new X-cretas were producing songs still within the political framework and were increasing the urgency of the content with more aggressive songs. The second batch of songs were fast with lunging guitar progressions. Despite that, they managed to stay clear of the standard hardcore style that was slowly growing in popularity at the time. But these advancements went largely unnoticed by the band.

Trev, "I think essentially the messages that we were trying to convey in the songs on both demos were the same, and whilst Id like to think that we had progressed a little in our song writing capabilities, I don't actually think there's a great deal of difference between the first and second set of songs. Looking back on them now I don't actually think they're that good lyrically, inasmuch as they don't really capture what I know I was trying to convey. For example, recently my last band (Bug Central) decided they wanted to do "Who Is Mad" from the second demo and asked me for the lyrics. When I

showed them to them, Noodles decided not to bother as the lyrics were too much like a kind of knee-jerk reaction, and I can see exactly what he means my song writing capabilities weren't good enough to pull it off and the song does sound a bit like it was written by a tabloid reading, bang 'me high idiot, which I and the band most definitely weren't/aren't."

But before the band could commit the new music to tape, the line-up changed again with original guitarist, Bill splitting and Pete going back to Anthrax. Oddly enough, Bill would be replaced with Anthrax guitarist Dee and new drummer, Jess was brought into the band. The first thing the band did was to get back in the studio to record a second demo tape. It was recorded on October 30th, 1982 in a glorious alcoholic state.

Trev, "My memories of this are a bit alcohol tainted. I think we did it in the same place Anthrax did theirs and I remember thinking that this one had to better than our first abomination. Aside from that my only other real memory of that demo was Jess our drummer throwing up over himself in the studio. Maybe all the alcohol worked because the second demo pisses all over the first one."

The tracks on the demo were "God Save Us," "Mary Whitehouse," "Who Is Mad," "Politics," "Familiarity," "Locked Away," "PC Wanker" and "Cyanide" (by The Lurkers).

Lyrically, the demo seems bleak and despondent, as was the case with many top bands at the time. But like most of the other bands, the lyrics were mirroring the horror of normal world that the anarcho scene was trying to create an alternative to.

Trev, "Aside from 'Cyanide' (I was a big Lurkers fan) all the songs are political in some sense. A quick example, Familiarity is about the way in which war, death and other tragedies appear so commonplace, so familiar through the media etc. that we actually start to become complacent about them, even contemptuous to a degree. I'm not sure I actually managed to convey that properly in the lyrics but that's what I was endeavoring to say. And again, just as with the first demo, I can actually remember virtually all the lyrics.

Making the tape available to friends and supporters, this record was met with great enthusiasm despite Trevs self-deprecating memories.

Trev, "I think the words its nothing like your last one thank fuck were used quite a lot. It definitely got a much better reception than the first one. People actually liked this one!

The positive response led the X-Cretas one and only appearance on a compilation record.

Trev, "We did appear on one compilation LP entitled *Wet Dreams* with the songs 'Familiarity' and 'God Save Us' (actually called Its 'Our Life' on the album, for reasons unknown). I've still got a clipping from the music paper Sounds which refers to our contributions thus Even the absurdly named X-cretas are listenable and the second side is as good, except for the X-cretas abysmal Its Our Life. Who the fuck is Spike Sommer (the reviewer) anyway!"

Despite this seemingly forward motion, the band was coming to an end just before the Fall of '82. Trev had lost interest in what the band was doing and decided he needed to leave.

Trev, "I just got fed up with it. I honestly can't remember why. I do remember telling Loz- the only other original member and one of my best mates and I think I'm right in saying that whilst he was a bit upset by my decision he kind of knew it was going to happen. All I know is that it was nothing personal against anybody; I'd just had enough. That's when Loz decided to go traveling with the convoys that had begun to emerge around that time (the ones that sewed the seeds of what became known as rave culture by the media in later years). I think Dee went back full time to Anthrax and Jess went well, Jess went back to being Jess.

With Dee back in Anthrax, Trev and original founding member Loz would also go on to play music again.

Trev, "After we split in 1982 Loz, the bassist, went on to join Antisect. I don't know exactly when that was because we kind of lost touch with each other as he went traveling around the country and I stayed in Gillingham.

After a couple of years of not doing much, I hooked up with the afore mentioned Noodles Romanov and we spent the last ten or so years (maybe more) in various incantations of the band that ultimately became Bug Central which I left, perfectly amicably, about a year and a half ago until being roped in to do my latest band Active Slaughter.

Keeping in mind that like many other people involved at the time, Trev is still apart of the UK underground punk scene. As a result, his reflections on the band and the scene are nostalgic, while fighting nostalgia all the while.

Trev, "Perhaps nostalgia by its nature only allows us to remember the good bits, I don't know. But I do know that for all the shit that was thrown at the anarcho scene from every direction-including other punks (i.e., The Exploited)-and for all the grief that ultimately ensued (see the answer below), I would not change any of it. It was often scary and threatening, due to outsiders, but there was also a very great feeling of unity and inclusion, or at least that's what I got from it. I also had a lot of fun, which is an absolute necessity in everything I do concerning music. It *is* possible to have the politics *and* the party!"

As for whether it did make a challenge to the system? Who can say? Crass got mentioned in Parliament. They were harassed by the Old Bill; is that a threat to the system? I don't know. I do know however that the anarcho scene spawned me and, I'm sure, a hell of a lot of others who, be it through music or any other medium, do voice some form of dissent against the system we find ourselves in, be it then or now, some 20 odd years later. There's a danger that we limit the 80s anarcho scene to exactly that the 1980s, when in reality there are still people being inspired in some way by the likes of Crass *et al* so in that sense I suppose you could say that yes, it did/does challenge the system in some way. I don't think the bands involved in the anarcho scene then were naïve in what they thought or wrote about, but I guess you could say that perhaps there was a sense of naivety involved in believing that the state would allow them to do so without throwing a lot of weight behind stopping them."

As for falseness, again I would say that at the time the bands were pretty much genuine in what they sang about. I don't honestly think that within that particular circle, at that time, anyone got up on a stage and sang about things they didn't really believe in. You have to remember that there was a whole lot of pretty heavy harassment from various sources going on at that time and I'm sure that anyone who didn't totally believe in what they were doing would/did soon get out of it. That's not to say that people didn't later on change or modify what they thought, said, did and which, with hindsight, might give the impression of some form of falseness, but I would definitely say that as far as I could tell all the major bands from that time were genuine in what they did.

JACOB DAVID (September 11th, also known as = THE AMERICAN REICHSTAG FIRE)

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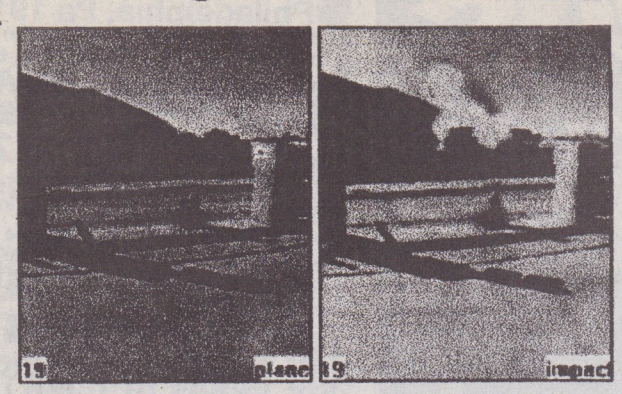

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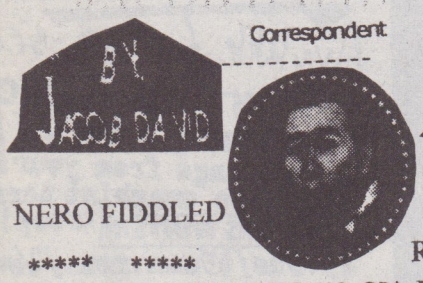

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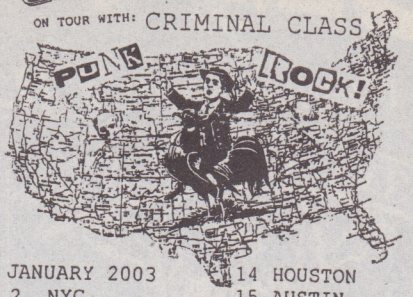

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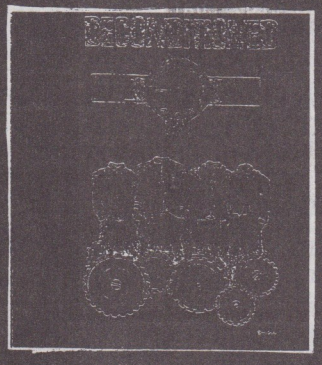

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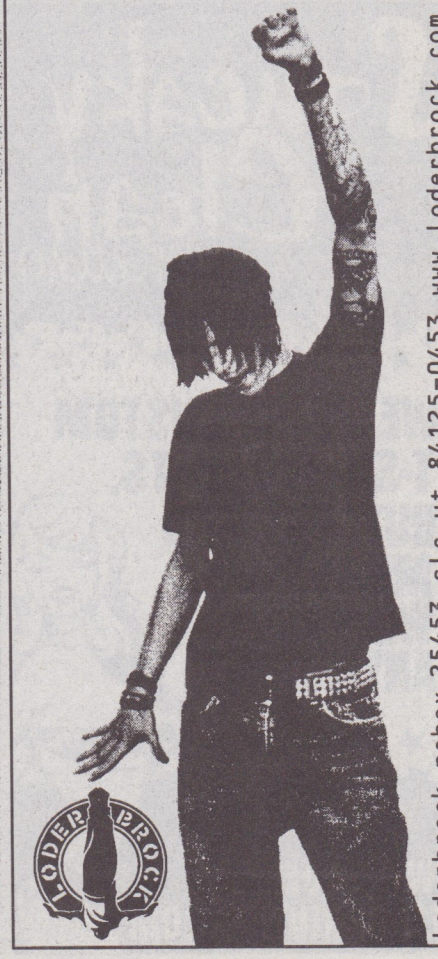

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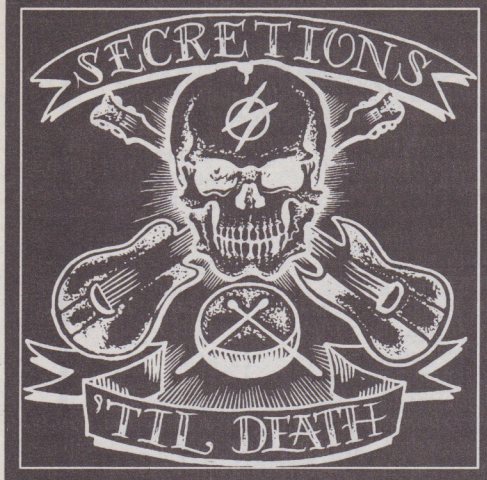

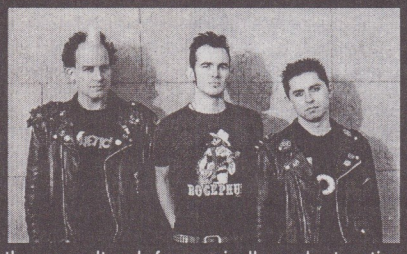

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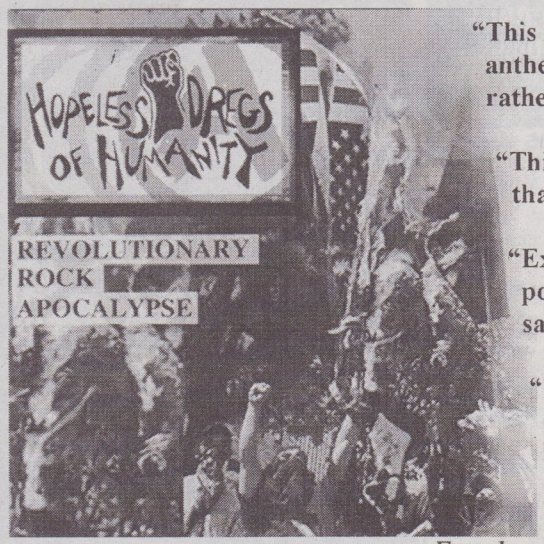

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The Judge and the Historian • Carlo Ginzburg
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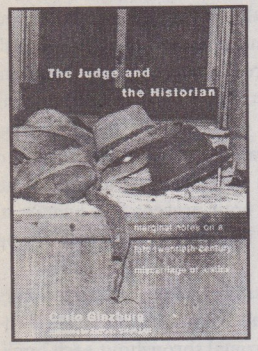

Carlo Ginzburg is a respected Italian historian. This is his activist project, wrapped in an analysis of the relationship between the role of a judge and a historian in society. The personal motivation for *The Judge and the Historian* is Ginzburg's close friendship to Adriano Sofri (one of the accused—and convicted—in the trial analyzed throughout). The professional motivation is to explore the shared mechanisms of the judge and the historian (evidence, proof, and testimony) in a practical case.

The context of the case is of specific interest to radicals for two reasons. The protagonists of the case were connected to the radical paper/group Lotta Continua (Continuous Struggle), which resembled a non-sectarian marxist/anarchist group, more than a party. Also, much of the case hinges on the accidental death (read: murder) of Giuseppe Pinelli by the Italian police while he was held in custody for the bombing of a Bank in Milan. His death is the subject of Accidental Death of an Anarchist, a play that has recently been touring the US. Lotta Continua was a left communist group that practiced such activities as "proletarian shopping" (mass shoplifting) and "Self Reduction Struggles" (paying for goods at prearranged workers prices).

Allegedly, members of LC arranged a hit on an Italian carabiniero (policeman) named Luigi Calabresi. Their newspaper had spilled much ink on Calabresi's trial for murder (for which he was not convicted). A few months later (and after the death of Pinelli), witnesses claim that a "tall blond" man walked up to Calabresi outside his home and shot him twice. Sixteen years passed before the (alleged) getaway driver Leonardo Marino confessed (for a significant reduction in his sentence) to his participation in the crime in which Ovidio Bompressi was the trigger man and Giorgio Pietrostefani and Adriano Sofri ordered the hit.

Eleven years after the initial arrests and four trials later (including three exonerations), Sofri and Pietrostefani are just now starting to serve a 22-year sentence.

Ginzburg attempts to review the situation in the tradition of an investigative journalist, examining motives, nuance, and facts in such a way as to build a clear case of bias (and treachery) on the part of the judicial system. He also explores the history of history (as a discipline) and its relationship to the judicial system. The primary tensions explored are the resultant (verdict) and the attentiveness to context. The implication of making a judgment that could result in imprisonment, and the relationship between such a judgment and the political pressure of the greater society, is the great divide between historians and judges. Suffice it to say that Ginzburg is far more gentle in his criticisms of historians than of judges.

The Judge and the Historian is an interesting tale of judicial woe. It is a fascinating story of how individuals (and even their specific history) are irrelevant before the imperatives of the state. It is also an examination of radical Italian history that deserves some thought. Ginzburg successfully demonstrates his thesis that his friend Sofri was railroaded by the judicial system. But what else is new? People are railroaded all the time.
—Aragorn!

September 11 And The US War:
Beyond The Curtain Of Smoke
Edited by Roger Burbach and Ben Clarke
174 Pages • $11.95
City Lights Books • 261 Columbus Avenue
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This is a collection of essays that serve to filter the events that took place on September 11, 2001 through a more internationalist and definitely a much more leftist framework than we get from our corporately owned mainstream media. That may be refreshing for those of us who still take in far too much network and cable television programming, and at the same time, it may seem unimaginative and a tad redundant to those of us who might share similar political ideas with the contributors to September 11 And The US War. This book can be either valuable, in an "indoctrinating the new recruits" kind of way, or—like many books of this type—simply "preaching to the converted."

That may come off as a bit harsh—maybe it's just my own frustration at the fact that these authors weren't somehow brought together, then allowed some time to agree upon the best approach for presenting the most concise, unified response to what happened on September 11, including key events that led up to it, and the effects it will have on our lives and those of the wealthy elite who will profit from "America's tragedy." One approach to resistance holds that people should just speak their minds, and share their voices and opinions. In this philosophy, academic theorists should express their different political ideologies, represented in their own ways, and activists should carry their many separate signs at the protests, etc. It seems to me, though, that a singleminded approach is easier, and that the voice of resistance weakens in its absence.

I don't want to sound like I don't appreciate all of the different styles and insightful pieces of writing contained in *September 11 And The U.S. War*, because I do, and I quite enjoyed a small handful of them, especially: "The Theatre Of Good And Evil," by Eduardo Galeano, "Oil Politics In Central Asia," by Ted Rall, "Retaliation Is A Trap," by Robert Fisk, and "Terrorism Meets Reactionism," by Michael Parenti. Those essays stood out to me, but there are many contributing authors of note here, such as Howard Zinn, Roger Burbach, Michael Ratner, Marc W. Herold, and others. I think that after reading this book you might, as I did, find yourself sucked into a web-surfing marathon that takes you deeper and deeper into a game of follow-the-oil-money, which will have you looking over your shoulder every time you walk out of your front door. That alone makes this book worth purchasing. —Jay Unidos

The Spirit of Terrorism and Requiem for the Twin Terrors • Jean Baudrillard (translated by Chris Turner)
52 pages • $13.00

Welcome to the Desert of the Real • Slavoj Zizek.
154 pages • $13.00

Ground Zero • Paul Virilio (translated by Chris Turner)
82 pages • $13.00

Verso • 180 Varick Street
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One year after the Sept. 11 attacks on the Pentagon and World Trade Center, Verso released three titles by European intelligentsia discussing what such an anniversary might mean. If there's a commonality (other than the obvious questions of what the hell the 9/11 attacks represent, and how burly our subsequent War on Terrorism will be), it's their tone of uninterrupted and critical argument. And that's refreshing to hear amidst the continual clamoring for war from American experts. All three authors agree we're in the midst of a new type of war, and that "the point is not to play a pseudo-postmodern game of reducing the WTC collapse to just another media spectacle."

Zizek's *The Desert of the Real* is the meatiest and most compelling of the bunch, and not just because it's two to three times the length of the others. Film references permeate his arguments (recognize the Matrix reference in the title?), but he culls examples from all over (self-mutilation, decaf coffee, and the Che vs. Fidel debate) to talk about the unreality, or derealization, of our times. Key to understanding the times "is the awareness that we live in an insulated artificial universe which generates the notion that some ominous agent is threatening us all the time with total destruction." Zizek sees democratic process, particularly our American flavor, as inherently and irredeemably flawed. He has no love for self-righteous and "postmodern liberal democrats," claiming that no one can simultaneously believe in the system, be honest, and be intelligent. Ouch. International terrorist organizations arise as an "obscene double" to the ruling multinational corporations. His conversational tone is enjoyable, but by the end of the book you feel like you've been cornered at a party and given a political lecture by a stranger who never lets a word in edgewise. Which you may or may not be into.

Baudrillard's *Spirit of Terrorism* explores more of the symbolic power in attacking the American World Trade Center and military Pentagon. He argues that meaning cannot be ascribed. The "radicality" and brutality of the event renders it irreducible. If Zizek described the events as unreal, Baudrillard counters that the terrorists brought about an excess, or irruption, of reality. He further posits us as currently entrenched in World War IV, a conflict not just between America and Islam, but a "triumphant globalization battling against itself." (In case you missed WWIII, it was that Cold War with Russia that we won). In this "zero-sum-game system" a deep-seated complicity for the events runs rampant as any virus. His speech "Requiem for the Twin Towers" is included as well, focusing more specifically on the Twin Towers as perfect targets of a collapsible American totality.

Virilio's *Ground Zero* offers the bleakest and broadest of the analyses. Can anyone deny that "since the collapse of the USSR, America's new world hegemony has mainly made itself felt by an arrogance based on its crushing technological superiority rather than on its elevated morality." He comes out early against the assumed progress of our times as "a dangerous group of dwarves smitten with gigantism." The notion of progress taints both science and the arts, with God being replaced by reason. Virilio doesn't focus as much on 9/11 as the others, and instead goes for a wholesale critique of the techno-scientific progress that forgets about the humans. *Ground Zero* assaults us with footnotes (everything from physicists explaining the sexiness of nuclear weapons to the Unabomber Manifesto), but his threads create a rich and convincing argument.

Are solutions offered? Zizek implores us to go further than any of the proposed solutions—only a unified Europe (the Second World) can stand up to the new and increasing American hegemony against the Third World. His successful example of resistance is the concentration camp ballerina who agrees to dance for the Nazis' amusement. She grabs one of their guns during her performance and takes a few of them out before dying. Baudrillard warns that the banality of American life will be further turned against us. "Might not any inoffensive person be a potential terrorist?" he wryly asks. After listing the modern horrors both present and imminent, Virilio quotes James Baldwin's prophecy: "Tomorrow, you will all be Negroes."

The books are advertised as "readable" introductions to the thinkers and their respective projects. Their insight and willingness to tackle difficult, overwhelming topics is evident (and welcome) throughout each book, but "readable" assumes a ready knowledge of conflicts since World War II. And there's the abstruse vocabulary permeating most cultural and philosophical texts. Yeah, maybe these books are toned down from the density of their other works, and dictionaries and history books can be referenced, but that implies a willingness to read difficult works. Amidst the wars and rock 'n' roll, are you willing? —Travis Fristoe

Zine Yearbook Volume 6
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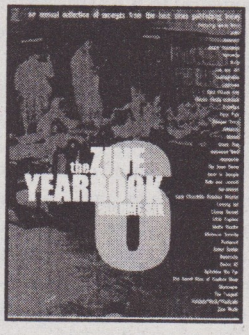


Zine Yearbook reads as a roster of zines and zine editors publishing each year. This book covers 2001. Much like that milk crate shoved over there in the corner of your room, the book is packed full of popular zines from North America. *Zine Yearbook* features excerpts from these zines utilizing a clean layout, often in an exact replica of the original zine layout. A democratic committee is comprised of editors Jason Kucsma and Jen Angel, plus volunteers who wade through zines that have been submitted for nomination by anyone who can stick stamp to envelope. Guidelines for inclusion in this anthology also require the zine to have a print run of fewer than 5,000 copies per issue.

These are not all punk zines, nor is it just text, the scope of media run the gamut with stories, interviews, and comics, creating a cross-section of our larger community of independent publishers. What this book functions as an introduction to zines that you might automatically skip over at the bookstore or distro table at the show—zines that may have a small press

run, or be one-offs that never see the light of day in any town other than their hometown.

I was introduced to new zines in *Zine Yearbook*, like the baseball-centric *Elysian Fields Quarterly*, with two hilarious stories—one about a drug-crazed manager of a Mexican Border League. Or like the *Rated Rookie*, a personal narrative zine filled with gross-out humor. The excerpt from Lady Churchill's *Rosebud Wristlet* was an unfunny series of letters to a magazine. Eric Kane's *Gideon* mixes the nostalgia of childhood memories with local history in an engrossing story called "Tales of Milford." The only band interview included, with The Make-Up, was from a magazine called *Skyscraper*. *Etidorhpa*, a chronicle of one woman's random thoughts ranging from how to react to the events of Sept. 11 to an examination of religion, creates a coherent, linear critique on our current society.

Many of the selections in *Zine Yearbook* were already familiar to me. Travis Fristoe's america? is full of poignant introspective vignettes pertaining to the dualities of aging and punk, activism and activities. Ker-bloom! takes on one small topic every few months in the form of a personal short story laid out in a highly stylized quarter page format and printed on a letter press. Ayun Halliday's comical *East Village Inky* sweetly gripes about and praises the rigors of parenting. Stephanie McMillan's *Minimum Security* digs into the political cartoon arena with biting satirical cartoons. Part of the Pensacola Zine-Making Contest, *Spitshine the Eye* is a handwritten, small and endearing one-off sewing zine. Well known magazines like *Media Reader*, *Zine Guide*, and *Razorcake* are also represented.

When I read these bits from familiar zines, I thought of the entire packages, remembering the rest of the text, and found myself digging those zines out of my collection and rereading them. I did this because I missed something while reading this book. I missed the tangible aspects of zines, idiosyncratic nuances like irregular printing, small sizes, the weight of the thin papers wadded up in your back pocket.

Is *Zine Yearbook* an accurate portrayal of some of the zines that are relevant and prominent in our community? Yes. I've read or heard of most of them. Yet I wonder who this book is intended for. Is it a coffee table book for the Barnes and Noble shopping set, or a must-have for the Barnes and Noble shoplifting crews? Is it another catalyst for commodifying this crazy phenomenon called the "zine revolution," or an innocuous anthology celebrating what a few people think are great zines? I'm not really sure what the answer is.

When we talk about what is "best" there is a pressure and a responsibility to be as informed as possible. *Zine Yearbook* reprints some of last years zines, but they are only arbitrarily "the best" and by no means definitive, partly due to their exclusively submission-based selection policy. Perhaps a selection committee able or willing to reach more broadly into the zine community might have made this year's *Zine Yearbook* feel more comprehensive. —Sara Double-Ears

Screened Out • Jean Baudrillard
208 pages • $22.00
Verso • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY • 10014-4606

Baudrillard lives in a world with no ground. He seems to walk among dreams and fantasies, as if they had as much relevance as (for instance) the slaughter of thousands of Iraqis, the American debt, and our sexuality. A French sociologist/philosopher who has been active since the 70s (his best books were translated into English in 1975 and 1981) he may be best known for the political essay "The Gulf War Did Not Take Place." In it, he argues that beyond there not ever being a remote possibility of military parity (between the UN coalition and Iraq) that the War actually did not exist. He means that the concept of a Gulf War has ripped free of its semantic chains and now roams free as a sign (symbol) of something entirely different than the American coalition of troops marching on Iraq. As a signified quantity, the War is ephemeral, and its representation is the only reality worth mentioning. Years have passed, and now we have *Screened Out*, a collection of Baudrillard's topical essays from the magazine Liberation.

As with many philosophers, it is a useful exercise to frame the thinking of Baudrillard in several different ways. He should be taken deadly seriously, as if he actually means what he is talking about and understands the consequences. He should be seen as a voyager on an entirely cerebral plane where the plight of we mere mortals isn't a factor in play. Finally, he should be seen within the history of ideas that he has inherited.

It should noted, as we begin, that the short essay is Baudrillard's best form. He has become very inspired by American aesthetics (television, Las Vegas) and embraces the spirit of the short attention span within his columns. One way to preface Baudrillard is the say that most of his "book length" ideas came earlier in his career, and now he is just a victim of his own coherence (he coined terms such as hyper-reality, simulacrum, dissimilation, and virtual). This could be restated as naming Baudrillard as the court jester of the postmodern discourse, who is best known for his prat falls and sight gags than for his political or even worldly philosophy.

If Baudrillard is serious, then reality is part of the flow of processes that include the physical, the sign, and the hyperreal. In "We Are All Transsexuals Now," Baudrillard spends some time arguing that we are all transsexuals because La Cicciolina (an Italian porn star turned legislator) is seen as the apex of sexuality and exhibits those qualities in such abundance that a real woman would never wish (or be able) to compete. He relies on the aleopathic model of human health to make the claim that there is resonance between AIDS, a computer virus, and terrorism (as pathologies of the codified body: meat, computer system, or politic). He makes claim that the fatwah against Rushdie (by the Ayatollah Khomeini) was actually a taking of hostages (the people and concept of the West) by the West. He speaks about the Serbs, the Drug War, the unification of Europe, and corruption. While being known for claiming that nary a thing in this mortal coil (or in the life of a media-aware Westerner) is knowable outside of the terrain of illusion, he seems to confirm that the place in which we begin our flights of fancy is on the ground. He just refuses to look down.

If Baudrillard's thought is just a flight of fancy—a series of word games and thought exercises—the imperative question is "is it worth it?" Unlike his more dour pomo brethren, Jean does appear to be having a good time (unlike, for instance, Derrida, who seems like he's lifting his side of a refrigerator, fully knowing that we are all laughing at his plumber's butt). And why not, when his scholarship comes off more like zine/rant writing than not? Consider:

"Her long, platinum-blonde hair, her ample, pneumatic breasts, her ideal blow-up-doll forms, her lyophilized-cartoon or science-fiction eroticism and, above all, the exaggeration of the sexual discourse (never perverse, never libertine), total transgression on a plate, the ideal telephone chat-line woman, plus a carnivorous erotic ideology which no woman today would sign up to..."

Lines like this are a great mix of Mykel Board and Crimethinc. Baudrillard loves America for a reason—it's a consistent unreflecting parody of itself. It's a rotten core, wrapped in irony, deep fried in utter, vicious, self-importance. External from the "reality" of the horrors that America commits, America is a joke. The French (and by extension Baudrillard) are laughing—why aren't we?

As an adventurer in philosophy, Baudrillard may have put his most creative years behind him, but he still tells a great story about the journey. Coming from an education in Marx, Nietzsche, and Lefebvre (for whom he was a graduate student) Baudrillard is a trained Continental thinker. Baudrillard may have stolen many of his good ideas from Debord (specifically, his construction of the simulacra) and McLuhan [in his construction of the media as representation (replacement) of reality] but they have been sifted through his insistence on a total disconnect from first principles (truth, labor, representation). Are there nuggets of gold to be found there?

Take Baudrillard for the mental exercise and modern practice of French thought. Leave him for his irrelevance, his derivative nature, and his a-humanism. Either way, *Screened Out* is a worthy snapshot of his modern thought and its concerns. It is topical, funny, and smart.
—Aragorn!

The Freaks are Winning: The Inner Swine Collection
Jeff Somers
$9.99 US $14.99 Canada • 230 pages
Tower Records

The Inner Swine is a fairly long-running zine from New Jersey that chronicles the thoughts, fantasies, philosophical ramblings, and life of the author Jeff Somers. The driving force of his writing is unabashed self-promotion tempered by exaggeration and self deprecation. If that sounds like a strange combination, it's that tension that can make *The Inner Swine* a satisfying read when it hits the correct balance.

At its best, *The Inner Swine* is part parody of the personal zine genre. Taking the idea that his thoughts and writings are so important that he will develop a legion of followers and achieve world domination, Somers actually calls into question the whole idea of doing zines at all. By creating his own persona of delusional grandeur, he is in some way exaggerating the confidence any zinester must have to put their work out to the public. No matter what people write, putting out their words and expecting people to read them is an act of pride and ego. The Inner Swine makes that clear with every essay.

The Freaks are Winning is divided into essay collections on the topics of zining, wedding stories, Inner Swine forums, specious arguments, reviews, and Inner Swine editorials culled from the seven years and 25 issues of the publication.

Some are surprisingly good. "The Best Meat's in the Rump" offers an unexpected critique of technology, arguing that it enables humans to amplify our urges of violence. From the Hobbesian point of view (Hobbes might not have written, "Everyone's an asshole especially us!!!" but that's essentially a boiled down, if grammatically incorrect, version of his theory of government) that influences many Inner Swine essays, the essay makes interesting points about the effect of isolation and military-driven technology on society. Though less reflective, I also enjoyed the wedding section and Somers's seemingly endless experiences attending as a friend, family member, and rent-a-date. Most were wonderful glimpses into New Jersey Irish Catholic extended family culture which entertained this West Coast nuclear family boy.

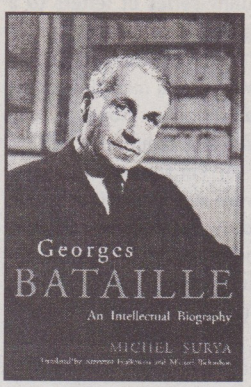
For *MRR* readers, I think it's important to address the meaning of the title, *The Freaks are Winning*. Most punks, I'd imagine, would take that as a positive statement. Certainly in the land of punk perzines, the first thing that comes to mind for me would be Aaron Cometbus writing about "flying his freak flag" while traveling, thereby attracting all the local freaks who would then find him shelter, feed him dumpstered feasts, and talk politics with him until dawn.

But Somers doesn't exactly use the word freak as an inclusive term. In the essay "It Takes a Nation of Freaks to Hold Me Back" he defines it as, "1. Anyone who intrudes on your existence without invitation, purpose, or consideration, under the delusion that their sad lives are interesting to you or that they deserve attention and interest simply because they take the time, trouble, and mental energy to breathe, 2. Everyone else in the universe except for maybe three or four people, and I'm not so sure about them."

This is a typical passage from the collection. Somers isn't afraid to be mean-spirited and verbose, both of which I fully appreciate. But too often, instead of building steam, paragraphs and essays deflate with an easy joke or contrary statement. In "Nation of Freaks" for example, the last type of freak is the "Zine Editor" in which he describes himself. In essays like this, it seems like he's just trying to amuse the reader sentence by sentence, playing it both ways by insulting almost everyone then including himself in the criticism.

The Freaks are Winning also suffers from the problem that most zine books have—a problem I think mostly is about expectations. If this was a weblog, I'd read it obsessively. As a zine I think it's pretty good, certainly among the better written. But as a book? Many essays seem a little short (most are about four pages) and similar to each other but without the overall coherence I expect from something published as a trade paperback. Yet I realize that may just be my own issue. It is certainly a representative collection of what's become one of the most prolific zines around. —Gordon Zola

Georges Bataille: An Intellectual Biography
Michel Surya • Translated by Krzysztof Fijalkowski and Michael Richardson
588 pages • $35.00
Verso • 180 Varick Street • New York, NY • 10014-4606



Verso Press was founded in 1970 by the people at the New Left Review in Britain, under the name New Left Books. They cut their eyeteeth publishing English language translations of leftist political and philosophical works by writers from Sartre to Weber. Recently, they've released translations of writing from such well-known persons as Che Guevara and Gabriel Garcia Marquez, as well as political writings on more current political topics from religious fundamentalism, to the politics of pension investing, to critiques of art. *Georges Bataille: an Intellectual Biography*, originally written by Michel Surya and translated by Krzysztof Fijalkowski and Michael Richardson, is one of Verso's recent publications on the subject of French philosophy and, unfortunately, not one of their most interesting.

This is, more than anything, a work for intellectuals and academics only. First off, Georges Bataille is not particularly interesting in and of himself. He is described as an important thinker of the French existential movement, but I remain unconvinced that his thoughts on death and existence are really very remarkable. Being of a mostly lowbrow nature, I don't really give a care about the subtleties of twentieth century French philosophy, and this biography did nothing to change that view.

Secondly, this book is a dry and stifling piece of writing, full of long, winding, almost senseless sentences. The opening page of the book contains a paragraph that serves as the best example of this:

> A man is not merely mortal (if he were his ontology would be less 'black,' less comical), he is also unlikely. The 'good fortune' to exist—in other words his infinitesimal possibility of being what he is rather than someone else—is measured through all the slippages which might have made him another being, or (why not?) left him without a future at all... The pure void (is this not what Bataille would say?) is a measureless probability more oppressive than any conception, it was infinitely probable that he would not be born.

OK, I'll admit that as the book progresses and actually describes Bataille's life, Michel drops many of the weird and confusing asides, but throughout it remains a very dense read. And, coming in at just under 500 pages (not counting the endnotes), this book is a massive undertaking.

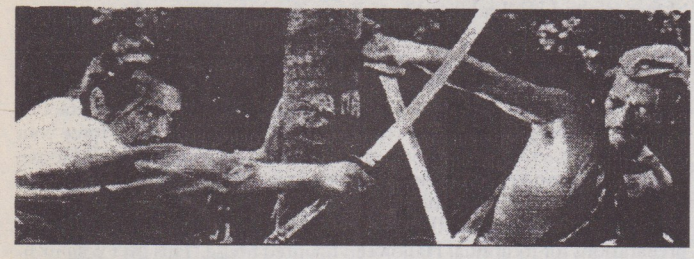
Furthermore, it's an undertaking with very low payoff for most of us. Truly, Georges Bataille's contributions to twentieth century existential thought strike me as unimpressive. Granted I'm not an expert on the subject, but his dark and moody exclamations about the horror of existence come across as hollow and mundane compared to such writers as Sartre and Nietzsche. Unfortunately, Michel also does little to show why Bataille's thoughts should be considered relevant today. We are left with a six-pound hardcover book full of ten-pound words and half-ton sentences about a man that most of us have never heard of and whose thoughts most of us would find unimportant.

However, if you are one of those few who have a deep intellectual interest in the history of twentieth century philosophy, you would be hard pressed to find a more detailed and impassioned account of Bataille's life. Michel has, after all, put together five hundred pages worth of in-depth research. From the insanity of Bataille's father that colored Georges' teen years to the romance that Bataille pursued across a Europe toying with fascism in the early 30s, the events that would influence his thought and writing are chronicled and laid bare. If you are a student of Bataille's works, this book will provide you with extensive background on his life and the way it influenced his writing.

But for the rest of us, it is superfluous. Verso Press is committed to leftist thought and to the intellectual history of leftist political movements worldwide. They are currently publishing critiques of the post-September political climate around the world and treatises on leftist politics that emphasize the immediacy and precariousness of our situation. They are bringing important works from around the world to an English-speaking audience that would otherwise miss them. Unfortunately, this book lacks both that relevance and significance. And does so for five hundred pages. —Doug Grime

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



HORROR BUSINESS

Halloween is just past, but the year's events haven't given us any respite from nervousness. And now comes **Dog Soldiers**, a high-energy B-movie cross between **Commando** and **The Howling**. In other words, it's loud, bloody, and really quite funny.

During full moons, hikers in the Scottish Highlands vanish without a trace...aside from maybe some human flesh hanging from a branch. It's enough to keep most people away, but a platoon of British soldiers are ballsy enough to hold war game maneuvers in the area. Sgt. Harry Wells (Sean Pertwee) is their leader, an old hand who's all gristle and guts; Pvt. Lawrence Cooper (Kevin McKidd) is the man he can count on when the going gets tough.

Their mission suddenly changes when they rescue the sole survivor of a Special Forces unit (Liam Cunningham), a shifty-eyed commando who knows more than he lets on. The killings happen too quickly for any of them to see, and when they do, all that's left is ground round. Even Wells becomes a casualty (his guts are ripped open so badly that Cooper has to stuff them back in and seal it with duct tape).

As night falls, their savior comes in the form of Megan (Emma Cleasby), a researcher into lycanthropes (werewolves, to you and me), and she drives them to the only nearby dwelling in the forest. When they secure the house, their only company is an affectionate but peckish springer spaniel, who almost immediately starts playing tug-of-war with Wells' intestines. Later they have to suture the sergeant with Krazy Glue.

Before long, the platoon is diminished by half, and the survivors have boarded up every window against an impossibly large pack of flesh-eaters that are half-man, half-dog, and very hungry. And they don't go down with mere bullets.

The werewolf film is a dated commodity, so it's surprising this works as well as it does. Director Neil Marshall wisely infuses the story with brisk action sequences and appropriately black humor, and makes do with a limited budget. (The hulking werewolves are animatronic, with no digital effects to hide the seams; other monster scenes are in silhouette or use quick editing.) **Dog Soldiers** is that sort of silly, junky genre movie that's best seen in a movie house (for the enthusiastic audience reaction), with a few brews on deck. Happily, my screening was in a packed theater with free beer, so enjoyment was pretty much a given.

In an early sequence from **Intacto**, an intriguing Spanish import, a gambler wins game after game at the roulette wheel. Just as he's convinced of his invincible good fortune, Federico (Eusebio Procelo), a casino employee, touches the gambler on the hand. Suddenly, calamitously, the gambler loses his next all-or-nothing bet. But Federico's first pull on a slot machine gives him a jackpot.

What if, the film asks, rises and falls of fortune were somehow subject to manipulation and control? In this remote casino, where impeccably dressed guests wager small fortunes on their game of choice, Samuel Berg (Max von Sydow)—also known as "The Jew" or "the god of gamblers,"—plays with human lives. The childhood survivor of a concentration camp, he has leveraged his life's experiences so that he can bestow (or deprive) a man's fortune with an embrace, or a touch on the hand. His is a self-imposed exile in the labyrinthine basement of the casino, a gloomy subworld of gray and black. Federico is Berg's first and only protégè.

When Federico hears of Tomas (Leonardo Sbarglia), the sole survivor of a airplane crash, they set up a partnership. They find their way into an underground world where invisible fortunes are wagered in breathtaking face-offs, the stakes ever higher. The winners accumulate power, not unlike a master swordsman in **Highlander**; the losers may sacrifice loved ones, or their own lives. Although Tomas is ultimately outplayed by a celebrated bullfighter, it doesn't stop him from requesting a match with the "god of luck," who has never been beaten, and whose preferred game is Russian roulette with only one empty chamber in the revolver.

Intacto is staged so convincingly that you can't help but buy into its Twilight Zone logic. First-time director Juan Carlos Fresnadillo's film may lack the weight its subject matter seems to require, but Max von Sydow's performance offers the perfect counterforce. In **The Seventh Seal**, he beats Death in a chess match; with this pedigree, who could possibly defeat him?

Hailing from South Korea, **Teenage Hooker Became a Killing Machine in Daehakroh** is a strange revenge shocker starring So-Yun Lee as a girl who likes to skulk around Seoul's neon-soaked backstreets. Dressed in her sailor suit school uniform, she offers a menu of politically incorrect specialities to anyone with the cash. Despite an enthusiastic clientele (including her high school ethics teacher), her best customer is another high school teacher (Dae-Tong Kim), a degenerate with a fucked-up face and a sinister laugh. Their meeting inspires a quirky song-and-dance number. He's the only person she gives freebies—partly to get good grades, and partly because, well, she likes him.

When she gets pregnant, she decides to have the child and retire; after all, her mother is getting married, and she's already getting side-action from her step-dad. The teacher, inflamed by revenge, sends three cackling hitmen in lab coats to cut her into chunk-size pieces, which are left on a table to rot.

But the movie would have ended too early if it simply stopped with her death. So, a scientist gathers her body parts into a sack and proceeds to reanimate her, in a scene that echoes Fritz Lang's **Metropolis**, or maybe the more recent anime version. Now, she's a crack killing machine, capable of running down gangsters—and taking revenge on the men who killed her.

Teenage Hooker... is truly strange. The sixty-minute film is shot on luminous digital video that seems to give everything an unworldly glow. The soundtrack is equally unusual, a wall-to-wall soundscape that goes from Camille Saint-Saens to Massive Attack. Unfortunately, the film can also be painfully slow. As a result of this and other excesses, this frequently comes off as half-baked (to be charitable) or misconceived (to be honest). Let's just leave it at "strange."

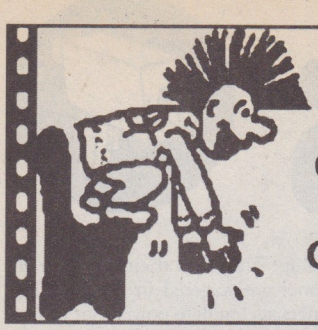
Speaking of strange. With **The Happiness of the Katakuris**, prolific cult director Miike Takashi (**Fudoh, The Bird People of China, Dead or Alive 1-3, Ichi the Killer**) has directed the first Japanese horror musical, an amusing adaptation of the brilliant Korean black comedy **A Quiet Family** (with a tinge of **The Sound of Music**).

When failed shoe salesman Masao Katakuri (Kenji Sanada) drops the family fortune on a mountain lodge under a rumbling volcano, his family quickly realizes the only way they're going to get customers is by accident. His wife Serue (Keiko Matsuzaka) and gravel-voiced Pacific war vet dad Jimpei (Tetsuro Tanba) take it in stride. But his dimwitted but lovable daughter Shizue (Naomi Nishida) sees no hope of snaring a husband, and her pickpocket younger brother Masayuki (Shinji Takeda) sees his time there as a prison sentence.

Their first customer commits suicide the first night by stabbing himself with his room key. A sumo wrestler gets a heart attack while humping an underage schoolgirl, who dies of asphyxiation. Each time, the family—fearful that superstitious prospective guests will avoid the inn—bury the bodies out back. When a grim-looking family wanders in as guests and ask for some rope, the Katakuris dig an extra-big hole just in case. And as if that weren't enough, the family (and sometimes the corpses) break out into song and dance numbers without warning.

For a horror movie, **The Happiness of the Katakuris** isn't actually scary. But its moral thrust—that disasters happen, people die, the human race will someday perish—isn't exactly the stuff of your usual warm-hearted family movie. As the family dog surfs home on a volcanic mudslide with rotting corpses, it dawns on you that the von Trapps, despite the Nazi threat, had nothing to complain about.

Reactions? Email me at sjspinali@yahoo.com.



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I ONLY ANSWER TO THE HIGHEST POWER

The world sure is fucked up. People fearing for their lives from some kind of media created or religious misinterpreted reality. It's so hard to take anything seriously. This year's elections are a fine example of that. For some reason, I still hold the faint idealistic hope that my vote actually counts. I don't really give a shit about which politician gets elected; same attitude, different face. It's the policy changes I always vote for. Yet, when the people of San Francisco choose to keep PG&E (our electric and gas company) so it can continue to rip us off, declare bankruptcy, cause blackouts, raise our rates, pay CEOs huge bonuses, etc., I am stunned. It doesn't surprise me that "bankrupt" PG&E spent a million dollars on a campaign to convince people that they are still a good company. What is shocking is that people fall for it. I know I'm cynical, but shouldn't we have tried to replace PG&E?

Going in to see **Bowling For Columbine** with this type of attitude is what most people expect. I'm just some cynical fuck who enjoys laughing at the stupidity of others. In **Bowling For Columbine** there are a lot of stupid people to laugh at, but the bigger questions Michael Moore raises make it more interesting. It is an entertaining and thought-provoking documentary that appeals to the lowest common denominator audience. Moore doesn't have the answers to the country's problems with guns, but he brings up a lot to think about.

I never thought of America as a country of people who are afraid. That is the thing that struck me the most watching **Bowling For Columbine**. Is it true? When you start to think about it, it makes sense. It's also pretty depressing. Why, after having the notion that the Pilgrims came to America to avoid religious persecution drilled into our heads since elementary school, do people treat others badly because of whom they are? You'd think with what we perceive as our history and the notions of our forefathers that we would automatically reject these types of prejudices.

The best part of Michael Moore's interview style is the ability to get right in someone's face and ask him/her about uncomfortable topics. He isn't afraid to go to the source. When investigating why a six-year-old in Flint, Michigan was able to bring a gun to school and shoot another six-year-old, he discovers the child's mother was working at one of Dick Clark's chain of restaurants as a welfare to work employee. Moore goes to Dick Clark to ask about it. Clark's reaction to the situation, quickly closing his van door and demanding the driver to leave, makes Clark look like more of an asshole than if he had spent a minute saying what a tragedy it is.

Moore takes two survivors of the Columbine shootings to K-mart to return the bullets that are still in their bodies. One is paralyzed and the other has a bullet so close to his spine that they can't remove it. After the usual Moore interaction with various K-mart publicity people, the company decides to stop selling bullets in their stores. It is a victory. However, I am left with an awkward question for these two boys. One no one would probably ever ask, not even Moore. What they did do to the Columbine shooters to incite this kind of reaction? It has been reported everywhere that the shooters had specific people in mind. People that picked on them in school, called them faggots, and whatnot. South Park's Matt Stone brings up that he wishes someone would have told the shooters that high school does not matter later in life and that the people considered losers in high school are usually the ones who end up succeeding. Most people reading MRR can probably relate to that. Don't misinterpret me—I am not saying anyone deserved to be shot. I guess that the whole thing, bullies and fear, can be attributed to the overall theory of the film.

Moore isn't afraid to point out the contradictions in himself as well as his subject. This is best shown in the controversial Charlton Heston scene. Moore presents two instances were Heston and the NRA called a rally after a gun-related tragedy. They did it in Colorado after Columbine and then in Flint after the shooting of the six-year-old. It's obvious what the NRA is trying to do. They want people to believe that guns are still important when the people are having doubts. Moore doesn't stop there. He goes right to Heston himself and questions him about gun violence. In this interview Moore presents himself as a flawed human being. He is outraged at the Flint rally and shows it. He could have cut this scene out to make himself come across as more in control of the situation. I am glad he didn't, as hard as it was to watch.

My favorite parts of **Bowling For Columbine** are the humorous ones. Moore walks into various Canadian houses testing a rumor he heard that people in Canada don't lock their doors. People don't even seem shocked. Moore asks a Michigan bank clerk if she feels that a bank should really be giving out guns. The South Park-style cartoon tells the history of fear in the U.S. I admire Moore's guts for pointing out things that no one else want's to talk about. He's got a lot of people talking about his film whether they are with or against him on the gun control issue.

Religious fanatics are also disturbing people. I grew up Catholic. I am very tolerant of people who believe in God and practice some type of religion. It doesn't bother me, as long as you don't force your beliefs on me. A disturbing and entertaining documentary, Hell House, reveals the strange world where Christians feel it is their duty to let you know you will be going to hell.

Hell House follows a Texas Trinity Church through their preparations for its annual Halloween haunted house. This isn't your ordinary haunted house with ghosts, witches and demons. This is a moralistic haunted house trying to scare its visitors with tales of eternal damnation.

Hell House is approached as a straightforward documentary. There is no judgment being passed on the subjects the way Michael Moore does in **Bowling For Columbine.** You can't tell how director George Ratliff feels about his subject. That's for you to decide on your own. To me, they come off looking like kooks.

Hell House begins with a visit to one of the parishioner's house. The man is a single father of five. One of his children has an epileptic seizure while the camera is filming. None of the other children try to help their brother even though their father is out of the room. The circumstances of this family are left up to speculation. The oldest daughter mentions that there was a mistake in court and the children were temporarily put into a foster home. Later, we learn that the room in Hell House where the husband discovers his wife is having an internet affair and proceeds to kill her is based on this man. You can't help but wonder what kind of message this church is sending to the kids.

The annual Hell House is very involved. The organizers start in August with planning meetings to discuss what will be the theme of each room. Scripts are written. Auditions for different roles are conducted. The house is built. Being able to get a glimpse of the inner workings of this organization are what make this documentary so fascinating.

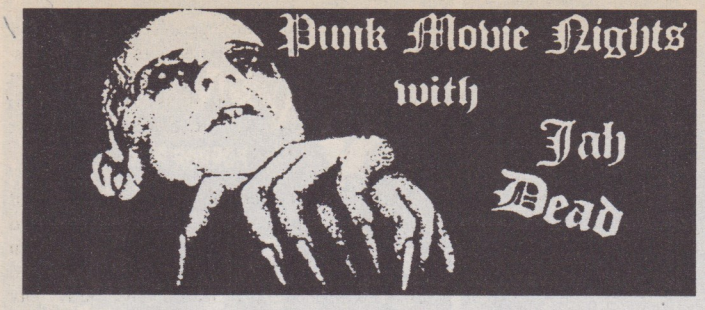
It is also through these insights that you begin to realize how off the mark these people are. When trying to work out the rave date rape scene, the man who is planning this room states matter of factly that he has been to raves and every time at least "two dozen, well actually, 8-10 people" have been found dead. It's not so much that these people are misinformed, but they do not even attempt to get the facts before presenting them to the public. Later the same man is trying to write his script and can't recall what the date rape drug is called. None of the other people can either. Of course, everyone in the audience knows and resists the urge to scream at the screen.

The Goth/Satanist scenario is humorous as well. The people in charge argue over whether or not they can use white paint. One argues that Satanists always use red on black as he proceeds to paint a Jewish Star of David instead of a pentagram.

The auditions and the actual performances are equally disturbing. Students at the school matter of factly speak of trying out to be the "abortion girl" or that being in the rave scene is "cool because you get to dance." The kids participating really believe in what they are doing, but seem so sheltered that they really enjoy acting out all these bad things. When we get to take the trip through Hell House the whole scenario becomes even creepier. The only solution to suicide, rape, homosexuality, drugs, depression, loneliness, etc. is to believe in Jesus. Actually helping people has been left out of this church's curriculum.

I wonder exactly for whom **Hell House** has been made. The style of presentation makes it seem as if it was made for a church going audience. Yet, the people that actually go to see it are just the opposite. They say 40,000 people attend this haunted house every year and over the ten years they been doing it about 7,000 people have been converted. I'm guessing most people are going for the entertainment value.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by email at carolynmrr@juno.com



The first item on our menu this month is **From One Extreme To Another**, which is another in a series of DVD releases brought to you by Cherry Red Films (www.cherryred.co.uk) from the UK. This one is pretty good, capturing EXTREME NOISE TERROR when they were good and still underground (i.e., punk). In terms of a DVD production, this is as basic as it gets. You get a simple menu with links to a live performance and an after-show interview. The live performance footage is from one point of view, but the picture quality is excellent, and the sound quality is way above average. The after-gig interview is pretty hilarious, taken both in and out of context—consider what ENT is up to today, and then contrast that with the politics espoused when this interview was done. Some of the songs featured on this DVD are "Deceived," "False Prophet," "Murder," "We The Helpless," "Raping The Earth," and "Show Us You Care." Another good release from Cherry Red.

Second up this month is a DVD featuring the METEORS, a psychobilly band from the UK that reached its peak in the mid-80s, in my opinion (partly based on the footage contained on this DVD, which is some pretty convincing evidence). This is a bit more of a complete package than the EXTREME NOISE TERROR DVD. There are two live shows contained on this DVD, as well as promo videos. There is even a newer video, which is scary in the same way as seeing photos of the CLASH as they look in 2002. The METEORS are totally solid, pretty damn good when they perform certain songs that seem to be the cream of their set list. Tracks like "Wreckin Crew" are as good as any, even when compared to bands I consider better, like DEMENTED ARE GO or the PHANTOM ROCKERS. There is a lot here for fans of this genre, and I couldn't find any reason why this shouldn't find its way into your collection.

A few issues ago I discussed a documentary about John The Baker, a local punk hero of sorts. John runs an all-ages club in Richmond, California called Burnt Ramen [Along with his "Family (Anna Wrexxit, Mykee, and a handful of neighborhood misfits)," which isn't like the Manson "Family," we hope anyway]. The documentary was called **John The Baker**. His documentarians were two young punks from San Francisco, and one of them, Melissa, is also hard at work on a larger scale piece of filmmaking that will document a lot of what's going down here in the Bay Area (in terms of punk), and particularly the resurgence of hardcore that has been taking place for a couple of years now. On December 6 at Gilman, we will be screening the **John The Baker** documentary, as well as one of Melissa's earlier films, and so I thought I'd do a quick Q and A with her for this column so that you may get to know her a bit more.

PMN: How long have you been into film and filmmaking?

Melissa: It's hard for me to accept the label of a filmmaker. I don't really consider myself that. I'm just now beginning to make things that go beyond student exercises. That's why I was so wary about even doing this interview. I think I've always been into film, but only more recently in my life I've been able to really appreciate its power. Documentary films have really become my main interest.

PMN: What were some of your earliest influences that still have an affect on your films?

Melissa: Like everyone my age who grew up in the States, I watched way too much TV. The 80s marked the beginning of video and music video. It's inevitable that I'm a product of all of that. I'm not sure how this has affected my filmmaking. I think that a lot of what I grew up watching was insincere. Also I traveled a lot throughout my childhood. By being exposed to different cultures I was able to imagine a world bigger than just my own. I don't think I've developed a style or theme yet, though. I think that music has always had a huge influence on me in writing and film. I grew up with piano lessons and a very musical mother. I think that because I was always around music, it's affected my sense of timing and rhythm.

PMN: Does your involvement in punk change the way you approach filmmaking?

Melissa: The most obvious influence punk rock has on my films is that all the characters are punks. I'm not sure where to draw the line between things in my films that come from being involved in punk, and things that don't. Maybe because I've barely made any films yet. I've always gotten help and support from within this community. I make my films for my friends and people like them. I've also made a few mini punk music videos for bands like Deadfall.

PMN: What was your first film, and what are you working on currently?

Melissa: My first film was a two-minute experimental piece. It was about a businesswoman that reaches her breaking point. She becomes so frustrated that she sheds her power suit, empties the contents of her briefcase, and sets it all on fire. I shot the black and white 16 mm film in my back yard in a crappy old Bolex camera, those cameras that you have to wind up to get them to run, and the wind only lasts 30 seconds or so. At the time me and my roommates had these shiny gold couches we found on the street and a homemade Zen garden set up. In the fall this great big tree that hangs over the area sprinkles a blanket of petals everywhere. I was really lucky that the back yard looked the way it did, because it ended up being dreamlike on film. My friend Sara was the star, like she has been for the majority of my films. The whole thing ended pretty cheesy and ambiguous in an art student sort of way. It was the first time I shot film and directed and edited something completely my own. It's not anything I would want people to see, but it really helped me gain some important experience. After that I made several videos involving my friends. This past year, my boyfriend Scotty and I made a ten-minute documentary about John the Baker. John has been in the punk rock scene for many years, and he's contributed an enormous amount in that time. Here in the Bay Area, he helps run and maintain Burnt Ramen, one of the few all ages punk oriented venues around. Although he's involved in social issues beyond the punk scene, he applies his values in practical ways to our little community. He also has lots and lots of stories to tell. With our little film, we only scratched the surface of his life and why it is compelling. We rushed it towards the end and it shows. Either way I think this was the first film I made that I felt passionate about. It's also the film that helped me realize that documentary is something that I want to do a lot of. It's what lead me to my next bigger project that is just in its beginning stages. I've finally decided to take the hours of videotape I have of shows and friends and combine it with newer more focused footage. The ultimate idea I have is to turn it all into a documentary about the Bay Area punk/hardcore scene.

PMN: Has technology made filmmaking easier and more accessible?

Melissa: I think technological advancements in the world of film and video have definitely made filmmaking way more accessible to everyone. With the arrival of digital video and consumer editing programs, anyone who can turn on a computer and move around a mouse can edit their own movie. I think that filmmaking has always had this unattainable quality, but throughout my lifetime, it's become cheaper and more realistic at a do-it-yourself kind of level. I think there will be an increase in films that are made by everyday people. Even without access to editing equipment it's very possible to make your own films. That's a great thing. Everyone should be making movies.

PMN: Where do you find inspiration?

Melissa: Mostly, I find inspiration in my personal life. I think that the people I love and care about are the reason that I want to make films. I have this need to record events and people that are important to me.

PMN: Do you still enjoy going to the movies?

Melissa: I love going to the movies, but I can't always afford it. In fact I haven't gone to see a film on a big screen in a long time. I try to always watch movies and read books at home whenever I can. I still feel like I've barely seen an acceptable amount of quality films. Filmmaker or not, I think that it's really important to see lots of movies and read lots of books. These things can help you really understand the world and yourself.

PMN: What are your five favorite underground films of all time?

Melissa: I don't really have a top five list of films, much less of all time. Everyday my favorite films change. Most of the films I would name are not Hollywood, but I don't know if that makes them underground. Tonight, at one in the morning, my favorite films are: the **Atomic Café, American Movie, The Bicycle Thief, Blood in the Face** (which I saw a few hours ago), and **Roger and Me**.

You can contact Melissa by email: Angelfck138@hotmail.com or phone: (415) 614-2346

I enjoy and appreciate your feedback, and if you have any, then send it to: Jay Dead, PMB #419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709 or contact me via: www.wethepunx.com

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THE ABORTED - "Mushroom Sunset" EP

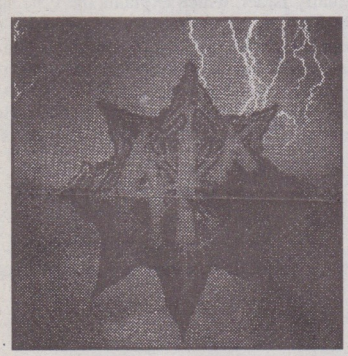
Punk fucking rock from Southern California. A touch of Scandinavia in the guitar solos, rough recording, song titles like "Drugs" (whose lyrics are, as much as I can tell, "I like drugs"), and "Victimless Society." Best listened to wasted. (WN)
(Puke n Vomit, PO Box 3435, Fullerton, CA 92834)

ADICTS - "Rise and Shine" LP

These guys have been together for over 25 years now. Their new album has the same old poppy and catchy tunes with unimpressive lyrics from years before. Makes for some good easy listening. (SR)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, mosh@knock-out.de)

AGGRESSION - "This is Aggression" CD

Seven tracks here from the Japanese AGGRESSION, a band I have not heard before now. Mohawks, fist in the air punk rock, along the same lines as EXTINCT GOVERNMENT, although the best tracks on this disc are ones that show way more originality that your average punk outfit. I wish I could harness the snarl that only Japanese vocalists can muster...I'd bottle that shit and make millions selling it to US kids who think they're tough. I don't know if the band is still with us (these tunes are all pre-2000), but fans of spiky punk definitely take note.
(Dan-Doh,"K-Club" Honmachi 2-1-26, Kochi City,780-0870 JAPAN)



ALAN MILMAN SECT - "Stitches" LP

Envinylization of the CD put out by Milman on his own Bedazzled label from five or so years back. The ALAN MILMAN SECT being one of those *Killed By Death* bands that keeps eBay in business, ya understand. The classic 'Stitches in My Head" is here (hey, three diff. versions!), a no-count 1977 "stab" at punk rock nirvana that succeeds on so many levels. The rest of the tracks on this have plenty of neg-vibe intensity that should satisfy all the antisocial shut-ins that scarf up similar 220-gram archival collections of supposedly disposable culture. (RW)
(Munster, www.munster-records.com)

ALL IS SUFFERING - "The Past: Vindictive Sadisms of Petty Bureaucrats" CD

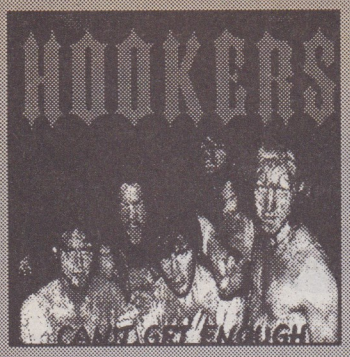
Combining elements of black metal, death metal, grind and hardcore, the clever way that Maryland's ALL IS SUFFERING introduce themselves on their CD describes them far better than I ever could (especially this late in the day and with a cold, sorry). From the liner notes: "Panzer Division ALL IS SUFFERING is: From Enslavement to Mike Pritchett, And Justice for Jeremy Hance, 15 Counts of Eric Hynes, The Past Vindicative Sadism of Leonard Likas, In Battle There Is No Fred Manwolf." So in case you missed any of those references, that fairly accurately places their sound as a mixture of MARDUK, NAPALM DEATH, METALLICA, HIS HERO IS GONE, BOLT THROWER, and of course, themselves. This CD compiles five new songs, three from a previous 7" and six from an older demo tape, with the older ones being a bit more urgent and faster, and the later ones a bit more drawn out. I think they could've easily shaved a few minutes off of some of these songs, as some of the longer slower parts drag and lose my interest, but that's easily forgivable in the wake of some serious and seriously brutal metal riffing. A solid release. (EL)
(Crucial Blast, PO Box 364, Hagerstown, MD 21741, www.crucialblast.com)

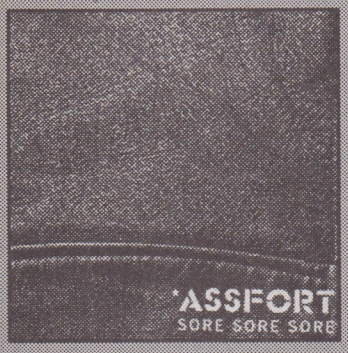
AND I CAN'T WAIT - "Hardcore Justice" EP

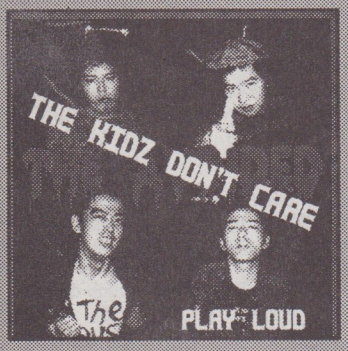
Female fronted SXE hardcore dealing with issues important to women in punk: rape (and the fear of), reproductive rights, drugs, and the difficulty of being a woman in a male dominated scene. And it does this all with an amazing backdrop of melodic mid-tempo hardcore. (DP)
(Agitprop, PO Box 748, Hanover, MA 02339, www.agitproprecords.com)

ANGELIC UPSTARTS - "Sons of Spartacus" LP

It's hard to be objective about this. ANGELIC UPSTARTS were one of the best. I remember the first time I heard "Never Had Nothing" and thinking it was the toughest song ever. The UPSTARTS were especially







cool because they took a stand against the right-wing thugs who ruined the (street)punk scene in Britain, unlike a lot of the other bands of the time who either sat on the fence or actively courted the boneheads. This album is for hardcore fans only—it's way too slow and mellow for yer average punker. The songs range from slowed down anthems to rock ballads. I'm afraid I can't give this a good review even though I desperately want to. Its only saving grace is that the lyrics are still good and their heart is in the right place. (AD)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

ANTiSEEN/HOOKERS - split EP

Two cover tunes from two infamous rock bands. ANTiSEEN do ROSE TATTOO's "All the Lessons" ("turn the other cheek if you want it beaten in") while HOOKERS deliver an honorable attempt at SCORPIONS' "Can't Get Enough." Not exactly the most necessary record I've heard, but fuck, since when do ANTiSEEN need to be relevant? They're fukken rock and roll outlaws! (WN)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

ARTICLES OF FAITH - "Complete Vol. 1: 1981-1983" LP

Finally, ARTICLES OF FAITH gets the discography treatment. This, as the title indicates, compiles their early years as a band—their most ferocious. From the biting commentary of "False Security" and "What We Want Is Free," to the sonic juggernaut that is "Five O'Clock," ARTICLES OF FAITH roar through 17 angry, angst-filled tracks which scream out against the brutality of everyday life. Bands like AOF laid the path clear for bands like BORN AGAINST and their kin to follow—as their importance is not simply just because they were a hardcore punk wrecking ball, but in the ideas and ethics which laid behind the go-for-the-jugular attack they displayed. In his liner notes, Mr. Bondi states it clearly, "…you need to look no further than Christian radio stations to realize the complete bankruptcy of embracing the hardcore sound without the hardcore ethic." Unfortunately this is a statement which is lost on most of not only Mr. Bondi's generation of punx, but increasingly on my own. Hell, given that he hired a PR person for the promotion of these releases and was seemingly more concerned about *Rolling Stone* reviewing them than punk 'zines, I'd say the concept might be lost on him as well. (MT)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

ARTICLES OF FAITH - "Complete Vol. 2: 1983-1985" LP

This is the second part of the AOF discography being compiled by Alternative Tentacles this month, and if you don't have these songs already, I strongly suggest you go out and pick both these records up. ARTICLES OF FAITH made some truly inspiring personal/political hardcore during their lifetime. As an added bonus, you get some nostalgic yet interesting liner notes (including one part where Vic suggests that ARTICLES OF FAITH invented emo—you'd think that's something you'd want to keep to yourself) and an acoustic version of "What We Want Is Free." It doesn't sound like it was supposed to be funny either. Joking aside, Volume 1 is slightly better because, like many bands, ARTICLES OF FAITH lost a little of their focus in their later years, but still, complete your collection and get both of these. (AM)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

ASSFORT – "Sore, Sore, Sore" CD

It is no joke when I say that ASSFORT were one of the best bands that I have ever seen in my life. Yet I sit here and listen to this CD and I wonder what has changed with the band. To my ears their music is so much more "rock" than "punk" now. The pace of the music is still pretty up-tempo, but the edge is missing on this release. Yoshio's snarling vocals are still in fine form, but they really need to knock the pace up a few notches on their next release! (RC)
(Flying High)

ASTROGLIDES - "Fondling With the…" CD

Geez, Louise. Another one straight outta left field—actually Israel, which explains the lyric sheet that I've been reading sideways, backwards, and diagonally. The ASTROGLIDES are deep-gruntin' high-ridin' weirdos whose rightful identity and motivations remain cloaked in mystery. First they're trundling through some kinda manic speed-metal minute-long dealie that flies straight over my head, then they bust into a low-balling surf instrumental…then knuckle-dragging frat rock, then back toward hyperactive noise. Call 'em what you will, I'm intrigued—particularly by what have gotta be some extra-extra-daring lyrics given where they're from ("Be Meine Hitler"). If I didn't know better (and I do), I'd swear *MRR*'s Dr. Dante was involved: it's got his thumbprints all over it. (JH)
(Fast Music, PO Box 4542, Tel Aviv, ISRAEL, contact@fastmusic.co.Il)

AVOIDED - "The Kidz Don't Care" EP

Deep voiced, tough guy punk 'n' roll from Japan. A weak A-side has left me weary, but the B-side is much catchier and fun. Reminds me a little of the US BOMBS or something of that ilk. Nothing spectacular. Forgettable, and ...what was I talking about...? (BM)
(Pogo77, 1-101-1 Rokoudai, Matsudo-Shi Chiba, 270-2203, JAPAN)

AWKWARD THOUGHT - "Ruin a Good Time" CD

Hardcore that knows how to rock out, but not in a lame "rawk" way or however you want to say or spell it, they just plain move through their songs with the subtlety of a tank through a mine field; heavy, driving rhythm, hardcore punk with a rockin' sense; a gruff voiced singer that has a pretty cool style of singing and clearly heard lyrics; some occasional whoa-oh's to sing along with and a punchy beat that you can shake a fist to, bang a head in time with, circle in a pit to, or do all three simultaneously. You can't go wrong with reasons like that. Good stuff. (WM)
(Awkward Thought, PO Box 20726, Tompkins Square Station, New York, NY 10009, www.deadcityny.com)

BALZAC - "Atom Age Vampire in 308" 2xLP

This release sure perplexes me. Japan's BALZAC seems to have released two records subtitled the *Art of Dying* and *The Last Men on Earth 11* as one double LP package. Both of these were recorded last year, but I don't know if they were released separately on CD or what. Perhaps if I had learned Japanese I would be able to translate all the liner notes, but instead I am stuck guessing. I can tell you that BALZAC seems to have lightened up on the MISFITS influence and added some RANCID sounding undertones. Not bad, but a little much if you listen to all four sides back to back. (JF)
(Diwphlanx, c/o Horrorwood,PO Box 7496, McMinnville, TN 37111, www.balzac308.com)

BARGED - "Aerial Beings" CD

Aggressive Japanese punk that comes in somewhere between CRUDE and DISCHARGE or BROKEN BONES. Guttural vocals, group choruses, loud-as-hell guitars on songs such as "Overmaster a Frontal Attack," "Without a Speck of Cloud," and "Mother Fucker" make this one gnarly punk-as-fuck record. For lovers of LIPCREAM, GAUZE, SYSTEMATIC DEATH, the EXECUTE and all that shit. (AD)
(Barged, 2-8 Akaneson, 2-3-14 Haramachida, Machida City 194-0013, Tokyo, JAPAN)

BLIND SOCIETY - "Contrary to Popular Belief" CD

After hearing so much about this band last year on tour, I'm kinda ashamed that it took me this long to check them out (and someone had to put the disc in my bin). Fast and furious hardcore that reminds me more than a little bit of fellow Jersyites TEAR IT UP. Lyrical content moves from concise attacks on the military and government to woeful tales of struggling just to get by. Well written songs, well thought out lyrics, and all of it filled with rage. After 16 songs, I feel totally battered...don't wait as long as I did to check out this awesome hardcore band. (WN)
(Blackout, 931 Madison St., Hoboken, NJ 07030)

BLOCKHEADS/NOSTROMO - split EP

BLOCKHEADS, from France, and NOSTROMO, from Switzerland, each pummel an original song and a cover of a song by the other band. BLOCKHEADS mine the field with solid grind, heavy on the kick-drum mix, guttural vocals, blur guitar, headchopping downbeats, etc. NOSTROMO, on the flip, terrorize their neutral position country-mates with their brand of precision, tech-grind/hardcore, much in the style of BOTCH, DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, *et al*. Good to know that there's more to France/Switzerland than good cheese, fine banking, and Serge Gainsbourg. (WM)
(Waiting For An Angel, 45 Rue Rachais, 69007 Lyon, FRANCE, www.waitingforanangel.com)

BLOCKO/EIGHTY SIX - split EP

The EP really is the best format for bands like this. With only two or three songs, there's little filler and there are so few songs that they don't really have the opportunity to start sounding the same. That said, both of these bands are slick, vaguely dissonant (in an ALKALINE TRIO sort of way) melodic punk bands. If this split were a contest, BLOCKO would come out on top, since it seems like they have a little more energy, but other than that, both bands are pretty similar and relatively appealing. My favorite part about this record is that the vinyl is thick enough to really injure someone if you threw it at them. (MX)
(Bombed Out, PO Box 17, Leeds, LS8 1UP, UK, www.bombedout.co.uk)

BLUE SKYGOODBYE- "The Identity EP" CD

I had a strange physical reaction to this record, along the lines of nausea. I feel sorry for the girl who the last song is about. BLUE SKYGOODBYE seem super professional though, like NEW FOUND GLORY, or ALKALINE TRIO. (MM)
(Uprising, PO Box 42259, Philadelphia, PA 19104)

BOMBSTRIKE - "Kaos Och Djavulskap" LP

Ever had a drunk friend put you in a chokehold? Its panic-inspiring and it hurts, yet you like it cuz you know the drunken fuck is just trying to hug you. This band's music is a ferocious and non-stop 16-ton weight being dropped on our souls. No breaks, no time changes and no silly mathematical complexities. The singing is monstrous—a beast rising from hell to kill all gods. Listen to this while your lover fucks you mercilessly. You will then truly know Punk Rock Love! (JA)
(Chris Granden, Skyllbergsg, 18 Vll, S-124 71, Bandhagen, SWEDEN)

BOOKS LIE - "Weep" CD

This band could've opened up for SLEEPYTIME TRIO in the early 1990s. Kind of reminds me of a mixture between ACTION PATROL and a sped-up version of GUILT. Of course that's not counting the very bad electronica trip hop shit on here. Discordant, sometimes heavy, and a little sloppy. Not my thing, but I could see the kids in high-water pants and tight old man shirts digging this. (CC)
(PO Box 52, New York, NY 10276)

BOUNZ THE BALL – "When We Were Kids..." CD

Five tracks, on this MCD, of pummeling precision NYHC by way of Austria with vocals in English (except half-way through the third song where it switches to Spanish...?) from a controlled screamer-styled singer. They didn't put me off with their chunky rhythms and fast tempo but they didn't really do much for me either. I also didn't really understand their song "The Bitter Taste" where they sing about the USA, as though they live here (in case you missed the first sentence, they're Austrian), and make strange statements like "...we will become a better nation/listen just think/let's start the revolution/racists bless your country/your clean white attitude/the KKK and nazi-rats spread abroad their attributes/where do we move?" I wonder if they're planning to move here and kick some redneck butt with their tuff NY attitude? I'll pass on this. (WM)
(Rise or Rust, PO Box 699, 8011 Graz, AUSTRIA, www.riseorrustrecords.com)

BOXINGWATER - "No Voice Will Go Unheard" CD

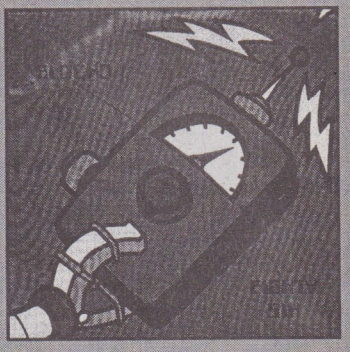
Heavily influenced by a seeming one-two punch of ANTI-FLAG, NEW FOUND GLORY, and smidge of "nu-metal." Slick pop-punk that is just sort of blah. Maybe it's just 'cause it doesn't sound like they've ever listened to DISCHARGE, LEATHERFACE, or RAW POWER. (MT)
(Spent, 444 Humphey St. 50, Swampscott, MA 01907)

BROKEN BOTTLES - "Radioactive San Onofre" 45

Cool old school sounding LA (or thereabouts) punk rock. Reminds me a little of old SOCIAL DISTORTION; it has that old Posh Boy feel to it. Rough muddy production adds to the nostalgia. This is really good—it's slightly different from the usual Long Beach bleached-receding-hair-tattoos-and-eyeliner fare on Hostage. (AD)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

BUCKET FULL OF TEETH - "It's a Set-up" EP

This record is brutal. It's fuzzy but not in a cute way. The whole thing is pretty bass-heavy and the music tends to become one indistinguishable mess. Most of the stuff is either really fast or really slow and heavy (not necessarily mosh style, though). One song has a cool 70s metal thing going on, but outside of that, you might have to call them experimental power violence. (PA)
(Youth Attack, PO Box 126321, San Diego, CA 92112-6321)



RECORDS

BUCKET FULL OF TEETH - "Technical Desires" EP

This Massachusetts band tries to break beyond the boundaries of punk by throwing together a choppy mix of blast beats, metal guitar riffs, and APHEX TWIN ambient keyboard garbage. Liner notes to this, as well as the other two EP's they've released on Youth Attack Records this month, go overboard with essay's on the direction of punk. Although a lot of things they say are absolutely valid, they're giving their band a ridiculous amount of importance they don't deserve. Their music is by no means original or ground breaking. Anyone who enjoys lying to themselves about what is good and innovative in music is should check this out. If you think LOCUST are too much, stay far far away... It's too bad none of Mark McCoy's cynicism rubbed off on these guys. (VH)
(Youth Attack, PO Box 126321, San Diego, CA 92112-6321)

BUCKET FULL OF TEETH - "Psychosis" EP

This EP is the second "volume" of three almost identical 7"s to come out on Youth Attack! I really liked what Will from BUCKET FULL OF TEETH says in the insert: "While trying new things is scary to most people, I think a scene afraid of change is much more frightening." Well said. In fact, all three EPs have a little anecdote from each respective member of the band, which I think is a cool idea (though I think it is interesting that despite the pleas for originality, these arguments have been made time and time again, with one member almost quoting FUGAZI several times). As for the music, it explodes at first in a heavy, technical attack almost reminiscent of the first DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, then moves into complexities that aren't as loud and have traces of more of a FUGAZI-esque approach. The tunes on here rock hard and surprise the listener with their diversities. Collect all three! (SP)
(Youth Attack, PO Box 126321, San Diego, CA 92112-6321)

BUMBKLAATT - "Brainless" EP

First time I saw this record, the cover art made me think it was going to be a death metal band. Boy, was I wrong! BUMBKLAATT who are from Southern California blaze through some crazed crust-core. Eye watering distortion and chaos punches you in the eardrums until they bleed. I missed them on their recent tour through the Bay Area, but everybody who saw them said they destroyed. I will definitely check them out on their next swing through the area. (RC)
(Slaves To Darkeness, PO Box 34695, San Diego, CA 92163; chris@geekmafia.com)

BUZZY - EP

Rock n' rolling punk from Japan with a heavy influence on the *rock* part of that equation. This is actually pretty mid-tempo and bland. It wasn't bad, it just never kicked the energy level up to a level that caught my interest. (RC)
(HG Fact, c/o Tadashi Satoh, 105, 2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo 164-0013 JAPAN; interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

xCANAANx/THIRTY SECONDS UNTIL ARMAGEDDON - split EP

Decent, but pretty fucking average split of British straight-edge metalcore here. xCANAANx is particularly generic, doing the straight MORNING AGAIN worship thing. 30 SECONDS is definitely my pick of the two—they're a bit scarier and more metally sounding, with some of their riffs reminding me of Germany's MY HERO DIED TODAY. Yeah, they're pretty good actually. There's just barely enough catchy mosh parts between the two to hold one's interest throughout a 7", but this would get pretty tedious on longer formats. (EL)
(Ignition, 1 Chandos Rd, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, TN1 2NY, UK, www.ignitiononline.co.uk)

THE CARNIVAL - "Käärme" EP

First, I like the cover art, nice. Second, this is Finnish hardcore the way it's meant to be, a vicious assault of distortion and raw-as-fuck riffing, burnt throat vocals that often gets overpowered by the music, a slightly shoddy recording that gives the already raw tunes an even rougher edge, lyrics in Finnish—with English translations—dealing with such lighthearted topic as wearing other people's skin, being impaled, etc. Four songs, 45 rpm. I've listened to this more than a few times in a row and that's because I like it. (WM)
(no address, rikkieh@yahoo.com or vesa_astra@hotmail.com)

CENOBITES - "Demons to Some...Angels to Others" CD

The CENOBITES are a psychobilly band that will occasionally break out with a full on metal sound. It breaks the monotony, but cannot keep this record from putting me in a coma. (DP)
(Drunkabilly, Postbus 87-9050, Ledeberg 1, BELGIUM, drunkabilly@planet internet.de)

CHALET CHALET - "EP" CD

I think a lot about what new levels we can take punk rock to. It always gets me kind of depressed because I always end up feeling like everything's been done before and that there's nothing new, but then a band like this comes out of fucking nowhere and shuts me up real good. CHALET CHALET have the energy and driving rhythms of the best melodic punk bands, combined with the guitar-dueling intricacy and dance-able beats of bands like Q AND NOT U or MIRACLE CHOSUKE. Plus, the singer's got a fucking badass voice, with the power of Tom from AGAINST ME! and a small trace of a hipster whine. This would make a lot of people physically ill, but I love it. This day just got ten times better. (MX)
(Walk In Cold, 8408 Lakeside Dr, Downers Grove, IL 60516)

CHANIWA- "Toonride" CD

So, I know it's not fair to judge a record by the cover, but I seriously thought that someone screwed up and gave me a video game to review. While we're on the subject, these guys sound like they play a lot of video games, and eat pizza, and skate. I don't listen to much skate rock, but I can tell that CHANIWA are probably big time SUBLIME fans. This hurt my ears. (MM)
(Booz, 3-56-1 Koenjiminami , Suginami-Ku Tokyo, JAPAN)

CLOSET MONSTER - "Killed the Radio Star" CD

Melodic political punk from the Great White North (Canaduh, duh). Reminds me a bit of what I-SPY would have sounded like if those jerks would have ever taken a bath, or perhaps a bit of what STRIKE ANYWHERE would sound like if they slowed the pace a smidge or two. Hell, there's even a hint of PROPAGANDHI shining through. Totally worth your support. (MT)
(Underground Operations, PO Box 13, Ajax Ontario L1S 3C2, CANADA)

CONGA FURY - "Chaotic Noise" CD

Distort-orama from these Kochi City Punx—blown-out recording paired up with quick-paced get-the-pit-moving hardcore thrash. Nice underlying groove to their hyperspeed attack which it keeps it from becoming just another blur in the high speed punk wars. (MT)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

CONTENDER - "A Way with Words" CD

Since I start with the assumption that the majority of the CDs I review are going to suck, it is always doubly exciting when I throw on a little digitized piece of plastic that truly rocks my socks (and other undergarments) off. Imagine a band that is equal parts ALKALINE TRIO and TWELVE HOUR TURN, dipped in a zesty THUMBS sauce, and that's pretty much what you've got here. Melodic punk from Colorado, two singers: one crooning, one screaming. The crooning isn't as successful, but the lyrics are sharp enough that he gets away with it. Also, they do a totally rockin' cover of "Keeping Warm in the Nighttime" by PINHEAD GUNPOWDER, and include a sound clip from *Memento*. You can't go wrong. (MX)
(Negative Progression, PO Box 193158, San Francisco, CA 94119, www.negativeprogression.com)

COTZRAIZ - "Heil Cotzraiz" CD

OK, I just spent the past 25 minutes trying to figure out where this band is coming from. Lots of stark red, black and white imagery, a picture of Hitler in the booklet with "COTZRAIZ" pasted over his eyes, and a song for Hitler's lover (and later his wife) Eva Braun. But are they Nazis? After entering the lyrics to "Eva B." into a handy translation program, I have determined that the answer is probably "no," as the songs basically says that "Adolf was no good for you, Eva, he could never love you like I could." I figure a band penning love songs for the mistress of a maniacal douche bag is likely exercising their sense of humor, and not an Aryan desire to...ahem...go where the guy with the funny mustache has been. Musically, we're talking pretty fucking good Oi here. Well played, and a fucking blast to listen to. The excessive use of the word "heil" fucking blows though. Being funny is great, but please do it without all the Nazi bullshit. (WN)
(Scumfuck, PSF 100709, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

COWBOYS FROM OUTER SPACE - "Space-O-Phonics Aliens" CD

If anyone was looking to encapsulate the sound that drove *FlipsSide* reviewers nuts around 1988, look no further than this crap. Vocal style straight out of suburban BAUHAUS meets "Candy"-era IGGY POP. Wanky, dumb, and irritating. (RW)
(Nova Express, 21 Chemin Des Carrieres, 71150 Chagny, FRANCE)

CRO(W)S - "Dirty Bunny" CD

So I didn't think there was going to be a better release coming out of Florida this year than GUNMOLL. Then along came the AGAINST ME LP, and I said the line has been crossed and we have a winner. Well kids, I was wrong. Since I first listened to this CRO(W)S CD in a Kentucky moonshine-induced drunken stupor, I have been hooked. This CD rocks in the best HOT WATER MUSIC-meets-RADON combo possible, since this band has members from both bands. Not as emo as HOT WATER MUSIC, and not as poppy as RADON—this CD just rocks. Buy, buy, buy. (JF)
(www.crowsandpawns.com)

CRUCIAL SECTION - "Let's Raise Your Hands" EP

Six new songs of '88 style youth crew hardcore from these Tokyo boys. At this point I find myself pretty fed up with new American youth crew bands and the awful lyrics they keep pulling out of the toilet of friendship. CRUCIAL SECTION demonstrate, with songs like "Encounters," that they have a knack for it that we've lost. It leaves me feeling like a sucker that so many Japanese bands can execute this style of American hardcore so well, and I've yet to hear a decent American GAUZE. Fans of CRUCIAL SECTION are sure to love this record, but for the unfamiliar, I'd listen to the LP, which is a little tighter and more produced, before picking up this one. (VH)
(Crew For Life, 5-4-58 5-402, Fujimi-Cho, Higashimurayama, Tokyo, 189-0024, JAPAN, crucialsection@hotmail.com)

CUT THE SHIT - "Bored to Death" EP

OK, kids, Gloom Records is not fucking around this month. This ten-song record is easily my pick of the issue. CUT THE SHIT is probably my favorite ugly sibling to spawn from the TEAR IT UP family tree (the RITES, DOWN IN FLAMES). Their song "Burn the Dance Clubs" criticizes the whole Boston hardcore/dance club scene that the singer from PANIC organizes where I guess after the bands play all the high-fashion kids get down and dance ("sacrificed your friends and politics for the latest trend...no more disco balls, lets keep the shows in halls"). Its about fucking time someone pointed out how lame this is. With all the hoopla surrounding the Boston scene for the last few years, I am glad someone has finally decided to call Boston hardcore on their shit. And what better band to do it than a band called CUT THE SHIT? Harkening all the way back to the early 80s (when the Boston scene was concerned more with lifting weights and "rocking out;" at the same time making fun of the DC scene for being vegetarian and too preachy), Boston has had this perpetual problem of producing hardcore/punk bands that favor style and fashion over message and substance. Of course in the end a lot of the Boston scenesters of the early 80s became obsessed with AC/DC and started shitty bar-rock bands, while the DC stalwarts adhered to their preachy politics and stuck around for the long haul. Is mod fashion and dance club/hardcore shows the AC/DC of the new millennium for Boston? Not if CUT THE SHIT can help it. (CC)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

D.S.B. - "Wings Continue to Strive with Unchanged Mind" LP

Punk rocker—look no further! Right here, right in front of your nose, you have the real shit! This is fast and furious Japanese punk rock with crazy hoarse vocals, manic guitar playing, and bombastic drums and bass. The lyrics cover subjects like staying the course and looking for answers to life's challenges. This record is very good from start to finish! (BR)
(Blood Sucker, c/o D.S.B., Eiji, Madoka Sou 201, 461 2 Kogasaka, Machida Shi, Tokyo, JAPAN 194 0014)

D.S.B. - "Pure Cultivation" CD

D.S.B., from Japan, play three short tracks of straight forward hardcore punk. It's nothing fancy. Completely by the book stuff played with an impressive level of energy and intensity that only the Japanese can pull off. (VH)
(Discrete, PO Box 31 Ogaki, Gifu, JAPAN 503-8691)

DAMAGE CONTROL - "Can't Keep Us Down" EP

Norwegian straightedge music that follows down the path behind bands like MOUTHPIECE and TEN YARD FIGHT. All the elements are here for some fast, aggressive hardcore. Slap those X's on and check this one out. (RC)
(Crucial Repsonse, Kaisersfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY; crucialresponse.com)

DEAD FOR A MINUTE - "Diegese" 10"

Crushing record that falls somewhere in between German metalcore and US screamo, with a liberal smattering of noise. ORCHID, MORSER, LIGHTNING BOLT and KUNG FU RICK in a blender. Damn, that's one loud fucking blender, and this is one loud fucking record. Great stuff here, more slow and trudging than all out grind, which makes the grinding so much better when it comes. Five songs (one of which occupies all of side two), bludgeoning all the way through. (WN)
(Shynia, 2,nue du Dr Morin, 57185 Vitry/Orne, FRANCE)

DEAD FOR A MINUTE/DESIDERATA - split EP

DEAD FOR A MINUTE attack you with some rapid fire drumming, surging rhythms, crazy time changes and throat melting vocals. They create a mess of noise, chaos and destruction and I love it. DESIDERATA go down a similar path, but with not as much craziness and heaviness. I definitely liked the DEAD FOR A MINUTE side more. Screamo/technical metal fans rejoice! (RC)
(Abstract, Gilles & Sylvian Etasse, 31 Les Moineaux, 50110 Tourlaville, FRANCE; abssyl20@aol.com)

DEAD IN THE WATER - "Salute the Crumbling Pedestal" EP

Crushing hardcore from Finland that appears to take influence from bands like TRAGEDY, except they have a bit more of a grind element in their music. Loud sweeping guitars, pounding drums and low guttural vocals. The pace of the music varies some, with a few fast energetic moments. But most of it is slowed down heavy stuff. This is dark and brutal and I liked it a lot. (RC)
(Winter, Erottajakatu 29, 13130 Hameenlinna, FINLAND; winter@totaldeath.com)

THE DEADWALK! - "Full Energy Shock" CD

Here's some angry protest music with heart. These Italians know how to sing and curse in English! They know who they hate, and they know how to write a decent tune. Check this out! (HM)
(Lambrusko, Via Nazario Sauro n. 37/A, 46100 Mantova, ITALY, www.deadwalk.cjb.net)

DEATH OR GLORY - "Your Choice" EP

DEATH OR GLORY does the tough-guy hardcore thing alright. The music falls somewhere in between NEGATIVE APPROACH and HOLDING ON, but is nowhere near as good as those bands. It's simple pissed off hardcore, but doesn't do too much for me. Lyrics like "Junky scum you make me sick, to get some H you suck old men's dick," just kind of ruin the whole experience for me. I'm more into, like, compassion and shit, I guess. I don't know. (WR)
(xCrucialx Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047, Oberhausen, GERMANY, www.crucialresponse.com)

DEATHSIDE - "The Will Never Die" 2xCD

Holy fuck! This should be required listening for all punx. Two compact discs which compile the EP and comp tracks of this wrecking ball of Japanese hardcore destruction. Sweeping, driving, yet melodic guitars, snarling vocals, crushing drum attack—words almost don't do this masterpiece of hardcore justice. Echoes of rumors abound that many of the other classic Japanese hardcore outfits will soon be getting similar reissue treatments. Amazing. (MT)
(Nucleus, 101 M-Balon, 2-16-35, Takaido-Nishi, Suginami, Tokyo, 168-0071 JAPAN)

DEFIANT TRESPASS - "Bloodshed" EP

DEFIANT TRESPASS plays pretty straightforward punk rock with kind of grouchy vocals. The songs are cool, good songs, except they feel like they might fall apart at anytime, which I think is thanks mostly to the not-so-good recording quality. I think the strongest element of the songs is their lyrics, which curse the world for all the shit is going on, in a way that sounds well thought-out and at times poetic. A fine band—I bet their next release might rock pretty hard. (WR)
(Sick of Talk, PO Box 9723, Reno, NV 89507, www.sickoftalk.com)

DEMOLITION GIRL & THE STRAWBERRY BOYS - "Glittercocks & Pneumatic Pumps" 10"

These folks are celebrating ten years of being a band (though the only original member is Demolition Girl herself) and I've never even heard of them. They're from Germany, for whatever that's worth. Ten songs here, including four covers, though she seems fond of changing the lyrics when covers a song. It's OK stuff. It's not great, but it's good. She does not sound like Poly Styrene of X-RAY SPEX, yet the band reminds me of X-RAY SPEX. Sometimes, she sounds like that chick from L7, but they don't sound like L7. Their cover of WIRE's "12XU" is particularly amusing. (KK)
(Homesick, homesick77@gmx.de)

DIEHARD YOUTH/UPSIDE DOWN - "Positive but Pissed" EP

Both bands play a fast positive straightedge style of punk/hardcore. California natives DIEHARD YOUTH bring a little more mosh to their sound, while UPSIDE DOWN, from Holland, have a much more thrashy, screamy youth crew sound. Both bands do decent covers of bands from the Revelation Records' back catalog. (Tangent alert: I love GORILLA BISCUITS and CHAIN OF STRENGTH as much as the next guy, but if I never have to hear another band cover them, it will be too soon. It's about as predictable as watching a high school ska-punk band play "Unity"). Minor complaints aside, this is a good effort by both bands, with DIEHARD YOUTH coming out the winner. (CC)
(New Day, Wim Lagendaalpad 67, 3056 PJ Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)

DINGO - "Satisfied With the Status Quo!" CD

Excellent tunes from Japan! Catchy mid-tempo street punk with shout out choruses. Lyrics against "the system" are mainly in Japanese. Great! (SR)
(Dingo and E.A.S.T. Peace, No.1 Narunaka 2-C, Honkouji, Minowacho, Toyohashi, Aichi, ZIP/440-0837, JAPAN)

DIRTY OLD MEN - "Fat With Poop" CD

CDs like this expose one of the drawbacks of DIY...or is it a blessing? This CD sounds like these guys aren't very good musicians *and* can't write very good songs, but who gives? These DIRTY OLD MEN can put out anything they want like practice tapes, drunken recording sessions or songwriting sessions. Actually this is like an genuine effort. I really like some of their poop concepts and jokes that are put to short, fast, pop punk. This is their second release, but I'd hold off on this one and wait to see what they come up with next. (HM)
($7 ppd: Dirty Old Men, 1402 Olive St. #1, Evansville, IN 47714, www.dirtyoldmen1234.com)

DISCHARGE - "Philedelphia 15/10/82" LP

What use is Mutually Assured Destruction if you can't dance to it? Give DISCHARGE their props as the first punk outfit to exploit the kitsch value inherent in shell-shocked refugees and radiation sickness (cough). Call their records obvious or exploitative, call the band on their heavy metal 180° turn in 1984—their brand of hammerheaded hardcore was just what I needed during my acned youth when it seemed the whole world was going to hell in a handasket and the only proper response to was to spin *Never Again,* again and again. It's all in the title: the classic line-up storms through most of their *Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing* set, captured in the murkiest of shit-sound quality. The biggies are all here ("Fight Back", "Realities of War", "Never Again", "Why"), complimented with very little in the way of stage banter. The audience were havin' a good time by the sound of things, and you may too if you're a serious completist. If you're DIS-curious then lay your hands on a singles comp first, and alwayrs remember to shun the *Grave New World* LP like the plague.(JH)
(no address)

DISCLOSE - "Apocalypse of Death" 12"

Fucking brilliant and intense five-song romp of totally D-beat distorted mayhem. DISCLOSE are the fucking kings of totally raw blown speaker DISCHARGE-style punk attack, and this fine sonic document only helps to perpetuate their reign. Amazing! (MT)
(Dan-Doh, "K-Club" Honmachi 2-1-26, Kochi 780-0870, JAPAN)

DISCONTENT - LP

I must be getting old—I can't remember if I have reviewed this band before... They sound a lot like something that would be on the Hostage or Alive labels, y'know: tough '77 influenced punk rock from the LA area. If you like the US BOMBS, BONECRUSHER, SMUT PEDDLERS, and SMOGTOWN, then you'll like this. (AD)
(Disaster, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

DISGUSTING LIES - 10"

Like the Koran, Polish is not translated very successfully into English. The language loses the poetry of despair and survival which are a huge part of a punk scene which developed under totalitarian rule. That being said, this is a good release, kinda reminds me of LOGICAL NONSENSE in the vocal way. Musically, it's a little metal, a little early BLACK FLAG and a little more metal. (JA)
(Przemek Gajowcyk, PO Box 119, 90-980 Lodz 7, POLAND)

xDRIVEN BY FIREx/REPERCUSSION - split EP

Oh dear lord, this is bad. Incredibly bland straight-edge tough guy metalcore with insultingly generic lyrics. There's really nothing to recommend about or distinguish between these two or the endless hordes of same-sounding bands that have been playing this style into the ground for the last decade. xDRIVEN BY FIREx are from Michigan, REPERCUSSION are from Atlantic City, that's about all there is to say. xDRIVEN BY FIREx even have a *Godfather* sample before the second song, how played out is that? (EL)
(Spook City, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia, PA 19101, www.spookcityusa.com)

DROP DEAD/TOTALITÄR - split EP

Another hands-down hit for Prank. I like DROP DEAD, but some moments in their catalog are a little hard for me to take, aurally speaking. This is just on the right side of the line, with six songs on their side of the EP, alone. If you're looking for novelty, this is the wrong place to look, of course—it's one blistering battlefield all the way through. TOTALITÄR (though sloth-like, relatively speaking, with only *three* songs on their side) gets my blood moving faster, with enough changes, personality in the vocals, and warmth to the sound to really rock it. Goddamn, are they good at what they do. (AC)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141, www.prankrecords.com)

DUMBSTRUCK - "If It Ain't Broke...Don't Fix It" EP

This is a re-release of the same EP that came out a few years ago, before their LP. I have to say, I think I like it a little better than their LP. DUMBSTRUCK, who have members of both HERESY and RIPCORD, rock like motherfuckers on this one. It's thrash hardcore in the same vein as their previous bands, but I think lacks some of the energy or ferocity of those bands. A good record nonetheless. (WR)
(Deranged, no address)

EAST ARCADIA - "We Only See from Where We Stand" CD

Although one could group EAST ARCADIA into the "Fat Wreck Sound" category, their music actually sounds more similar to bands like STRIKE ANYWHERE and KID DYNAMITE, and I often hear the BROADWAYS influence. They keep up a fast pace and are quite melodic, while their lyrics are well thought-out and not about dumb shit that most Fat Wreck-style bands sing about. The album is all over the place!; it never lets up. The tradeoff vocal parts and insane drumming keep this interesting. I recall seeing the band play a year and a half ago and they were full of energy and nice guys, so you can be assured there is not an asshole factor. Good stuff. (WR)
(Geykido Comet, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654)

ENVY/ISCARIOTE - split 10"

ENVY (no not the straight edge band) does two songs. Their first is an odd combination of SDRE-style melodic pop-emo and and the screaming hardcore that they are more often associated with. Their second song is more what I expected of them. It is still melodic and catchy but it is also driving and screamy. They make excellent use of their two guitars, one being highly distorted, the other does the twangy picked out parts. The record may be worth it just for that song. ISCARIOTE is a heavier band that turns more toward chaos. The vocalist is destined for throat surgery with his piercing high-pitched screams. The songs are driving and have power, but they are not as easy on the ears as their counterpart, which may be what you want. (PA)
(Code of Ethics, 10101 Orange Ranch, Tucson, AZ 85742, codeofethicsrecs@hotmail.com)

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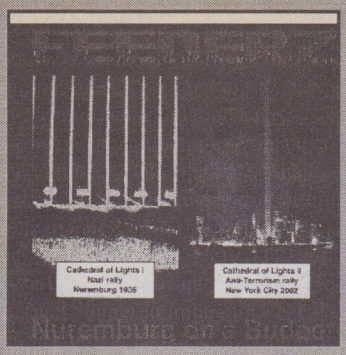


THE EPOXIES - "Need More Time" CDEP

If you haven't heard of these guys yet then you you've been too busy eating retro-"garage" chode. Turn off your STROKES and VEINS CDs and wipe your chins, because this is the next big thing. Femme-fronted new wave from Portland that will make you break out the leg warmers, duct tape, skinny ties, and bad make-up. Keyboards and crunchy guitars complement Roxy Epoxy's low and sultry voice. With an ADAM & THE ANTS and what I believe is an ALICE COOPER cover (forgive me, I'm not cool enough to be down with Alice) thrown in for good measure, you get a fantastic release. This is a tour-only CDEP the band put out themselves, collecting both of their Dirtnap singles (the same record label that put out all those great records by fellow Portlanders the BRIEFS) and putting them in one handy dandy, technology-friendly medium. Five songs, all winners. Get it. Assholes. (BM)
(Epoxies, no address, www.theepoxies.com)

EPOXIES - "(We're All) Synthesized/Clones (We're All)"

Total keyboard-driven new wave, complete with soaring vocals and high production values. Is John Hughes still making movies? I've got his soundtrack right here. (AM)
(Dirtnap)

ERGS! - "Ben Kweller EP" CD

Mid-tempo melodic pop punk like the DESCENDENTS and maybe even MXPX. Not bad. Nothing ground-breaking, but nothing too unpleasant. Mutant Pop fans take notice. (BM)
($8 ppd: Fongul, 11 Mercury Cir, South Amboy, NJ 08879, the_ergs@hotmail.com)

FEEDERZ - "Vandalism: Beautiful as a Rock in a Cop's Face" LP

Whew! Always a relief when the possible wince-factor of a previously great band's "new" stuff is somehow avoided. This is a brand-spankin' new batch of tuneage from our old wiccan companion Frank Discussion and most of it is every bit as good as his early 80s stuff. He has not "mellowed," " gone prog," "acknowledged that punk is dead," "found Christ," "gone metal, gone back to punk, and now is heavily influenced by UK house music," "included pictures of himself at the local YMCA barbecue" or "turned into an out-of-touch fogey." Nope, none of those things, still just a lyrically nasty, anarchistic, verbose sonofabitch who hates all the right people for the right reasons. Viva relevance! Just as the FARTZ have astounded many kids who find their new stuff every bit as good as the old, vintage FEEDERZ fans will not be disappointed. (RW)
(Broken, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402, www.brokenrekids.com)

FINAL BLOODBATH - "Dead or Alive" EP

More killer D-beat-fueled punk from our friends at Crust War. Full recording style—similar to *Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing* era DISCHARGE—with enough energy to make it work, something that is sometimes missing in others who play this style. (MT)
(Crust War, 1-28-3A. Shikitsu-Nishi 2, Naniwa-Ku, Osaka-City 556-0017, JAPAN)

THE FINGER - "We Are Fuck You" LP

Later BLACK FLAG (minus the self indulgence) head on with a slowed down POISON IDEA in the garage. Heavy and direct, short and sweet with no bullshit: this record is punk as fuck. The cover is very BLACK FLAG with a Pettibon-style drawing of a woman biting a man's finger off...nice. (TB)
(Broadway Jungle, PO Box 26451, Echo Park, CA 90026)

THE FINGER - "We Are Fuck You" LP

Ex-HEARTATTACK and a certain alt-country all star whose intials are "Ryan Adams" for those who are keeping score. (MT)
(Broadway Jungle, PO Box 26451, Echo Park, CA 90026)

5 CENT DEPOSIT - "We Have Your Daughter!" CD

Imagine SCREECHING WEASEL without the snottiness. Pretty scary isn't it? Well so is this CD. (JF)
(Radical, www.radicalrecords.com)

FLAT CAT - "Better Luck Next Time" CD

Very melodic softcore from Belgium. Sounds like a cross between TEN FOOT POLE and WESTON with maybe a dash of FACE TO FACE. It's well played, I would have liked this more eight years ago, unfortunately there's so much of this stuff around nowadays, it seems like every time I turn on the TV there's some dipshit snowboarding to something like this… but like I said, it's well done, and there's a nice cover of "Silly Girl," so if this is your bag… (AD)
(Eye Spy, PO Box 89, 8000 Brugge 1, BELGIUM)

FLATPOINT A/V - "Death Culture" EP

Fast posi-punk heavily in the vein of the Q-FACTOR and FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN, though just a pinch more melodic (like DAG NASTY). I'm really into this sound and not many people can pull it off as well as the aforementioned, but FLATPOINT A/V does it nicely. You can always tell with a band like this that they must be great live. They also have an 11-song CD released of earlier material that comes with the first 200 copies (though it's not as good as this EP). All in all, a solid debut release. (SP)
(Redundant Audio International, www13@prodigy.net)

THE FLIPPERS - "Impromptu Punk a Go-Go" 10"

.....ten inches of Columbian R&R from the mid-sixties....so-so stuff.....good sound quality....tons of covers...way before Will Shatter joined up and had a dick-cheese finger fuck with these smooth homeboys from Columbia.....I think Kurt Cobain was there too.....(SW)
(Electro Harmonix)

FORÇA MACABRA - "Caveira da Força" LP & flexi

Everyone's favorite Brazilian band from Finland returns—this time adding a bit more of a metal influence than we have seen on some of their other releases. Personally I prefer their more raw and stripped-down assault (as featured in the flexi part of the package) over their bone-crunching metallic persona. Decent, but kind of letdown. (MT)
(Mind Control, 1012 Brodie St, Austin, TX 78704)

FOURTH ROTOR - "IV" CD

It's good to see that Henry Rollins' vocal style still has its admirers. Slick, "powerful" production of a band whose style leaves me with freezer burn. Slightly dated early 90s Touch & Go type sound. Roll of the dice: there are *plenty* of people who still love this stuff to pieces, but not me. (RW)
(Electric Noise, 2842 N. Springfield Ave, Chicago, IL 60618-7218)

FUERZA DE LUCHA - "...Intenta Comprender" CD

I was expecting six songs of run-of-the-mill straight edge hardcore, which is pretty much what I got. Don't get me wrong, though. Aside from the fact that the layout is pretty unoriginal and the production is a little too clean, FUERZA DE LUCHA pulls this style off really well. My Spanish is pretty rusty, but from what I can make out the lyrics are of the introspective ilk, with the exception of the song "Explotacion Infantil" (criticizing child slave labor). Fans of hardcore in the vein of MAINSTRIKE or TEN YARD FIGHT will like this. (CC)
(Invisible, C/ San Roque 44o–3a, 03600 Elda (Alicante), SPAIN, rossitto@mundofree.com)

FUTURES - "Electric Wave From the Underworld" LP

I'm a little biased, as I just saw these folks lay waste to a small, packed sweaty room last night and I'm still reeling. This record is crazy...bear with me on this: This sounds like the fast frantic hardcore of JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS and RAZORS EDGE mixed up with the crazy Ginn-style noodling of later BLACK FLAG and then almost HENDRIX-esque psychedelia...it's as original and nuts as it sounds...and you know what? it works. Fantastic stuff and even better live. (TB)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

GIL - "Hard Core" CD

Rough and tumble Japanese hardcore—thick guitars, snarled DEATHSIDE-esque vocals, piled on a stampeding drum attack. Exceptionally powerful recording, which adds a great deal to the intensity here. Listen and learn, dear children. (MT)
(Flash Back, 0426-39-0569, Os Plaza Bldg., 12-6 Azuma-Cho, Hachioji-Shi, Tokyo 192-0082, JAPAN)

A GLOBAL THREAT - "What the Fuck Will Change?" LP

Uh, why do Punk Core bands waste valuable cover art space on pictures of themselves? Fine—you have pretty mohawks. You are the Punks! This record is like unto the UNSEEN, just a little bit heavier. Generic lyrics. Nothing about this vinyl slab is bad, it's just not that great. If punks had elevators, this music would be playing in them. (JA)
(Punk Core, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

GODSTOMPER/UNHOLY GRAVE - split EP

I thought these guys already did a split together, but it's hard to keep track with as many records as these two put out. This is GODSTOMPER's best production sound yet. You can actually tell what Paul is saying some of the time, of all the bizarre twists of fate. And some pretty catchy tunes too—they slow things down more than usual, enough to make 'em danceable, you know, like PRINCE, but then still do the usual pummelling double bass, blast beats and feedback. And of course, the Cal Ripkens of *MRR*'s review page, UNHOLY GRAVE deliver once again some pretty fierce grind. Similarly, their material also sounds a bit heavier, clearer and slower (just a little) than usual, which ends up being a good thing. (EL)
(Rescued From Life, 6208 McCullar, Haltom City, TX 76117, www30.brinkster.com/rfl)

GRIFFIN - "Jailbreak" CD

I'm a big fan of this band's earlier 7"s, but this new release is throwaway. An AC/DC cover which is good, but not as good as the original. One of the band's own numbers which veers too far into rock territory, then three decent live tunes which have much more of the modpunk sound I dig. Great band, but I'd hunt down their other gear before picking this up. (TB)
(no address)

GROINCHURN - "Already Dead" 3" CD

A cute little 3" CD collection of sorts from this South African metal/grind band. This compiles the *Fink* single plus a couple live tracks and their splits with WARSPITE and WOYCZECH, all from a few years back, including some killer covers of BRUTAL TRUTH and BAD BRAINS. Their sound is most directly linked to that of later period BRUTAL TRUTH. who have been long-time champions of this band, though not quite as crazy. Aside from the novelty of being basically the only band from South Africa to gain widespread international recognition, they're also a pretty decent band in their own right. If you dig this, track down their previous full-lengths on German metal label Morbid Records— they're also good. (EL)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702, www.cahrecords.com)

GIRLUSH FIGURE/DRUNKEN WAR - split EP

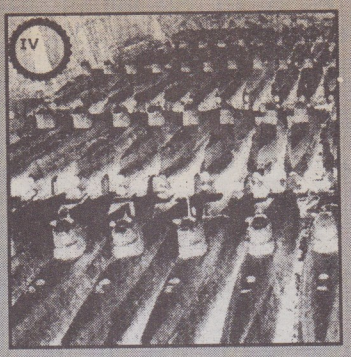
Who are these women? *They fucking kill!* GIRLUSH FIGURE says: "lies underneath the sweet tooth of the enemy," which is enough for me, but then the rest of the song was also amazing. Super-heavy chugging punk, without a bit of heavy metal. They also throw in some hip-shaking beats for those who like ringing their bondage belts. DRUNKEN WAR play some good straight ahead upper-mid-tempo thrashy puke. Really fun lyrics. I say buy this split. It's worth the price just for the hilarious photo on the lyric sheet. (JA)
(Useless Umlaut, 413 S. Titus Ave, Ithaca, NY 14850)

G-WHIZ – "The Pop Punk Singles Collection 1989-2002" CD

If you followed pop punk indie wise you probably know this Arizona band. Heavy on ALL, this band was around during CRIMPSHRINE and early GREEN DAY. Under produced and sometimes off key, this reminds me of the pop punk you could only find at Epicenter. A welcome release. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, UK, www.bosstuneage.com)

HAMMERLOCK/RANCID VAT - split EP

Fucking HAMMERLOCK rocked the world off its goddamn axis on this Steel Cage release from last year!! Listen to HAMMERLOCK tear through their song "The Whiskey Rebel"—an ode to the oratory brilliance of their friend and compatriot ,the WHISKEY REBEL. Travis and Liza are clearly the King and Queen of Country Punk on this side of the Mississippi. You get good 'ol American rock 'n' roll steeped in Jack Daniels and Coors Beer. Turn this jewel over and you get punk-rock veterans RANCID VAT rocking out Portland/ Philadelphia style. The Cosmic Commander is the master of ceremonies and the "Job Jumper" song on this Steel Cage 45 was the precursor to the book by the same name by Phil Irwin (aka The Whiskey Rebel!). Great shit! (BR)
(Steel Cage Records, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)



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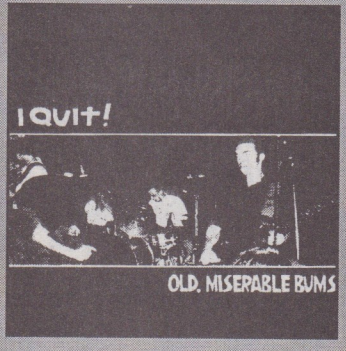

HATE MAIL EXPRESS - "12x4" CD

Sloppy, garagey noise. Sanata Cruz's HATE MAIL EXPRESS have been running around the UC Berkeley Coop scene rocking out basements and mess halls. They even borrowed my bassist for a tour a few months back. Lots of screaming, false starts, and untuned mayhem. (BM)
(SPAM, PO Box 21588, El Sobrante, CA 94820-1588, sternorock@yahoo.com)

HAUSVABOT - "Falsch!" EP

Hurray! Fast noisy German punk. The pace goes from quick to breakneck, with a street punk number thrown in for good measure. Not essential nor original but healthy nonetheless. A six pack of drunken German punk. (AD)
(Hohnie, c/o Andreas Hohn, An Der Kuhtranke 7, 31535 Neustadt, GERMANY)

HEAT – "Heart Ball" CD

Fist-pumping punk rock from Japan. Buzzing guitars set the tone for the rocking pace of the music and the barked vocals. This one charges pretty hard and you should check it out if you can ever get your hands on a copy. (RC)
(Hiroo "Bou" Nagaoka, 1-3778 Midori-Cho, Ashijaga-City, Tochigi, JAPAN 326-0816)

HIGHSCORE - "Unsuspecting Actors in a Bad Soap Opera" LP

The great thing about youth crew hardcore bands coming from the other side of the Atlantic is that they almost always have a good mix of political and personal content. HIGHSCORE is no exception. This LP smokes their previous material. The singer has the definite barking AMERICAN NIGHTMARE thing going on, but that just helps the urgency of the songs. Don't let the 31G-ish lime green artwork fool you, this is 17 songs of fast, politically charged, modern youth crew hardcore with tastefully placed melody. This just gets better and better the more I listen to it. Come to the States b'now. (CC)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA, 94142-3413, www.625thrash.com)

THE HOPE CONSPIRACY/THE SUICIDE FILE - split EP

The HOPE CONSPIRACY deliver another track of their east coast mall friendly hardcore. This band has still never done it for me. Fans of this kind of music would serve themselves better by listening to AMERICAN NIGHTMARE or CARRY ON. It's just too clean cut and too easy. Better than most stuff on your local Extreme Rock station, however. Slightly better is the SUICIDE FILE. Only slightly. I *wanted* to like this record. Both of these bands are so close to being fucking good rocks outfits...and I hoped this was the record that would do it. Oh well. (WN)
(Deathwish, info@deathwishinc.com)

HORROR SHOW - "Our Design" EP

Solid East Coast hardcore with crisp charging guitars, fast drumming and harsh angry vocals. The all pink vinyl and record sleeve look sharp and the layout is simple and effective. Sounds like most of the bands on Bridge Nine, except they are on... (RC)
(Deathwish; www.deathwish.com)

HUMAN DESPAIR - CD

Raw Japanese punk attack. Mid-paced and melodic with brief bursts of speed. I especially like the snarling vocal delivery. It's kind of a thin recording, though, which detracts from the power that they could manifest. (MT)
(Madness, c/o Naruhito Hayashi, 4-5-6. Sasaonishi, Toin-Cho, Inabe, Mie pref. JAPAN, 511-0231)

HUMAN WASTE - "Från Generation Till Generation" EP

Combining modern hardcore elements a la HIS HERO IS GONE with traditional Swedish style hardcore (ANTI-CIMEX, etc.), HUMAN WASTE brings to you yet another platter of Scandi hardcore destruction. Only complaint is the rather muffled recording—I mean I like lo-fi stuff, but this just sounds like a pillow is laying over the speaker, robbing it of some of its power. Good stuff, nonetheless. (MT)
(New Noise, Box 55, 832 21 Frösön, SWEDEN)

THE HUNCHES - "Yes. No. Shut It." LP

This record is a complete piece of crap! *Maximum RocknRoll* shouldn't even be reviewing this bilge! This is tuneless, soulless dreck that doesn't even deserve to be committed to vinyl. PUSSY GALORE had fifteen minutes of near inspiration with this kind of useless noise fifteen years ago, but this bullshit is a waste of precious resources. If you are one of those idiots that likes the WHITE STRIPES you might enjoy this garbage, but this pathetic album definitely does not belong in a punk rock magazine! (BR)
(In the Red, 1118 W. Magnolia Blvd, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506, www.intheredrecords.com)

HUNCHES - "Yes. No. Shut It." LP

Amazing, trashed out, fucked up, punk blues. Distorted guitars, twisted attitude and high energy. Singer sounds like a cross between Jeff Clayton of ANTiSEEN and an adolescent HASIL ADKINS, deep vocals with a great southern drawl but a hint of playful innocence. The musicians play their instruments by bashing out tune after tune in an almost hardcore punk way. It's sloppy and out of control, but it all comes together. The addition of the noise of two vacuum cleaners to keep it all at a messy level is a nice touch. (CK)
(In the Red, 1118 W. Magnolia Blvd, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506, www.intheredrecords.com)

IDORA- "Seek" CD

IDORA are wingnuts. Combining Japanese hardcore with noisy freakouts and more than a few rock riffs sounds like a horrible idea to me. But it all works. Five songs in 22 minutes seems long, but there are so many parts in each song, it feels like at least twice as many songs in half the time. And so much effort went into producing this record, there are practically songs within songs and a mountain of overdubs...it sounds perfect. This is not for mohawk-and-leather Japanese HC fans, but for those with a more adventurous streak...this is for those of us who like to have fun and rock out while we listen to our punk rock. (WN)
(mazdaoa@qg7.so-net.ne.jp)

.INANE - "Kill 'Em & Grill 'Em" CD

Yet another outstanding release from the near-flawless Per Koro, .INANE (apparently they want their

name preceded by a period just to be wacky I guess) are exactly what you've come to expect from the German metalcore label, feeling right at home next to MORSER, SYSTRAL and FORCED TO DECAY. Awesome low death metal vocals, which combined with the heavier double bass parts had me thinking I was listening to INCANTATION at their slower moments. These guys walk more of the mid pace terrain though, never really going full-on grind. 19 songs in thirty minutes means the songs never drag, instead covering a lot of territory, incorporating samples, crushing breakdowns, a few nice melodic parts and some "death 'n' roll" parts, which don't really do much for me. With lyrics trading off between German and English, the self-proclaimed "NO P-band," have songs about hacking off Flash Gordon's cock and sticking a chainsaw in your ass, so, uh, yeah, I guess they're not taking themselves too seriously. Overall, a very pleasing metal listen. (EL)
(Per Koro, PO Box 102514, 28025 Bremen, GERMANY, www.perkoro.de)

I QUIT! - "Old, Miserable Bums" EP

I don't know how old they are, but miserable? No fucking way! I'm having trouble describing this, other than to say it's a fucking fantastic hardcore record. Truly unique, even more so than their *Busted Heads* EP, I QUIT! are not afraid of removing themselves from the traditional confines of punk and hardcore, with occasional rockabilly style guitar and more than one moment of MINUTEMEN-esque fun. Awesome record, get it get it get it! (WN)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA, 94142)

ISCARIOTE/COMPLETE - split EP

I've been very curious to hear France's ISCARIOTE ever since I learned of their split with Japan's ENVY (who I fucking love). Anyway, not surprisingly, a comparison can easily be drawn between the two bands, though ISCARIOTE is a bit more heavy and predictable in that Hydra Head Records sort of way. Decent, but not completely incredible or anything. COMPLETE rocks in a slightly more up-tempo way with plenty going on with the guitars and plenty of time changes. They also have parts that are really catchy and melodic, that really work well to draw the listener in. Good split. (SP)
(Heroine, c/o Boris Battistini, cp. 35, 47023, Cesena, ITALY, www.heroinerecords.com)

JABARA - "Why We Wish" LP

All you need to know is that you should get this record, if you're at all interested in a hardcore band from Japan that has enough diversity to their sound that each song has an identity of its own, an understanding of the use of melody within the framework of modern hardcore, and a balls-to-wall approach to playing. Seriously, these four gents from Japan have crafted an excellent hardcore record and everyone should be buying it. I don't think that I could really sum up the words to convey just how good this band is. It was originally released on HG Fact, licensed to Prank, the cool cover art is by Tom (whose works have graced the covers of records by WHN?, OUTO, S.O.B., etc), the recording quality is top notch and every instrument can be heard without forsaking any of the raw and rough edge that hardcore demands. Five years from now this will be considered a classic masterpiece. Highly recommended! (WM)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA, 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com)

JACKSON 8 - "Who Said It Gots to be Good!!" EP

The lowest of the Fi's. That is the JACKSON 8. They can't sing, they can't play, they can't mix, they can't layout, this band is awesome!!! Think ROCK 'N' ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS, but a little slower and way more sloppy. (DP)
(Beatkid, PO Box 2933, Denton TX 76201, www.jackson8.net)

JESUS SKINS - "Nazareth" LP

OK, this is a joke, right? Y'know, like HARD SKIN? Joke or not, this is hilarious. This German oi band appear to be a Christian oi band (a first, surely?) and even have "Skinheads Against Religious Prejudice" on the cover. I just wish I had paid more (or any) attention in German class so I could check out the lyrics! Musically it's your standard plodding oi fare with chanted backups, none too shabby, actually...but Christian oi? What a concept. (TB)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

JET BOYS/MISSILES - "Nunchaku vs. Blade?!" Split CD

The JET BOYS and the MISSILES are of the 70s punk school that the REGISTRATORS went to, though the MISSILES have a more frantic quality about them, like the WEIRD LOVEMAKERS. They each belt out three awesome songs and then combine forces for a raw rendition of "We Got the Beat". This is well worth the fortune it probably costs. (DP)
(Double K)

JUCIFER - "I Name You Destroyer" CD

I can almost guarantee you that 85% of you readers out there are going to absolutely hate this. This would be the 85% of you that either don't like the SMASHING PUMPKINS or are embarrassed to admit that you do. For us unashamed fans, this is rather exciting. It sounds a lot like the aforementioned PUMPKINS' last two, in that it's total industrial, hard rock, Pro Tools wankery, and I loved every fucking minute of it. All of this is topped off with female vocals that oscillate (important math word) between genuinely beautiful and brutally screamed. And it's so goddamn heavy! This also gets bonus points for having Michael Stipe in the credits. Basically, if you're going to like this, you know who you are. (MX)
(Velocette, 83 Walton St, Athens, GA 30303, www.jucifer.com)

JUNCTION 18 –"Heroes From the Future" CD

A very poppy pop punk release. A little slick and radio ready but this does have its moments. Maybe a punky WEEZER? Good pop. (RL)
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683)

JUNE SPIRIT - "Testing Superstition" CD

If anyone has the contact info for Vagrant, they should really give these guys a call. In all seriousness, these guys play the kind of melodic punk that catapults bands to fame and fortune. You know the formula: JIMMY EAT WORLD production with some DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL sensitivity and acoustic guitars, and the singer reminds me of WEEZER because of his willingness to break into falsetto. In other words, the only pleasure I get out of this is rather guilty, but if it's your thing, go for it. (MX)
(Negative Progression, PO Box 193158, San Francisco, CA 94119, www.negativeprogression.com)

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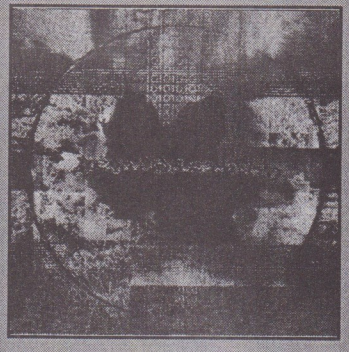

JUSTIFIED ANGER - "Gas Hikes" EP

This is a buncha tunes recorded in 2000. Side two is a live recording with good sound quality. The ANGERs take on worldly issues with tunes like "Gas Hikes," "World Wars," and "Nasa My Assa" with their early 80s thrash sound. Good ol' old school thrash. (HM)
(Puke N Vomit, PO Box 3435, Fullerton, CA 92834)

KAKOTOPIA HENCOOP - "K.H.E.P." EP

Somewhere behind this wall of distortion there is a band. Somewhere underneath this high pitched white noise, three other guys are playing music, but fuck if I can hear them. Six songs of distorted mayem. Awesome. (WN)
(Yoshiya Funyu, Rosh-House-A, 83 Frujuku, Sekifunemachi, Iwaki Fukushima, 972-8318 JAPAN)

KILL-A-WATTS - "Let's Get High Voltage" EP

The KILL-A-WATTS keep putting out, and I keep eating them up like candy. LoFi raunchy garage with all the energy of like ten Jolt colas. If you're not a KILL-A-WATTS fan yet get your ass on down to the record store already!! (DP)
(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197, www.flyingbomb.com)

KILL YOUR IDOLS - "Live at CBGB's" LP

Recorded on July 30th, 2000, this LP proves that KILL YOUR IDOLS can play their brand of fast and melodic New York hardcore as tightly and energetically live as they can in the studio. On a scale of 1 to 5 for sound quality, I would give this a 4. Like most live albums, this is only necessary for die-hard fans. (CC)
(Creep, PMB 220, 252 E. Market St, West Chester, PA 19382)

KNOCKOUT – "Searching for Solid Ground" CD

Another band that falls into the BLINK meets NEW FOUND GLORY sound. Yet this band does it right with strong catchy tunes. Nothing original but a good release anyways. (RL)
(Fearless, www.knockoutrock.com)

KNUCKLEHEAD - "Guco" EP

These maniacs from Sapporo City, Japan play ferocious hardcore that'll send any fan of GAUZE into convulsions. This new five-song release has a much fuller sound than the stuff they did in the 90s. It's fast, relentless terror from start to finish. (VH)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu, Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN, www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr/)

KOHU-63/ZLO - split EP

KOHU-63, from Finland, play dark political punk thrash with guttural vocals. ZLO, from Estonia, are a little more upbeat and melodic, although still political. They actually remind me of the INSTIGATORS a little—maybe it's the earnest-sounding vocals. It's definitely reminiscent of that period in European punk. Their side is really well recorded—sounds powerful. Keep an eye out for more from them. (AM)
(Stay Free Underground, www.sfu-records.com)

KOLLEKTIVER BRECHREIZ - "Thuringer Heimatklange" EP

These Germans have a good mixture of Oi! and punk with dual singers (one deep and gruff Oi! singer and one punk singer). The guitars are tastefully executed. The band keeps tongue firmly in cheek with their song "Streetpunk, Dicke Weiber, and Biere". There are good sing-along parts that would work well with the lads in the bar. The guitars are jangly and the pace moves along nicely even on the novelty songs. These guys can play good punk rock when they want to. On this disc a large percentage of the band's energy is devoted to the worship of beer and large breasts—two extremely popular pursuits! (BR)
(Hohnie, c/o Kollecktiver Bredchreiz, Basdow Str. 51, 99610 Sommerda, GERMANY, anjaundsteffen@t-online.de)

LAST IN LINE - "Congested" EP

This record is more pissed than a pitbull who's just been castrated with a pair of house bricks. I don't know what the hell they are putting in the water on the western side of Massachusetts, but I wish someone would bottle it up and ship some of it out to California. If you liked what they had to offer on their first EP and LP, then you're going to love this. If this is your first introduction, then imagine a more "negative" NEGATIVE APPROACH with crisper production and tighter musicianship. I try not to throw around the N.A. comparison lightly, but this band has no problem living up it. Extra points for the song about H.P. Lovecraft's *Re-Animator.* (CC)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

LAST SURVIVORS - Law of the Land" EP

Pretty generic mid-tempo Brit punk *a la* the VARUKERS, CHAOS UK, etc. Wow, this is *so* twenty-years ago. (AD)
(Crust War, 1-28-3A. Shikitsu-Nishi 2, Naniwa-Ku, Osaka City, 556-0017 JAPAN)

LAUGHIN' NOSE - "Laughin' Complete AA Tracks" 2xCD

Not a complete discography of this old time Osaka Japan band, but rather all the tracks they put out on their own AA label. Most of this stuff appears to span their '83-'85 years even thought the band still put out records in the 90s (some on major labels...this band were/are huge in Japan). Quite a weird band—the early stuff is super raw mid tempo hardcore with raspy vocals and songs like "No War" and "A Bomb Will Never Die," then the later stuff is waaay more melodic, sounding almost like PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES with songs like "Pussy for Sale" and "Drink and Drunk." Quite a contrast, but an interesting release nonetheless and well worth tracking down if you're a fan of Japanese hardcore and punk. (TB)
(www.laughin'.net)

LAYDIG/NO DIRECTION - split EP

LAYDIG lay down some crushing modern hardcore with the occasional break for a quietly introspective emo part. They never let up for long though. Technical yet powerful at the same time. NO DIRECTION sound like IRON MAIDEN playing NOMEANSNO songs with Ian MacKaye in his EMBRACE days on vocals. Huh? Strangely enjoyable despite that bizarre comparison. (AM)
($3 ppd: 12MFA/Broken Down, 2506 Crosby St, Rockford, IL 61107, www.brokendownrecords.net)

LEECHES – "Suck" CD

This is so British! Thick accent gal vocals with good post punky backing. ELASTICA, FATAL MICROBES, or SIOUXSIE. A decent release from the UK. (RL)
(British Medical, www.theleeches.com)

LEVAL BLESSING - CD

Total tech-death-core from Wisconsin, trafficking in the same school of brutality as CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION, the RED CHORD, MAHARAHJ, KALIBAS, and the like. I got really excited when I first put this on, as this is my favorite style of metal/hardcore at the moment, but unfortunately, LEVAL BLESSING get old pretty fast. Put it this way: by the fifth song, I checked my cd player to see if the "repeat" button had accidentally been hit. Not a good sign. Every song sounds fucking identical. And the drummer never holds a blast for more than a measure which bums me out and ends up just sounding clunky. Any of the above examples are better executives of this craft, but if you're not picky, these guys are far from terrible and have the style and the sound down—the songs are just a bit lacking. (EL)
(Barbarian, 254 W. Gilman, Madison, WI 53703, earwax666@hotmail.com)

LIVING UNDER LIES - LP

The anticipated full-length follow-up to last year's EP. The Portland four-piece thoughtfully includes not only lyrics (needed, since the band doesn't, you know, *sing*), but also writes a line or two about the intent of each song. Over energetic, but still dark and brooding hardcore, LIVING UNDER LIES plays with the repeated themes of fear for the future, fear of the current regime, fear of patriotism, etc. Nothing new there, but let's face it, classic punk concerns like these are more charged these days, the more palpable the dangers. Blazing. (AC)
(Dissonant Sound, PO Box 2353, Portland, OR 97208, www.dissonantsoundindustries.com)

LOCAL OAFS/THE PRICKS - split EP

LOCAL OAFS play raw and speedy garage-hardcore with tons of fucking snot on the vocals. Fans of HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE would enjoy this. Excellent follow-up to their recent twenty-something song EP. The PRICKS remind me of early FYP (who they even cover)—fast blasts of hardcore punk made by total fuck-up punk rockers—with not a single jock in fucking sight. (MT)
(Subway Star, Jansson, Ringvägen 37 B, 611 35 Nyköping, SWEDEN, www.subwaystar.cjb.net)

LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER - CD

From Madrid, Spain LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER blast through 24 tracks of grindcore mayhem. Nice layout on this one. Musically it doesn't grab me, but grindcore stuff rarely does.... I think others out there would really get into this, but it's just not my thing. (VH)
(Distortion, box 6294, SE40060, Gothenburg, SWEDEN, www.distortion.se)

LOOSE - "Untamed!" EP

In the cartoon drawing on the cover of this 7", the band is playing on a stage that has two rock posters on the wall. One of them is RADIO BIRDMAN which is the first band that comes to mind upon hearing this. The music is sped up and more manic, but the basic sound is there. If it wasn't for the Italian accents, you might think were outtakes. (CK)
(Rockin' House, PO Box 12705, Reading, PA 19612-2705, rcknhs@hotmail.com)

LOST SOUNDS - "Rat's Brains & Microchips" LP

Prolific is the word. This is, what, the fourth (counting their double as two) record in two or so years? Back to work for the SOUNDS, this one picks up right where the double left off: chunky, synth-driven garage hysteria. Lighter on the new-wave conceits, heavier in the doom end of the spectrum. You can hear all the good instincts of the REATARDS recycled through the SOUNDS filter. Drugs are nice. "Total Destruction." No friend to rodents are they. "I Think I'm Dead." Excellent droning rock 'n' punk record. The record the SUBTONIX should have ended their career with. (RW)
(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98012)

LOWER CLASS BRATS - "Deface the Music" EP

Three new tracks (one fron an upcoming album) from Austin's favorite droogs. LOWER CLASS BRATS take old 80s English punk (like INSTANT AGONY and ABRASIVE WHEELS) add a *Clockwork Orange* influence (like MAJOR ACCIDENT—they even go so far as to cover MAJOR ACCIDENT's cover of soul classic "Breakaway"—and the ADICTS) and come up with a hybrid sound akin to a clash between SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS and the MISFITS. Very good! (AD)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

THE MAIN - "To the Grave/Kiss of Death"

Whoa! You already read about the BROKEN BOTTLES this month, now it would appear that you are blessed with yet another excellent Hostage Records release! The MAIN have catchy punk rock riffs and poignant lyrics about "Freedom—Fight to the Grave." Flip this little bitch over and you get a second fine-as-fuck melodic punk rock number: "Kiss of Death." This is a thoroughly entertaining seven inch record from a talented bunch of punk rockers that hail from beautiful, sunny, Southern California. Recommended! (BR)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-7736, www.hostagerecords.net)

DAN MELCHIOR'S BROKE REVUE - "Bitterness, Spite, Rage, And Scorn" LP

Dan Melchoir comes from the whole Billy Childish spawned lo-fi blues based garage rock school of music (see: HEADCOATS, MILKSHAKES, MIGHTY CAESARS, HEADCOATEES). However, these days, most members of Childish's former bands have gone off to do their own "solo" bands and projects, such as MICKEY & THE SALTY SEA DOGS, HOLLY GO LIGHTLY, and last but not least, DAN MELCHIOR'S BROKE REVIEW. Hopefully, now you all are familiar with this Dan Melchior character and the style of music he plays. I don't mean to pigeonhole the guy, but a little background info is always helpful. This record follows the genre, but seems more polished, and ...well a bit more mature. It almost reminds me of a lo-fi version of the BEATLES (without the vocal harmonies). The record doesn't necessarily get up and grab me, but I'm certain that after a few listens I'd be hooked—because it's good. (AS)
(In the Red, 1118 W. Magnolia Blvd, PO Box #208, Burbank, CA 91506, www.intheredrecords.com)

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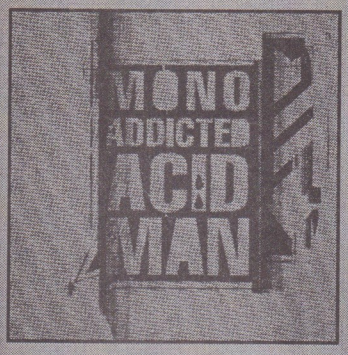
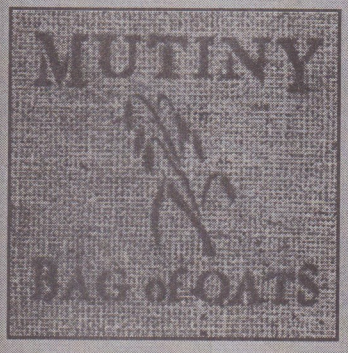
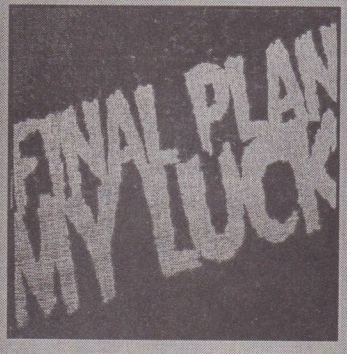






MELT-BANANA - "666" 6"

Many a MELT-BANANA fan has commented that their particular brand of art-damaged assault comes off better live than on recordings (not an unusual comment to be made about any number of bands, to be sure). While the 6" format is the sort of played-out novelty that I can do without, the actual content finds MELT-BANANA managing to deliver a fair amount of noisy whomp with aggressively chirpy vocals and electronic tomfoolery with an effectively slick production job. (DD)
(Level Plane, PO Box 4329, Philadelphia, PA 19118, www.level-plane.com)

METAL SKULL - "Iron Militia" CD

Retro early-80s style black metal from Japan not unlike ABIGAIL. Not black metal in an IMMORTAL sense, but rather a straight-up rocking VENOM sort of thing. Actually, exactly like VENOM. These guys wear corpse paint, bullet belts, jean jackets—the whole nine yards, as if that matters, but they do seem to be fairly genuine, as this is pretty high-energy to-the-point stuff—twelve songs in sixteen minutes should give you an idea. I can't say I was crazy about this, but I know there's a small but rabid segment of people that would be. (EL)
(Skull Bloody, Shiesuta 205 4-10-23, Higashifushimi Hoya City, Tokyo, 202-021, JAPAN)

MILKY WIMPSHAKES - "Lovers Not Fighters" LP

Good ol' fashioned pure punk-inspired pop. MILKY WIMPSHAKES capture a UK pop sound perfectly—where the HEADCOATS, UNDERTONES, and something in the way of the less snotty side of the Crackle! catalog come together. Lyrically, this actually reminds me of Billy Bragg in the way it blends love songs with political protest pieces. You know kiddos, it wouldn't be a bad idea to pick this LP up. If you are in the States you can order it from Troubleman Unlimited, but if you are overseas drop this label a line... (JF)
(Youth Club Tape Club, PO Box 311, Oxford, OX1 4HP, UK)

MILLION DOLLAR MARXIST – CD

Rock and roll not unlike the BACKYARD BABIES, HELLACOPTERS, the STOOGES *Raw Power* LP-influenced, *Hit List*, Sympathy for the Record Industry Records releasing, etc etc. Six (6) songs, 15m05s, the vinyl LP style packaging makes it look like, at first and second glance, there's twelve songs on two sides. Cute. I absolutely never listen to this type of music. If you like Rock with a dash of punk attitude then you'd like this, I'm sure. (WM)
(PO Box 77062, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 5N2, CANADA, www.milliondollarmarxists.com)

THE MINUS TIDE/TURN AROUND NORMAN - split LP

Hmmm...interesting split. the MINUS TIDE begins their side with an epic piano rock intro, then dives headfirst into some pretty heavy IRON MAIDEN leads, chunky riffs, and vocals sounding like a watered down COALESCE. Interesting at first, but it gets boring quick. TURN AROUND NORMAN is much more to my liking (despite another long intro) with a strong female vocal presence that fluctuates between a RITES OF SPRING-like delivery and SUBMISSION HOLD melody. The songwriting is solid and driving while the production is completely top notch. Perhaps this record is worth it for the TURN AROUND NORMAN side alone. I'm actually now very interested in this band as I'm sure they'll get even better. Definitely worth checking out. (SP)
(Mountain CIA, PO Box 220320, Greenpoint Post Office, Brooklyn, NY 11222-9997, www.mtncia.com)

MONO ADDICTED - "Acid Man" CD

This is not very good; vocals and guitar that verge on a generic recreation of early 90s indie rock moves, namely those bands that were looking to get on a major at the time, if you catch my drift. No discernible "punk" moves to these ears. (RW)
(Fast Music, PO Box 14542, Tel Aviv, ISRAEL)

MOVING UNITS - 12"

The music is pretty sincere early 80s indie UK post-punk Rough Trade-styled wave-pop. The vocals are straight crooning that reminds me of JOSEF K, so not bad. Can't say they tear the roof off the sucka, but this is a very pleasant record that avoids any screaming cliche. Niche-ready. (RW)
(31G, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177)

MUSTANG - "No Problem Have the Same Thought, No Control My Love" LP

More Japanese HC (this month has been full of great releases from across the Pacific). MUSTANG hail from Hokkiado, the North island, and deliver the goods in the traditional "blow your ass out with rock and roll" kind of way. Way more wacky than you'd expect, especially with CRUDE members, but this long player still rips. (WN)
(DeadAlive, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

MUTINY - "Bag of Oats" CD

Australians and the Irish have a lot in common besides a love of alcohol, rugby, and disliking the English. MUTINY are an Aussie band that sounds very Irish. Hugely influenced by the POGUES, in the same vein as FLOGGING MOLLY and ST. BUSHMILL'S CHOIR, they take Irish traditional music and punk it up. They play the style well and have good historical/labor based/political lyrics that focus on Australia rather than the old country. (AD)
(Haul Away, PO Box 1158, Nth Fitzroy, Vic. 3068, AUSTRALIA)

MY LUCK/FINAL PLAN – split CD

MY LUCK, from Texas, crank their way through some by-the-numbers fast hardcore with somewhat muffled vocals. They obviously take influence from bands like AMERICAN NIGHTMARE. FINAL PLAN go down the same path, but their music seemed a bit more aggressive and had a touch of metal added in. They also mixed things up with a variety of tempos, but fast and furious was my favorite. (RC)
(Thorp, PO Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612, thorprecords.com)

THE MYSTERY GIRLS - "Turned On, Tuning In" EP

People have been talking about this quintet of young boys from Green Bay, Wisconsin. Well, at least to me they have. Much like the first COMETS ON FIRE record, MYSTERY GIRLS are taking the sad current state of rock 'n' roll to a more interesting level. One where even someone like me doesn't mind a wanking guitar solo because it somehow doesn't seem to stop the energy of the song. Fast, distorted guitars straight out of the STOOGES handbook with a singer who's a bit disaffected, but still screams at the right point. My only complaint is the inclusion of the three false starts at the beginning of the first song. It may be cute at first, but when I am listening to this

over and over I'm going get really annoyed that I have to keep hearing that. (CK)
(Bancroft, 816 Bancroft St., Port Huron, MI 48060, greenbaygirls@hotmail.com)

NADA CAMBIA - "You Make Me Sick" EP

Fuck! This band is kicking my ass! The more I listen to 'em, the more I'm getting ready to write these folks for a copy of my own (reviewers copy, hello?) Fast—but not blast-beat fast—Japanese hardcore with an ever-so-slight metallic tinge to the guitars, tom-heavy drums, and a singer that must gargle with glass and drink tabasco sauce for sport. Fuck, that guy's throat has got to be ripped up beyond medical help to sing like that. I really look forward to hearing way more by this band. Get this. Now. (WM)
(Paanklevyt, 1-4-9 TAS201, Hatanaka, Saitama, 352-0012, JAPAN, paanklevyt@aol.com)

NAKATOMI PLAZA - "Private Property" CD

This CD starts like INQUISITION, ends like the FLAMING LIPS, and in between varies from melodic emo hardcore to DIY boy/girl punk to indie pop. Musically (and they're very musical) this is hard to pigeonhole, but the WHAT NOTS from Santa Cruz, the WEAKERTHANS, and I HATE MYSELF! All spring to mind. It's well played and has an earnest energy, it's just, I'm on the third listen and I'm still not sure if I like it or not... (AD)
(Immigrant Sun, PO Box 150711, Brooklyn, NY 112215)

THE NAME - "What's in a Name" LP

This LP boasts everything ever recorded by this late 70s mod act, bolstered by a side of live tracks and audience fights from various gigs. That's right, they only recorded enough in their career to fill one side of an LP. The music is definitely passable, and if you're a fan of this stuff you might think it essential. I just don't know if it's really necessary for a label to go out of its way to document the output of every pimply English youth that happened to look sharp in a suit. I don't want to sound too negative—the songs, as I said, are definitely pretty good, especially "Misfits" and "Fuck Art Let's Dance," the band's "hits." Only you can know if you really need to track this down. (AM)
(Detour, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU, UK)

NEARLY DEADS - "Rockin' in the Joint" EP

How these two people ever started playing music together I'd like to know. I love the contrast. A high, soft, sweet female voice blending with a deep, rough, badly in the need of a throat lozenge male voice. They don't sound compatible, but manage to make it work. What I can hear of the music is a primitive, lo-fi bluesy type rock. Nothing I ain't heard before, but at least the vocals stand out. (CK)
(Subway Star, c/o Jansson, Ringvagen 37B, 61135 Nykoping, SWEDEN, subwaystar@hotmail.com)

THE NEGATIVES - "Out in the Cold" EP

I bought an EP from the NEGATIVES at Red Devil Records (the best record store for punk vinyl in Northern California) a while back at the suggestion of the man behind the counter. I didn't know who they were, but it rocked in a SoCal hardcore kind of way. I still don't know who they are, but they continue to rock. This is excellent punk rock. And yes, it's faster paced hardcore in the SoCal style. And with "Fight," it might even have some street punk creds. It's catchy and melodic, yet angry and bitter. There's nothing earth-shattering innovative about this, but it is well done. But, "I'll fight for my country"? Tell me you're joking, guys. (KK)
(NOMA Beach, PO Box 735, Sonoma, CA 95476)

NEIL PERRY & A DAYS REFRAIN - "Forced of Habit" CD

This six song 3" CD starts off with the usual chaotic metalcore formula. Screams... wailing guitars... chugga chugga... etc... then they go for, yes, the emo stuff. It's fucking too much for me. Bands like YOU AND I pulled it off, but these whines sound worse than a Sheryl Crow record. (VH)
(Robotic Empire, 12001 Aintree in, Reston, VA 20191

NEON HEARTS – "Popular Music" CD

This album was booted last year or so. Here we have the official reissue with singles tracks also. Considering you can probably get this cheaper than the rip-off bootleg this is the way to go. An arty UK punk release from 1978. Quirky with sax, this great LP is hard to describe. Throw X-RAY SPEX, ROXY MUSIC, and the YACHTS in a blender and you'll be close. (RL)
(Overground, www.overgroundrecords.co.uk)

NORTH SIDE KINGS - "A Family Affair" CD

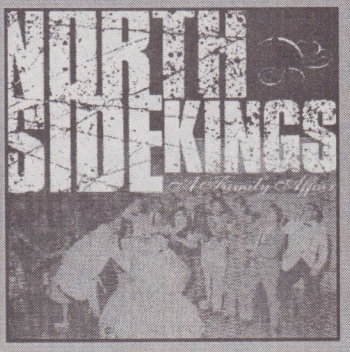
Ouch. The photo of these washed up dudes in front of a pizza parlor doesn't even begin to describe these thirteen songs of beefy NYHC played by guys from Arizona that sounds like something that should be played in the locker room of a weight lifting gym. Their thanks list takes up more space that all of the lyrics, which isn't the worst of it, as their tired lyrics about "the crew" take back seat to their pro-US/anti-terrorist rant "Choke on Your Own Blood." For reasons unknown to me, this slab of vomit was released on the same label that put out the OUT COLD/VOORHEES CD, to those guys, I extend my deepest regrets. But as for the NORTH SIDE KINGS, if only they'd put down their guitars and take off on a patriotic crusade far far away from the rest of the humanity. (VH)
(Thorp, PO Box 6786 Toledo, OH 436122)

NO WARNING - "Ill Blood" CD

From the mean streets of Toronto, Canada comes NO WARNING, who has *definitely* been listening to their share of MADBALL. They also take their influences from bands like BREAKDOWN, RAW DEAL, or anything else off the great NYHC comp *Where the Wild Things Are*. The singer sounds a hell of a lot like Freddy MADBALL, and this CD has Matt Henderson from MADBALL on "additional guitar," so it's not like this band is trying to hide their MADBALL influences. And NO WARNING definitely have the talent and heavy production to pull it off, but unless you're living the tough life, then this style of uber-pissed lyrics over brutal, undulating mosh parts comes off as just being silly (that is, unless you're MADBALL). I mean, the singer for MADBALL just got out of jail. The singer for NO WARNING, on the other hand, is a 135 lb. kid that used to be a Hollywood childhood actor. If you can get past that, *and* the shady controversies that constantly surround them, then any MADBALL fan is going to love *Ill Blood*. MADBALL count in this review: 8. (CC)
(Bridge 9, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052)

...OF DEATH - "Generation of Vipers" CD

Rocking like an unholy mix of BORN AGAINST, UNION OF URANUS, ARMATRON, PAGE 99 & the LOCUST (though thankfully without the fucking keyboards), with the really cool insanely high-pitched vocal thing



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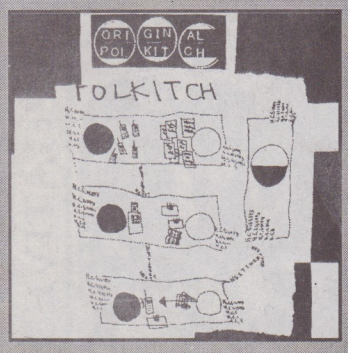
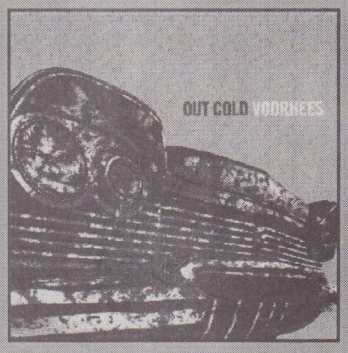




that the likes of WASTEOID and PLUTOCRACY sometimes use, this Texan band comes raging out the starting gates and never lets up. I'm having fun picking out all the different influences and things going on. Lots of noise, tempo shifts, dynamics, occasional melodic parts, blasts, screaming and general mayhem. Really fucking unique and really fucking good. (EL)
(Protoculture Audio, 3917 Alamo Ave., Ft Worth, TX 76107)

ON THE RISE - "Burning Inside" CD

Uh, guys, I think CROWN OF THORNZ beat you to the train yard photo for the cover bit. But I won't hold it against you guys. Unfortunately, I will have to hold the horrible INCUBUS-style breakdowns against you. So hard against you that maybe you will become claustrophobic of them pressing against your otherwise well-executed modern melodic NYHC, and become good (huh?). Aside from the occasional rubbish, this reminds me of *Mantra*-era SHELTER, mixing fast hardcore with melodic clean guitar riffs. I really liked the *Background*-era LIFETIME in the guitars, but this is way too overproduced for my liking. (CC)
(I Scream, Broekstraat 10, 1730 Kobbegem, BELGIUM)

ONE MAN ARMY - "Rumors and Headlines" LP

Fuck this is good! I always sort of blew ONE MAN ARMY off as one of those bands that were trying too hard to be '77 English punk. Well guess what? While this LP reeks of that era, especially with some CLASH and TOY DOLLS type moments, it is totally their own sound. The opening track, "Victoria," kicks off this scorcher LP and it doesn't ever let up until the very end. All I can say is job well done, and I am truly surprised. Definite year-end top ten material. (JF)
(BYO, PO Box 67609, Los Angeles, CA 90067, www.byorecords.com)

ORDER - "Taep'O-Dong" LP

From the incredibly cheesy cover art and poster insert (very 80s new wave looking) to the 10 tracks of fist pumping Japanese punk rock this is an all around winner. The music consists of hard charging anthems that center around a mid-tempo pace and scratchy scratchy vocals. On a couple of songs they slow things down a touch and give in to a Oi/street punk influence. Definitely worthy of a listen. (RC)
(HG Fact, c/o Tadashi Satoh, 105, 2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo 164-0013 JAPAN; interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

ORIGINAL POLKITCH - "New Classic or Telephone Sex Dream" EP

OK, I haven't heard a Japanese garage punk band this good in years. Picture a band from the *Live at the Vortex* LP singing in an excited gibberish with an absolutely catchy mess driving the whole thing. Too obscure? How about GUITAR WOLF playing a set of GENERATION X covers? Four songs on yellow vinyl with typically nonsensical song titles. Find this if you can...which brings me to Jesse Edelman. The last time I threw down the gauntlet on an "unfindable" Japanese punk 7" the "Man" from Knowcrap Mailorder came through for the USA with the last RADIO SHANGHAI 7". So here ya go Jesse: "Like, dude, there is no way anyone is gonna find this really cool garage single outside of Shinjuku and that is, like, so typical. Fuck!" (RW)
(A-Z, 1-21-5, Kamirenjaku, Mitaka, Tokyo, JAPAN)

OUT COLD/VOORHEES - split CD

OUT COLD has recieved an insane amount of praise from recent touring. Here are five tracks of blazing hardcore to back it up. OUT COLD play fast hardcore, at times bringing to mind early SICK OF IT ALL style NYHC with a subtle melodic sensibility akin to KID DYNAMITE that gives you something to nod your head to in between the fist waving mayhem. VOORHEES finish out the CD with six songs of their harsh style of bone breaking hardcore. No complaints here. (VH)
(Thorp, PO Box 6786 Toledo, OH 436122)

PAGE NINETY NINE/MAJORITY RULE - split LP

PAGE NINETY NINE has done the most for me as a live band. They are absolutely great live. Eight people onstage and near chaos. This split is their twelfth release. The songs are moody and slow with melody, but really, really heavy. Maybe you can imagine that. Although I think this band is a little over-hyped for what they present, I consider myself a fan. I should listen to them more often. MAJORITY RULE blows my mind. They play discordant, non-traditional, sloppier (i.e. don't expect DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN) metal with these sweet, quieter breaks. Just listen and be impressed. They are stellar live, too, if I remember correctly. Good good record. I win. (WR)
(Magic Bullet Company, www.magicbulletrecords.com)

PARKINSONS - "A Long Way to Nowhere" CD

Another band of rough 'n' ready spikey-tops emerge from the woodwork, toss out nine tracks to the listening public, and slink away quietly to toolshed from whence they came . Remind me to count the silverware. I know little about the PARKINSONS, but from what I've heard they're all right by me. *A Long Way to Nowhere* tiptoes along an X/Y axis where the HEARTBREAKERS LAMF LP intersects modern-day urban rock 'n' roll of the British variety. Dig the accents. Admire songs that feature beginnings, middles, and proper endings. "Primitive," "Too Many Shut Ups," and "Hate Machine" are neat, effortless and beat just right. "Scientists" pushes the epic 6-minute mark, but never flags or sags. Gratis catchphrase: Shake with the PARKINSONS! (JH)
(Elevator Music, PO Box 1502, New Haven, CT 06506, www.elevatormusic.com)

PATH OF DESTRUCTION/PROVOKED - split EP

PROVOKED delivers distorted speedy noise with female/male vocals from the underworld. More pleasing to my ears, PATH OF DESTRUCTION gives us angry, dirty punk with excellent raspy vocals. Overall a good split. (SR)
(Provoked c/o Grant, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE PATTERN - "Nothing of Value/Cream Puff War"

I can't decide how much I like the PATTERN. Sometimes I think they're pretty OK, other times I get put off by all the hoopla. This a seven incher with one original and one GRATEFUL DEAD cover. If you know which is which then you suck and should be listening to something else. For those of you that don't know, I'm going to tell you. The A-side is the original. It rocks in a pretty typical PATTERN type way. It's catchy, it's rocky, it's a little rough, it's mid-tempo, it's well put together. It is pretty good shit, if not terribly "punk." Some people will take that as a slam, but it really wasn't meant as one. The B-side, as you've probably figured out, is the DEAD cover. Did I just call them the "DEAD"? Fuck that. The B-side is the GRATEFUL DEAD cover. It's a little spastic, with

female sounding vocals. I don't know the original, so I can't comment much further. You shouldn't know the original either. It's a known fact that the GRATEFUL DEAD sucked. The only way to cover one of their songs is to butcher it. (KK)
(Wichita, Box 27754, London E5 OFP, UK)

PAVERS - "Return to the Island of No Return" 2xCD

I'm really not sure what to think of this. I'm pretty sure they're from England, and they play pretty lifeless melodic punk with some rock influence, but the lyrics are all over the map. Topics range from how fragile life is to peeing in Gatorade bottles on tour. It's quite strange. I guess if you're really in touch with your introspective side and your juvenile, "poo and farts" side, this will appeal to you. I just don't feel it. Includes the album and a bonus four song EP on disc two. (MX)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, UK, www.bosstuneage.com)

LOS PERROS/LOS ASS DRAGGERS - "For a Fistful of Euros" split EP

Woah! LOS PERROS, Holy shit! Yoww! This rules in the same way that TEENGENERATE ruled. Jesus, fuck, this is good. Side B: the ASS DRAGGERS, start off fooling me, starting off slow, then...throw it into gear, Wam! fuzz and shitty guitars blast into my ears at 100 mph! Good goddamn , no relief! The second song keeps it up the relentless attack. Fucking shit, Jesus, Godamn hell ...this shit gives me tourettes! Christ, just get this if you like TEENGENERATE, or at least try—it says here on the sleeve that there's only 500 hundred of these platters pressed. Once again Spain's Munster Records delivers a near perfect stripped-down raw punk rock EP. Then again, what did you expect from two bands that originate in the *only* country in Europe where rock music out sells techno? (AS)
(Munster, no address, www.munster-records.com)

PETROGRAD- "Nine One One" LP

This European band is completely dynamic, flipping from punk to emo, to whatever genre can handle the message behind this political band's music. Seriously, you have to hold on with your teeth to keep up with this record. With the same artsy political vibe as early CHUMBAWAMBA, this release won't bore you. At all. (MM)
(Skuld Releases, Malmsheimerstrasse 14, 71272 Renningen, Germany)

PIRANHAS - "Erotic Grit Movies" LP

Erotic. Grit. I can figure what they're on about. The PIRANHAS were, are, and are likely to remain one of my favorite Bands I've Never Seen, a real classic textbook example of how five somebodys can appear out of the blue and grab you by the antlers. I know better than to put up a fight. *Erotic Grit Movies* follows the prototype of their earlier 45s and keen 12" EP, and manages to throw a stylistic monkeywrench and bag of hammers into the works. Watch the sparks fly. The newer material ("Bitches' Wheel," "Girls Like it Too," "My Shoes," "The Great Glitter Nest") are wilder, spikier and less easy to grab hold of than the older stuff. Try. I mentioned 1970s New York No Wave in conjunction with these bods once, and I'm about to do it again: "Man of a Man" is nothing less than the CONTORTIONS post-dated for a audience that never heard of James Chance or his 15-member tap-dancing ensemble. *Erotic Grit Movies* might not be a third-millennium classic, but it's big, mean, and satisfying on an intellectual as well as hormonal level. Don't be afraid of the art. (JH)
(In the Red, 1116 W. Magnolia Blvd., PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506, www.intheredrecords.com)

POBEL AND GESOCKS - "Lieder über Leben und Tod" CD

Longstanding German Oi! band's newest release—it continues with the well played mid-tempo Oi! with chanted backups and gruff vocals these folks are known for. I don't know where these boys stand politically, as it's all in German, but their logo is dangerously close to the right wing HAMMERSKINS logo...which could just be a coincidence? (TB)
(Oi Hammer, Postfach 23 03, 59013 Hamm, GERMANY)

PORTRAIT - "All My Chances" EP

Maybe I'm a narrowminded conservative asshole when it comes to music but the violin in PORTRAIT is what the saxophone was to the PSYCHEDELIC FURS. The music in general is pretty basic emo. Screaming, heavy, up tempo drums, chunky guitars, etc. Nothing new except for the violin that just doesn't work. (PA)
(Stickfigure, PO Box 55462, Atlanta, GA 30308, www.stickfigurerecords.com)

PRESIDENT BUSCH - "First Term" EP

PRESIDENT BUSCH have a fine five-song EP here. There's a little touch of SOCIAL UNREST, a sprinkle of the SUBHUMANS, and a dash of STRYCHNINE. Their message: "complacency is far more dangerous than outrage." Word. (HM)
(no address, www.presidentbusch.com)

PRESSURE POINT - "To be Continued..." CD

Hailing form Sacramento, California, PRESSURE POINT puts out quality releases for fans of the street punk genre. Plenty of tunes to raise your fist up high and sing along with. (SR)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

PRETTY GIRLS – CD

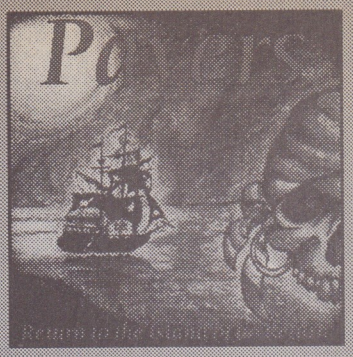
Sacramento's latest darlings finally get a full-length out. A great mix of garage, pop, psych, and punk. It's sweet, it rocks, you name it. Just the right amount of under production on this great debut LP. Oh ya, there are no girls in this group. (RL)
(Trap Door, 3428 H Street #5, Sacramento, CA 95816, prettygirls@trapdoorrecords.com)

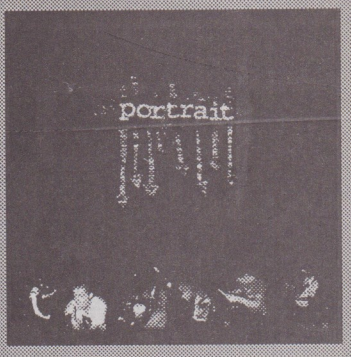
PROTEST THE HERO - "Is Anybody There?" EP

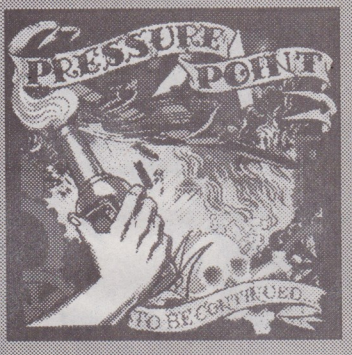
Fast melodic hardcore from 15-year-old Canadian kids. Considering that this is a debut release, this is really promising. Unlike most melodic hardcore bands, these kids seem rather pissed off, and their lyrics are actually pretty smart. The only bummer is that both of the songs on here are five minutes long. If they can retain their smarts and cut their songs in half, they could be awesome. The press release thing said that a full length is coming in 2003, so look for it, you jaded bastards. (MX)
(Underground Operations, PO Box 13, Ajax, Ontario, L1S 3C2 CANADA, www.undergroundoperations.com)

RACEBANNON - "Satan's Kickin' Yr Dick In" CD

A genius rock opera of sorts...the tale of Rhonda Delight, a character who, real life or fictional I would







love to hang out with. Transexual stardom *a la* Hedwig, but throw in a deal with the Devil and some crushing tunes. I might guess that the kids who make up RACEBANNON are indie rockers with impeccable fashion sense, because this record is entirely too stylish and clever for any punker that I've ever met, and if that were the case, then I might have to reconsider my feelings about the indie rockers whose cologne makes me want to vomit when our paths cross outside the all-too-hip bar that I am hurrying to get away from...that bar that they are smoking outside of, plotting how they're gonna get laid that night. Why would I have to reconsider? Because this is the best record I've heard in months. Fucking genius. Heavy beyond comprehension, and the vocals bring to mind a sanity level akin to David Yow...which is to say, bonkers. Noisy and chaotic, teetering ever more precariously on the edge of sheer chaos. And let us not forget that this is the story of Rhonda Delight, a character who I would love to hang out with. (WN)
(Secretly Canadian, 1021 S. Walnut, Bloomington, IN 47401)

MARKY RAMONE & THE SPEED KINGS - "Legends Bleed" CD

I wanna make Marky bleed. There is a fucking sticker on the CD case that reads: "2002 Rock & Roll Hall of Fame Inductee." I think someone needs a long overdue ego check. Fuck you, Marky. Tommy is the one who should have been inducted, not you, you wig-wearing pussy. Anyway, another band featuring Marky playing drums, yet making sure his name is in front. I'm not sure who's idea that is, but it's a dumb idea. It's not going to make people buy your CD, and if Marky's ego gets any bigger we'll get it a wig too and name a band after it as well. Noisey, Scandinavian rock... blah, blah, blah. Everyone knows the score—HELLACOPTERS, ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN, wank-wank. *yawn!* Marky should be the next to go. PS. I can talk all the shit I want about Marky—it's not like he'll ever even read it...but it would be cool if he was at home shedding a tear... hehehe. (BM)
(Thirsty Ear, www.thirstyear.com)

RAPTUS - "Bianco, Rosso..." CD

Loud, anti-fascist, and pround to be working class. RAPTUS puts out some good oi from Italy. Although mainly in Italian, a few lyrics are translated for all you kids. Their sound is pretty standard with gruff vocals and shout-out choruses. Enjoyable. (SR)
(Oi! Strike c/o Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Roma, ITALY, soarecords@libero.it)

THE RAT HOLE SHEIKH - "Jag Mar Sa Illa" EP

This month's oddball entry features two songs (one primitivebilly, one a dip into Delta blooz) that sound like products of the LIGHTNING BEAT MAN school (nothing wrong with that), a Dixie-esque hard rocker with underwater phased vocals and the title cut (and highlight), which sounds like a subdued (no Koray-esque guitar) Turkish garage number (title looks more Svensk: I'd look it up, but [as with so much in this world] I doubt anyone cares except for those that already know). Not too shabby, Mr. Blassie. (DD)
(Subway Star, no address)

REACTION - CD

Cliffy Huntington ditched the letterman jacket and those RAMONES-clones for a new outfit...literally. The REACTION dish out some good big rock sounding tunes a la ZEKE, HELLACOPTERS, all of those Scandinavian bands, and maybe even a little bit of the good ol' DEVIL DOGS. All lyrics are about trucking and dark and spooky stuff, which is kinda cliche, but not nearly as annoying and boring as the HUNTINGTONS. This is worth a spin if you are into sideburns, eyeliner, greasy hair, and denim. Oh yeah, and before you ask these guys to play your next birthday party, they have broken up and reformed with a new name: the STIVS. (BM)
(Acme, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826, the-reaction@the-reaction.com)

REAGAN NATIONAL CRASH DIET/DECIBATORS - "White Man/Burning Under the Sun"

The REAGAN NATIONAL CRASH DIET (RNCD) side of this record is good. I love to hear more from these folks. They seem to be on the same wavelength of Chicago punk that I've always considered to be a near cousin of the DC Dischord, more arty punk. Chicago's had a few bands that fit that bill: TRENCHMOUTH, SCISSOR GIRLS, and 8-BARK, to name a few. Anyway, RNCD's got female vocals and distorted bass accompanied by twangy guitars that kick in and rock at just the right time. RNCD sounds a lot like SLANT 6, the DISHES, and the MINUTEMEN, if they were all scrambled up in a pan. On the flip side you've got the DECIBATORS playing some in-your-face moustache rock that doesn't really fit in the genre of the A-side. The insert says reviewers often compare them to Norway's GLUECIFER ...well to tell you the truth, I think those reviewers are right on the money. This band sounds a lot like a less polished GLUECIFER (then again, this is only one song). Conclusion: half good, half ...like GLUECIFER. (AS)
(Rooster Cow, PO Box 578174, Chicago, IL 60657)

REAL RAEN - "Weakdays" EP

They're named after an old 999 tune (I'm figuring), but they got more of a herky-jerky Howard Devoto MAGAZINE well-scrubbed-oral-hygenist sound to 'em. Martial one-two rhythms, puckish wiles. A good sense of fun. The title track is *ein fetzer* with highly topical lyrics about the North American Stock Index. Dial in to the professional anxiety of a young stockbroker who's reached the end of his tether. "Adjust-a-Girl" is a neat pervo devo anthem, while "A to V" signs out on an optimistic note that suggests a bright future looming just beyond the horizon. RAEL REAN are working the higher-tech end of the bell curve, but are no less grubby for it. (JH)
(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI, www.flyingbomb.com)

RED REACTION – "Welcome To the Warzone" CD

Ok, I've listened to this CD a couple of times through and some of their songs I like, some of them are OK, the solo in the title song I could definitely do without—it happens. RED REACTION are doing the more recent take on 80s hardcore, Boston style; they're from Massachusetts and this was released on Coalition. What stands out to me is that it's recorded really well—the drums sound great—but something just doesn't sit right with me until I get to the end and there's 3 songs that were recorded with less than professional standards, and that were not included on the LP release, and that's when I realize that the shittier recording conveys a far more hectic, over-the-top raw sound that propels their music and gives it a harder, more vicious edge to their sound and that I like those three songs the best. In fact, I'd like to hear the whole record recorded like those last three songs. And then it all gets downright weird when you come to the "secret hidden" tracks—two songs of acoustic guitar, strange singing voices, and an organ, playing what I assume to be a cover song. I'm confused now. The score: good recording: OK. Shitty recording: Awesome!! (WM)
(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, THE NETHERLANDS, www.coalition-records.com)

RETALIATION/THE KILL - split EP

Holy shit. RETALIATION have always been a competent enough grind band, but I can't say I ever thought they were you know, like, fucking *sick*. Until now. They've just improved in every way, including the all-important blast beat, now giving the likes of NASUM a run for their money. Solid and fast as fuck, these Swedish grinders shred their way through four new tracks, including a SKITSYSTEM cover and a "remix" of a previous song, which I think just means it's noisier than before. Speaking of blasting, the KILL, from Australia, are also clearly having no problem with the concept, spitting out seven tracks of furious noisy grind. In classic early ASSUCK, ANAL CUNT and DISCORDANCE AXIS form, this trio forego the superfluous bassist element for a stripped-down guitar, drum & vocal attack that is positively devastating. Check this shit out. (EL)
(Mortville, 713 Grace St., Ottumwa, IA 52501, gamma693@hotmail.com)

THE RIFF RANDELLS- "Lethal Lipgloss" 10"

These kids seem way tough, in a leather jacket skipping class to smoke in the boys room type of way. Rocking out like the RUNAWAYS, this release makes me want dance. (MM)
(Delmonico, PO Box 23123 Connaught PO Calgary, AB T2S 3B1 CANADA)

THE RITES - "Your Last Rights" EP

Fuck yeah! The RITES tore me a new one with this smoking release. The RITES contains people from TEAR IT UP and DOWN IN FLAMES so you can easily guess what this is going to sound like. Shredding fast hardcore with strong vocals and a spastic energy that jumps right off the record. Apparently this was supposed to be a one shot deal, but with a release and a few live shows under their belt who knows where this band is going. So catch them while you can. (RC)
(Dead Alive, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101; deadaliverecords.com)

ROGERS SISTERS - "Purely Evil" LP

There are a lot of things to like about this record, the best of which is that I can't nail influences right off the top of my head as I listen to it the first time through. This is a good record, I just can't say exactly why. I'm going to be listening to it for another month or so, so maybe later. Male/female vocals work to keep away the twin evils of sameness and repetition. OK, the commercial hook: "Attention Slampt and K Records enthusiasts! You may like this record!" (RW)
(Troubleman Unlimited, no address)

SFP - "Making the Hood Look Good" CD

What we have here is pretty decent Gap-t-shirt melodic punk. They seem to have more on their minds than the average band of this genre, and they take some well-placed jabs at hipster kids and people who complain too much when they really have it made. Under normal circumstances, I would totally destroy a band with a song about going out with Britney Spears, but they come at it from the geek perspective (i.e. we're having a nice, polite relationship in my head) rather than the frat guy perspective (i.e. I would like to make babies with you), so it's almost forgivable. These guys aren't pushing any boundaries, but they're good at what they do. (MX)
(Eyespy, PO Box 89, 9000, Bruggel, BELGIUM, http://fade.to/eyespy)

SALEM LIGHTS - "Carnival of Souls" EP

.....I started listening to this thing at 45 speed and found it to be an amazing high energy pop band with mouse-like chick vocals and creepy organ sounds....kinda new wave....I loved it!!!!! ....then I gave it a second listen at the right speed of 33 and my cock went limp.....nothing but a bunch of boring ROLLING STONES worship.....Mick Jagger is all talk kids....he can't suck cock as good as he claims....(SW)
(Fun House, PO Box 20708, Oakland CA 20708)

SANDIEST – "Never I'm Not Down" CD

Japan's answer to the ODD NUMBERS, hence the JAM. Damn this sounds like *Modern World*-era JAM! From Japan? I love this! Hook these guys up with the Detour crowd now. One of the year's best releases. (RL)
(Diwphalanx, 2-3 Kanda Awajicho, Chiyoda-ku Tokyo, 101-0063, JAPAN)

SANITYS DAWN/FETUS EATERS – "Mediocore" split CD

First off, I don't like split CDs, they just never feel right, and with that said I would really have liked this much better on vinyl with the soft to hard popping sounds, pieces of dust, etc. Anyway, SANITYS DAWN, from Germany, play explosive grind with a more hardcore than metal feel to it, the drummer being the deciding factor there. The vocals are sung in a variety of manners, and people, tending more to the high-mid end of throat-ripping and are sung in both German and English. A great recording that really suits the violence and insanity like, ahem, a glove. Sixteen songs in 19m30s. Damn good. FETUS EATERS, on the outside of this CD and hailing from Los Angeles, are more on the crazier end of the all-out grind spectrum; fast fast drumming, blurry guitar buzz riffs, dual low and high distorted vocals; they employ a variety of "odd" instrumentation like slide whistle, saxophone, harmonica, theremin, use lots of samples, etc. They'd fit in great with bands like AGENTS OF SATAN, NO LESS, NAPALM DEATH, BRUTAL TRUTH, the BOREDOMS, etc. 28 songs in 21m34s is a fair number. I'd actually call this Qualitycore. If only it was on a nice solid piece of vinyl. (WM)
(RSR, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, GERMANY)

SCAREDYCAT/APATHETIC YOUTH - split EP

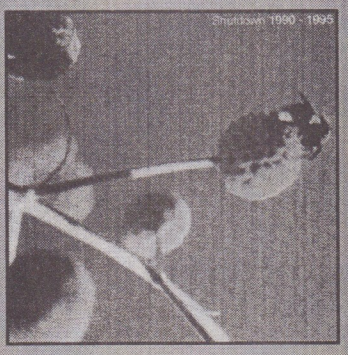
Fast sarcastic thrash from both of these young LA bands. APATHETIC YOUTH remind me a lot of PILLSBURY HARDCORE, and are not afraid to express their Inglewood pride. SCAREDYCAT have a more melodic approach with some really weird 80s hair metal vocals on the first and last song. Strange, but not bad. (CC)
(Noise Annoys, 607 S. Walnut, Inglewood, CA 90301)

SCATTERED FALL - "For All I've Lost" EP

All my emo alarms were going off when I first put this record on, but after the shaky intro to "Vacant Room", SCATTERED FALL kicked my ass all over the place. What I like about this record is that the lyrics are personal and introspective, but screamed nonetheless. The hardcore is melodic, fast, and unrelenting. I'm keeping my eye on this band.(DP)
($4ppd USA, $5ppd Can/Mex, $6ppd World, Deadpan, PO Box 902, Artesia, CA 90702, assailant2@aol.com)

THE SEXUAL – "Complete Discography 1983-1985" CD

Super good old Japanese band gets the collection treatment. Looking at their past release info, I would



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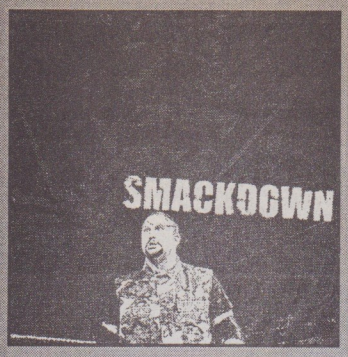
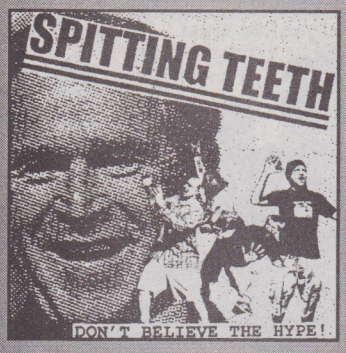




assume that their records fetch a pretty penny on Ebay these days—two flexi's (1000 press each) and two tracks on an 8" compilation. With the unreleased material—four studio and two live—it totals out to seventeen songs, in 41m42s, don't know why it couldn't have been released on vinyl instead, it would've been that much cooler and appropriate. The music: excellent, driving guitar hardcore in the then modern, now classic fashion—some fast, some mid-tempo, some slow, all very very good. Highly recommended. (WM)
(Double K)

SHUTDOWN - "1990-1995" CD

Is it a coincidence that the title of this album marks the low point in hardcore history? It was pretty bad in England back then—all the cool people in the scene left to take drugs and dance all night leaving the square straight-edge skate bores in charge of everything. Their bands were terrible, this is terrible, England's terrible. (AD)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, UK, www.bosstuneage.com)

THE SIGHTS - "If That's What You Want" EP

Ewww. I don't like this. From Detroit and proving that you aren't automatically a great band just because you are from Detroit. I'm figuring this is power pop because the first band that comes to mind is the BAY CITY ROLLERS. It's got 70s teenheartthrob written all over it. I know lots of semi-intelligent people who love power pop. It's just too whimpy for me. (CK)
(Fall Of Rome, PO Box 69431, Los Angeles, CA 90069, mark@fallofrome.com)

SIGNAL TO TRUST - "Folklore" CD

What an odd little record. It's actually really similar to the CHALET CHALET CD (reviewed a few pages back), in that it works pretty hard to get you "shaking your groove thang," or something. It's good and fun, and reminds me of the PIXIES and FUGAZI in certain places, but the band kind of craps out on its way to something great. There's just not enough life and energy to keep me interested for longer than a few songs. A valiant effort, but not quite there yet. (MX)
(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886 Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.modern-radio.com)

SIN DIOS - "Odio al Imperio" CD

A new year and a new album from this Spanish juggernaut. Fifteen new tracks of inspiring hardcore punk. Every record they've released has been amazing, and this is no exception. A bit faster and more pissed off sounding than their last LP, but still filled with enough mid-tempo hooks so that it isn't just a blur. Complex and intense music that is paired well with their message of liberation and struggle. And in case you forgot, it comes complete with a huge 108-page booklet that reminds you that the message matters as much as the medium. Another totally fucking amazing release from this brilliant band. (MT)
(La Idea, Apdo. 18.251, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, laidea@sindios.net)

SKITSYSTEM - "Alit E Skit" CD

Sweden strikes again! I say again because this is a CD collection of SKITSYSTEM's *Profithysteri* EP, their 10", and their side of the 7" split with WOLFPACK (now WOLF BRIGADE). For those of you who don't know SKITSYSTEM, they play crusty D-beat hardcore, not unlike TRAGEDY. This is good stuff. I also suggest getting the *Enkel Resa Till Rannstenen* LP on Havoc. (JF)
(gotenburgcollapse@hotmail.com)

SKOOL'S OUT – "After Hours" CD

ALL-ish pop punk from Belgium. Mix in popular pop punk too. This is good quirky pop punk fueled by tight riffing and strong listenable vocals. A good full length. (RL)
(Eye Spy, PO 89, 8000 Brugge 1, BELGIUM, www.skoolsoutrocks.com)

THE SKULLS - "Therapy for the Shy" LP

These LA punk veterans should need no introduction. Boasting an urgent, anthemic sound not unlike early CHANNEL 3, this is an aggressive mix of melodic mid-speed punk with, from time to time, a subtle sense of melody. "Girlfriend Shower Sleep" is an amazing and uncharacteristic fast blast—but they also do a fun cover of JOHNNY CASH's "(I) Walk the Line." The vinyl release is on cool green vinyl. Definitely above the norm. (SS)
(Dr. Strange, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701)

SMACKDOWN - "Match One" EP

I'm not a fan of wrestling in the least bit, there being many better things to do with my time. So for me, listening to this EP is nearly the same waste of my time. Sure, it's pretty damn good fast thrash—kind of reminds me of CHARLES BRONSON in the vocals department. And I'm sure that they're a potent force live, but this EP gets bogged down with way too many uninteresting and long samples taken directly from episodes of WWF wrestling before the start of every song. There are no lyrics included, but there is a manifesto—I can't figure out if it's exorting me to start a wrestling band or just to wrestle...? Maybe I just don't get it? (WM)
(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, NETHERLANDS, www.coalition-records.com)

SONS OF CYRUS - LP

Straight forward garagey rock. A bit of RADIO BIRDMAN meshed with a bit of the STOOGES. The production is a cool level of murky. I can make stuff out, but it sounds like my ears are clogged. I just keep waiting for something interesting to happen, but it doesn't. (CK)
(Big Brothel, Box 6170, SE-102 33 Stockholm, SWEDEN, everythingy@hotmail.com)

SOVIETTES – "T.C.C.P. " EP

Speedy melodic punk with all gal vocals. This would have fit right in during the early 90s with JOYCE MCKINNEY EXPERIENCE and an Olympia band or two. More punk than Riot, the vocals make this work. (RL)
(Pop Riot, PO Box 14985, Minneapolis, MN 55414, thesoviettes@hotmail.com)

SPECTATORS – "Spectra-Violencer" CD

Huh on the title? This Japanese band's last release was a mod meets 1977 punk release. Now they mix it up with horns, ska, and drunken sailor songs. Almost reminds me of *The Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* LP song wise. Still good just kinda wacky. (RL)
(EAST Peace, e.peace@excite.co.jp)

SPITTING TEETH - "Don't Believe the Hype" EP
I love hardcore bands that actually look like they're having fun with what they do. These guys are all smiles, and they play fast thrash that deviates from the thrash-mosh-thrash-whoa! formula, which, along with their sense of humor, sets them apart from the herd. Fucking do it. (MX)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

SPITS - CD
The SPITS can't decide if they wanna be the RAMONES or an 80s new wave band, so they just put on silly costumes and do both and now they're my favorite band. I love the SPITS, and if you like your music just a little.. uh...off, so will you. (DP)
(Slovenly, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504, www.702records.com)

SPRAY PAINT - "Still Empty Me..." CD
In the tradition of SCREAMING FAT RAT and the URCHIN, SPRAY PAINT play great SNUFF-influenced energetic melodic punk. You could also use DILLINGER 4 as a marker—there are a lot of changes, hooks, and harmonies. Included is a cover of TOM ROBINSON's "Ain't Gonna Take It." I must say, on second listen, this is really a winner. (AD)
(Oval, Watanabe Bldg 1F-13, 1-3-12 Oote-Dori, Nagoaka-Shi, Niigata, 940-0062, JAPAN)

STOOL SAMPLE/THE SCHITZ - split EP
This split is hanging on my wall, smashed and torn, as a warning to all, The music of both bands is mediocre, but it's the cover art that is the reason to not buy this: a badly done drawing of an elderly woman, bound, gagged with her shirt torn to expose a breast. One of her eyes is bruised and swollen shut. The other is bleeding. Her ripped shirt reads "#1 Grandma." Standing above her is a nude man with his back to us. He is obviously masturbating while looking at this woman. Society sends us enough rape imagery, do we need more in the punk scene? (JA)
(PO Box 216, Adairsville, GA 30103)

STRAIGHT TO HELL - "Why Should We Stop the War?" EP
This second release from members of ULCER and DROPDEAD delivers seven more tracks of no bullshit hardcore, full of anger and urgency. No Filler, just fucking good hardcore! (VH)
(Dead Alive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)

STRONG INTENTION - "Extermination Vision" CD
These guys from Maryland play fast, unrelenting in their speed and brutality. They have a serious metal influence that reminds me more of PANTERA than any other metalcore bands and their usual influences. They play it so fast and with such a punk mentality that it can only be described as heavy, *fucking heavy*! (VH)
(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, Netherlands)

STUCK UPS – "Human Doll Express" CD
A cool trashy new wave punk release with keyboards. Too sloppy for the masses and just goofy enough for the punk college DJ's. A fun blast that is fueled by spirit and attitude. A mostly gal group too. (RL)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

SUBTRACTTOZERO - LP
A most bizarre trio here from Milwaukee (I think), delivering one intricately depressive epic per side. Pretty hard to pin down their sound, and I'm reaching to find bands to compare them to. The song "Smother Me in Darkness," on side one, has some SHELLAC-type repetition, but still heavy, like um, an emo-ized MAN IS THE BASTARD or SEIZED maybe, and is noisier and rawer, with layered expanses of tape-loops, feedback, and noise. "The Ship is Sinking," on side two, is much more developed musically—I even hear the likes of JUNE OF 44 and the SHIPPING NEWS in some of the moodier quieter passages. Plus they incorporate a ton of additional instrumentation here, like french horn, accordion, and even a saw, to good measure—they all complement the song at hand nicely. This song is great. Add in laboriously detailed silkscreened packaging, and you've got a record you should definitely look out for. (EL)
(Primary Thoughts, PO Box 4995, Portland, OR 97208-4995, www.primarythoughts.com)

SUBURBAN TERROR PROJECT - "I'm a Prostitute and Proud of It" EP
Total techcore from Austin, Texas, it's the SUBURBAN ESCAPE PLA- er, I mean, SUBURBAN TERROR PROJECT. These guys are obviously quite talented players, but it's hard for me to appreciate any band that has their head so far up another band's ass. I mean this band is *identical* to DILLINGER—it's not an influence thing, it's a note-for-note copy thing, the only real differences being: A) a singer who's even more grating than the guy from the PHANTOM LIMBS, and B) they're nowhere near as good. (EL)
(Entropy Now!, 1811 Madison Ave, Austin, TX 78757)

SUPERSTATIC REVOLUTION - "Submerge" EP
Taking a heavy nod from the ACME legacy, this frantic French trio crash through four songs of totally all-over-the-map chaotic metalcore. Big noisy raw production with lots of change-ups, this would be right at home on the likes of Per Koro, sounding not unlike early MORSER (though less grind-y) with bits of COALESCE thrown in for good measure. These are manic, interestingly crafted songs that will hold your attention while bludgeoning you over the head at the same time. (EL)
(Shogun, 39, Rue du Mont D'Arene, 51100 Reims, FRANCE)

TEMPLARS - "Return of Jacques de Molay" CD
Yes! Here are some old recordings from '93-'94 previously released in Europe and on demos. Great oi with fucking excellent guitar playing. This is a great album for fans to have! (SR)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

TEMPLARS - "Phase 2" CD
The TEMPLARS are fuckin' weird, aren't they? What with all the medieval imagery, the endless catalog of songs, the sometimes two-piece line-up, and the international cult following. I personally don't get it, but a lot of people love this band. They play minimal slow-tempo straight Oi! anthems, one after the other, for about ten albums. This album was recorded as a two-piece in 1995/'96 and was released in '97, and is now available on CD in America for the first time. It's not bad, it's just, like I say, I don't get it. (AD)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

RECORDS

THEE SHAMS - "You Got It/Your Lovin' Man"

....totally boring 60s style R&B with Mick Jagger on vocals....actually this turd is soooooooo dull that I'm wordless.....paralized....more coke!!!!! MORE COKE!!!!(SW)
(Deary Me, PO Box 19315, Cincinnati, OH 45219, www.theeshams.com)

THIRD WORLD PLANET - LP

I don't mind the ingredients—high-pitched crusty girl vocals, politics, blast beats (well, I'm not crazy about blast beats), driving guitars—and it's super DIY, too, but somehow it just doesn't come together right. Too much mayhem, not enough melody. Odd punctuation that throws off your sense of timing. Lyrics in English, Italian, and German—hey, that's nice, anyway. (AC)
(PO Box 8183, Victoria BC, V8W 3R8, CANADA, twp@graffiti.net)

TOAST - "Gatherings" CD

TOAST brings you four songs of bizarre pop-punk mixed with slow heavy groove parts that do not fit in with the BOUNCING SOULS/H2O style that they are trying to imitate. Not being able to pull off major label pop-punk is one thing, but when those groove parts kick in and the singing is entirely off-key, one can't help but laugh out loud. This is weird. No wait, "weird" sounds like it could be good. This is not good. (CC)
(Pizza of Death)

TOAST - "Sound of Grave New World" CD

Musically, this Japanese band sounds somewhat like HÜSKER DÜ or the THUMBS at times, but there is a metal/hardcore influence, too. And as I get deeper in the album I hear a lot of FUGAZI influence. It's kind of all over the place and the songs are good. I think trying to write the lyrics in English might have been a mistake, since they just end up sounding really funny, with lines like "we can get the art of go," or "Go no remorse! Let me feel so good." At least it is a nice change from bad American political lyrics. A really interesting record from a band I would like to see play live. (WR)
(Pizza of Death, no address)

TORG - "Hot Yogurt Enema" CD

This band calls itself "America's stupidest rock combo" and "the worst band in the world" and they're not wrong. If you really miss the MENTORS, this could be a watered-down substitute with songs like "Girl on Girl Action" and "Electropussy". I do not miss the MENTORS, and this CD is heading straight for the garbage. (DP)
(Clambake, www.torg.cc)

TO SEE YOU BROKEN- "A Thief, a Poet, an Enemy" CD

I love seeing women do the mosh metal thing. My housemate listens to this type of stuff, and he's tried to get me into it, but to no avail. I like TO SEE YOU BROKEN though, holding their own in a super misogynistic hardcore scene. (MM)
(Excursion, PO Box 20224 Seattle, WA 98102

TOTAL FURY/THE OATH - "Ears Go Deaf Tour 2002" EP

Great little 7" here. TOTAL FURY throws down five rippers, total old school DC hardcore mangled through a megaphone—this band never fails to impress. the OATH delivers five spastic urgent thrashers, tight as hell but all over place, if that makes any sense. With McCoy's telltale squawking vocals and some real crisp production, this is the band's best stuff to date....great TOTAL FURY cover too....track this down if you can find it. (TB)
(Mangrove, Acp Bldg 3F, 4-23-5, Kouenji Minami Base Suginami-Ku, Tokyo 166-0003, JAPAN)

TOTALT JAVLA MORKER - "Det Ofrivilliga Lidandets..." CD

As the HIVES begin to "make a name" for the Swedish punk scene, TOTALT JAVLA MORKER show up with this onslaught of mayhem and destruction to remind us all of a time when MTV VJs would panic running in fear if caught in the face of the mighty Swedish hardcore scene. 17 tracks of raw, fuzzed out, brutally intense hardcore anthems. Beautifully done. (VH)
(Distortion, box 6294, se40060, Gothenburg, SWEDEN, www.distortion.se)

TO WHAT END - "And History Repeats Itself" EP

Dual guitars, male/female vocals, this is everything you need in a black clad crustcore record. The sound is modern,opting for brutal melody instead of tuneless brutality. Three songs, with a Swedish D-Beat from beginning to end, and bleak lyrics. What else can I say? Damn near perfect. (WN)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 55 02 08 - 10 372 Berlin GERMANY)

UNSEEN - "Complete Singles Collection 1994-2000" 2xLP

Let's get something straight. I have no upper teeth and a funny blue mohawk and I still think this band is totally cheesy. Up the punks...Oi Oi Oi! In the annals of 90s/2000 spiky-haired mohican punk bands from America, the UNSEEN rate just above TOTAL CHAOS and nowhere near DEFIANCE. I bet their fans drink lots of 40's and have beautifully painted jackets. Up the punks...Oi Oi Oi! As the title says, this is a collection of UNSEEN's singles and comp tracks through 2000, plus a couple of new tracks. Up the punks...Oi Oi Oi! (JF)
(Punkcore, www.punkcore.com)

VALUE DRIVEN - "Back Where It Starts" CD

(Why me?) French straight-edge with "positive" lyrics about friendship (good), and drug use (bad, and they don't have much time for betrayal and hypocrisy either). Musically it's yer typical chunky hardcore.
(Disagree, BP 21-13243 Marseille, cedex 1, FRANCE)

THE VANDALS - "Internet Dating Super Studs" CD

I hain't been followin' the VANDALS for over ten years, and by the sounds of this CD, I'm not gonna try to catch up. They sound like over-produced formula pop punk. There's still that dopey humor, but they sound so generic and faceless. I do like the Paul Frank cover and the packaging. The CD-Rom aspect is also neat. It features video clips of the band members going on dates with "win a date with the VANDALS" contest winners. (HM)
(Kung Fu, PO Box 38009 Hollywood, CA 90038, www.kungfurecords.com)

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA - "Aistien Juhlaa" CD

This is the first I've heard of these monsters, their first full length after a 7" and a split 7", and I think that it's safe to say that Finland has some new heroes. This is great, total '82 era Finnish-core, think TERVEET KADET but with a deeper voiced singer and a better, thicker, fuller recording. Lyrics written in both Finnish and English, sounds like they're sung in their native language—always a plus in my book. 23 songs in 29m11s so you know they ain't messing around. Comes with a patch, no less. (WM)
(Hardcore Holocaust, PO Box 26742, Richmond, VA 23261, www.hardcoreholocaust.com)

THE WARLOCKS - "Phoenix Album" LP

There's a risk that this could be poppy. *Phoenix Album* worries me a little. And they use fancy fonts on the cover. The cover in general is just a little too fancy for a punk record. *Hmmmm*. Let's have a listen. It is poppy, very poppy. But I'm not sure that that means it is bad. I think I like it, but it's so poppy that I feel guilty for liking it. It's pretty slow, almost plodding and a little dark. Still it is pop music. Reminds me of ASH. (KK)
(Birdman, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506)

THE WARLOCKS - "Baby Blue" 12"

The WARLOCKS have come a long way from their original acid-tinged psych-punk to their latest brand of, er, acid-tinged late-60s psych. Appropriately, the tunes are medium to slow. The instrumental "Minneapolis Man" has a middle-period VELVETS sound, while "Stone Hearts" ropes in some nice reverb in a slower pop number. Much of the rest of this record is devoted to long, downbeat instrumentals, of primary interest to anyone coming down from speed. Limp. (SS)
(Birdman, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506)

WEIGHT OF GOVERNMENT – "Until the End" – CD

United Youth Crew Hardcore from Catral (Alicante), Spain—a Mediterranean coast city south of Barcelona and Valencia, north of Malaga and Almeria. Typically, I'm not much for the NYHC thing but I kinda like the WEIGHT OF GOVERNMENT Mediterranean take on that style enough. They play fast, the gruff/hoarse throated vocalist I like, the breakdowns are typical but passable and the mandatory shout-alongs I could do with less of, otherwise. They list MADBALL, DISCIPLINE, and WITHIN REACH as starting influences, if that gets you wanting to circle pit then check these Spaniards out. (WM)
(Invisible, C/San Roque 44-3, C.P. 003600, Elda (Alicante), SPAIN, www.invisiblescene.cjb.net)

WHAT FEEDS THE FIRE - "Set Me Free" EP

The last hardcore band that I liked from Rhode Island was VERBAL ASSAULT. So I didn't have high hopes for WHAT FEEDS THE FIRE. These guys execute the whole mid-paced modern straight edge sound very well (BANE and ENSIGN come to mind). With huge choruses and catchy breakdowns, I am not surprised that a lot of kids went apeshit for this band at Posi Numbers 2001. For me personally, the production on this is *way* too slick. The bass tone alone makes me feel like I am listening to some shitty overproduced Victory Records band from 1995. I need more punk in my hardcore, and W.F.T.F. just doesn't offer it. (CC)
(Anchor, PO Box #154, 3495 Cambie St, Vancouver, BC, V5Z 4R3 CANADA, www.anchorxrecords.com)

WHISKEY REBELS - CD

Yet another cover that looks like absolute shit! I'm not some art school nerd who expects artistic perfection, but I *hate* this "generated in five minutes on a computer" look!! The music, however, is *killer* !! Total rip-roaring punk rock with a capital P!! If the WORKIN' STIFFS and the DROPKICK MURPHYS went drinking in Sacramento with TOXIC REASONS it might sound like this. Huge gang choruses and drunken sing-a-longs make this a smashing release!! (TB)
(GMM , PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

THE WHORE DADDY-O's - "Good Drugs Bad Girls" EP

To say these WHORES are some sorta psychobilly with a tinge of BAD RELIGION wouldn't do it justice. This is a rockin' six-song EP with a cover of the STRAY CAT's "Whore Cat Slut," a surf-ish tune, "Bankruptcy Beach," an epic "Psycho Circus," and more! These WHORES brag about their bad attitudes, lusting after whores, and drug abuse. Classic. (HM)
(Whorebag/Whore Daddy-O's, 724 A. South 26th, Manitowoc, WI 54220, nigelsux@earthlink.net)

WITCHES - "On Parade" LP

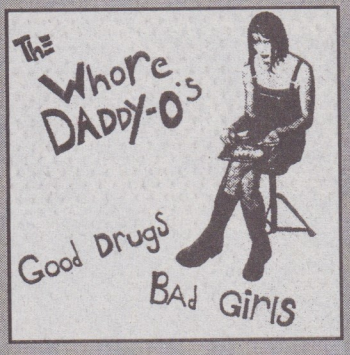
Starts off slow, deliberate, nothing hurried, no need to rush. I'd appreciate the WITCHES more were I face-down in blue shag carpet, pot clouds gathering near the cieling. Theirs is a down-home, languid kind of fuzz that reminds me of (let the names drop) Todd Rundgren's late-60s outfit the NAZZ more than anyone/thing else. "I Luv'd Wrong" has a sort of suffocating quality to it, with layers of vocal harmonies and a sort of beer soaked charm... "The Invisible People Have Reappeared" and "On the Haunted Side of the House" suggest the influence of drugs and/or first-LP PINK FLOYD (which doesn't suck, appearances to the contrary). Not often that records this unrepentantly Crushed Velvet make their way into *Maximum's* pages, but it could serve as a pleasant change of pace. The WITCHES may have their eyes trained on the brass ring and a slot on *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*, and when/if it happens you can lay the blame on my doorstep. I can get behind it, though they're probably not manic or panicked enough for a lot of listeners. (JH)
(Fall of Rome, PO Box 69431, Los Angeles, CA 90069, www.fallofrome.com)

WOOLWORTHY – "Recycler" CD

A comp of songs from this Chicago band from 1996-2002. These guys have a power pop rock thing going on. Think early GOO GOO DOLLS, THE, or J CHURCH. Sure it's a mix but so is this bands sound. Good stuff. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, UK, www.bosstuneage.com)

WORLD BURNS TO DEATH - "Sucking of the Missile Cock" 12"

Holy fucking shit! Total Texas steamroller hardcore assault—laying waste to everything in its path. Brilliant amalgamation of the likes of POISON IDEA, SKITSYSTEM, and BASTARD put through a fuk'n Texas blender to create arguably one of the finest hardcore records of this year. Crushing, riff-heavy guitars, insanely heavy production, brilliant lyrical attack, and fuck, you can't go wrong with a cover featuring Mr. Bush with an MX missile for a cock. "...punks wrapped up in fucking flags, I'd like to wrap you up in body bags, take your fucking toe tags, and add them to the list of traitors..." Couldn't agree more Jack. Essential. (MT)
(Hardcore Holocaust, PO Box 26742, Richmond, VA 23261, www.hardcoreholocaust.com)



RECORDS

WORMS'MEAT – "Four Stupid Brains" CD

Awesome! Pumping guitars, galloping drums and harsh growling vocals come together to create four songs of hard charging Japanese punk fucking rock. This is the first time I recall hearing this band and I hope it won't be the last. (RC)
(KPR, no address)

YAPHET KOTTO - "Usual Suspects" EP

Why is it that emo kids can't type? It would seem that a computer would be the obvious fix, yet they continue to just cross mistakes out with Xs. Anyway, there is not much to say about this record except that it sounds like the other YAPHET KOTTO releases. It's emo in a mid 90s way, but this is one of those bands that can still do it without pissing you off. They can be compared to any number of Mike Kirsch bands, but they have a pop element that makes their songs a bit more catchy. Part of it is that Mag's singing is not typical of most hardcore bands (could it be that he really wishes he was Mac from SUPERCHUNK?) The only thing that hinders the record is the poor recording quality. While not the worst in the world, it doesn't match that of their LPs. (PA)
(Council, no address)

YEAH YEAH YEAHS - "Machine" 10"

Sample and loop-heavy art-rock, with ample, varied percussion and female vocals, but no strings. The heavy SIOUXSIE influence on "Machine" is effectively spooky, but not original enough to classify as haunting—though I bet you could dance to it. Three songs on one Double Bubble-colored disk. Is it worth it? Can you live without guitars? Some of you can—you know who you are. (AC)
(Touch & Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

V/A - "Born out of Time" CD

Yeah, it comes from the 80s, but it fucking rocks. This CD is subtitled "The Australian Indie Sound, 1979-88" and it features the bands RADIO BIRDMAN, LIPSTICK KILLERS, NEW RACE, DIED PRETTY, the LIME SPIDERS, the PSYCHOTIC TURNBUCKLES, HOODOO GURUS, the CELIBATE RIFLES, the HARD-ONS, and others. Almost every cut has lots of hooks to grab that punk rock taste of yours. And there are two excellent cuts, one by the STEMS, and another by the BEASTS OF BOURBON. Anyway, this is a great place to pick up some rockin sounds from the Aussie scene—your money will be well spent! (HH)
(Raven, PO Box 2027, East Ivanhoe 3079, Vic. AUSTRALIA, www.ravenrecords.com.au)

V/A - "Cuts Vol.1" CD

Documenting the present Orange County underground, this comp contains 18 bands with 18 unreleased tracks. Plenty of punk 'n' roll and melodic punk, this comp could possibly please many. Highlights include the SMUT PEDDLERS, the FAKES, the MAIN, SPOOKY, the PUT-ONS, the STAND, and the CADAVERS. I would say its worth the $5.99. (SR)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, www.hostagerecords.net)

V/A - "Four Corners: An International DIY Positive Hardcore Compilation" LP

I consider myself blessed to be reviewing this compilation. First off, this comp does a great job of combating the sudden rise of crappy, empty youth crew-style hardcore bands. The comp features three tracks from one of my favorite bands of all time, LIFE'S HALT. I loved this band because although they were not ever really a youth crew band, they played within that scene a lot, they sang about shit I actually cared about, they didn't put on a tough guy front, and they didn't take hardcore seriously enough to take all the fun out of it. Their songs on this comp kick major butt, though they're probably not the best LIFE'S HALT songs. There are also three songs from DEAD END, a really good German hardcore band who rocked me. The comp also has four songs from HIGHSCORE, a great German youth crew-style hardcore band. The songs on here were previously on their CD, also released on 625, and they are top notch. HIGHSCORE's lyrics go out of their way to address things that I think are more important than the "X on your hand," and "the scene." RAZLOG ZA is an excellent band from Croatia who I had never heard before—their songs and lyrics are great. Great mid-tempo hardcore. I can't wait to hear more from them. There are also eight quick tracks from POINT OF FEW, an awesome harder thrashy band from the Netherlands who does not deserve to be pushed to the end of this review, because they are just as good as the other bands. If you don't check this out, you are an asshole. (WR)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, www.625thrash.com)

V/A – "Mosh Circle, Jerk Punks" CD

Fuck yeah! BBQ CHICKENS (band name of the month), IDOL PUNCH, RAZORS EDGE, and TOMORROW won me over with a full-on attack of thrashing punk. Images of skateboards, flannel shirts, and bandanas fill my head as I listen to one explosive track after the other. The cartoon characters on the cover art had me laughing and the super spastic tunes had me dancing. Don't fret on never getting a chance to own this release because 625 Productions is putting it out on vinyl. Essential! (RC)
(Thrash On Life, no address)

V/A - "Nå Eller Aldri" LP

This LP compiles some essential bits of Norway's hardcore history onto one easy to use 12" vinyl format. Contained within we have the complete EPs of SVART FRAMTID (who went onto perpetuate their mid-tempo driving hardcore attack in bands like SO MUCH HATE, KAFKA PROSESS, and DRUNK), BANNLYST (crushing hardcore that lays the basic framework from which BASTARD derived their sound), STENGTE DORER, BARN AV REGNBUEN, and the *Nå Eller Aldri* compilation EP (featuring BANNLYST, KAFKA PROSESS, ANGKOR WAT, AKUTT INNLEGGELSE (pre-TURBONEGRO!) amongst others—think of it as the *Boston, Not LA* of Norway.) Totally essential listening for any fan of hardcore punk—it's about time Norway's rich punk history started to get some recognition. (MT)
(no address)

V/A - "Notes from the Underground" CD

This is a compilation straight outta Canada, featuring the likes of BOMBS OVER PROVIDENCE, PROTEST THE HERO, MARILYN'S VITAMINS, and CLOSET MONSTER. Ranging from sounds reminiscent of the DILLINGER FOUR, and the GHOST, this is a pretty decent release. (MM)
(Underground Operations, PO Box #13 Ajax, Ontario L1S 3C2 CANADA)

V/A - "The Philadelphia Sound" 10"

Damn, this is good. Here we have the CURSE, GO! FOR THE THROAT, KNIVES OUT, and PAINT IT BLACK, all at their best. the CURSE and PAINT IT BLACK carry the KID DYNAMITE torch well, while G!FTT go for a more STRIKE ANYWHERE type of sound. KNIVES OUT come out of the same school of thought as the other three bands, but with more personal lyrics and a less straightforward approach (more breakdowns, more spastic, etc.). You need this record. (MX)
(Chunksaah, PO Box 974, New Brunswick, NJ 08903, www.chunksaah.com)

V/A - "Punk Rock Jukebox" CD

Have you ever wanted to hear a bunch of unimportant bands cover the most important punk rock songs ever? If the answer is "yes" then, by all means, buy 35 copies of this. It's a sad state of affairs when the only song that actually captures the spirit of the original is "I Don't Wanna Hear it" as covered by 88 FINGERS LOUIE. An extra "fuck you" to KILLING TIME for sucking all the life out of "Bodies" by the SEX PISTOLS. (MX)
(Blackout!, www.blackoutrecords.com)

V/A - "Scene of the Crime" CD

The gimmick: 25 bands recording one after the other at the same studio in a 24-hour marathon jag. I ask: *why*? What purpose? You end up with 25 bands getting the exact same production in the exact same studio, which results in 25 bands *sounding the same*! Most of the bands can be summed up as SCREECHING WEASEL/QUEERS devotees playing variations on a competent Fat Wreck street punk lite formula, but the concept drags them all down together. There are, however, a few bands where ear-squinting earns a brief nod. FREEZERBURN, SYPHLLOIDS, JABBERS, COLD COFFEE...get yourselves a 4-track and a garage, throw a carpet over the amp and listen to a lot of PAGANS records. You've got potential! (RW)
(Good Cop Bad Cop, PO Box 653, Foxboro, MA 02035)

V/A - "Shizuoka City Hardcore" CD

Scene comp from Japan. Starts out with UNDER THE SUN, who play goofy mid-tempo'd melodic singalong punk that I couldn't stand. SUGAR chimes in next with some powerful classic Japanese hardcore—pummeling driving attack with over the top vocals. 8000 come next with their BASTARD-lite attack. RAID has a song called "Mohawk," so you know I like them, they contribute three blasts that remind me a bit of E-150. HK end the comp and have the most annoying vocals ever—poorly sung warbly in a late 80s sort of way—gag. Decent enough but by no means essential. (MT)
(c/o Mekong Shizuoka 203-62, Muramatsu-shi, Shizuoka, JAPAN 424-0926)

V/A - "Stupid Over You" CD

This CD, which comes with issue #12 of *Stupid Over You* Fanzine, features a variety of odd German pop/rock/punk bands including O.B., BOY DOT COM, SOKO DURST, FRONTKICK, and the GOLDEN BOYS. I can't say I like any of the bands much, and there are one too many SEX PISTOLS covers on this. The packaging didn't give me enough of an idea about the bands to really have any idea what context they exist in. (WR)
(Stupid Over You, c/c Marko Drawe, Herzog Ernst SW. 7, 85276 Pfaffenhofen, GERMANY)

V/A - "A Tribute to Kaaos: The Chaos Continues" 3xEP

Twenty one bands deliver distinctive cover versions of KAAOS tunes as tribute to this influential Finnish warhorse. JUGGLING JUGULARS, SELFISH, CHURCH OF NIHIL (killer!), TURUN TAUTI, ULSTER, and the awesome RATOS DE PORÃO offer the most memorable tracks on a tribute that, in general, thrashes its way into your heart. Also contains an indispensable record sleeve/KAAOS mini-history. Can a KOHU 63 tribute be too far behind? Very good. (SS)
(Fight, Hikvuorenkatu 17 0 36, 33170 Tampere, FINLAND)

V/A - "Tribute to Masami" 2xCD

A tribute record for Masami Hosoyo from GHOUL. All the traditional Japanese hardcore veterans are here, most covering GHOUL songs, but others offering originals and some covering other bands, everything from STEPPENWOLF to the EXPLOITED. There are certainly some stinkers on this two disc set, most notably the rap song that kicks the whole thing off (and the second song is nothing to write home about either), but there are some great tunes on here as well, notably WORMS' MEAT, RAPES, EXTINCT GOVERNMENT, SLEEPERS, FORWARD, BAREBONES, PAINTBOX, TOKYO YANKEES (whose song is great!!) and a killer song from the impossible to find GHOUL flexi. A fitting tribute created by loads of admirers...hell, as a rocker, what more could you hope for when you keel over? (WN)
(no address)

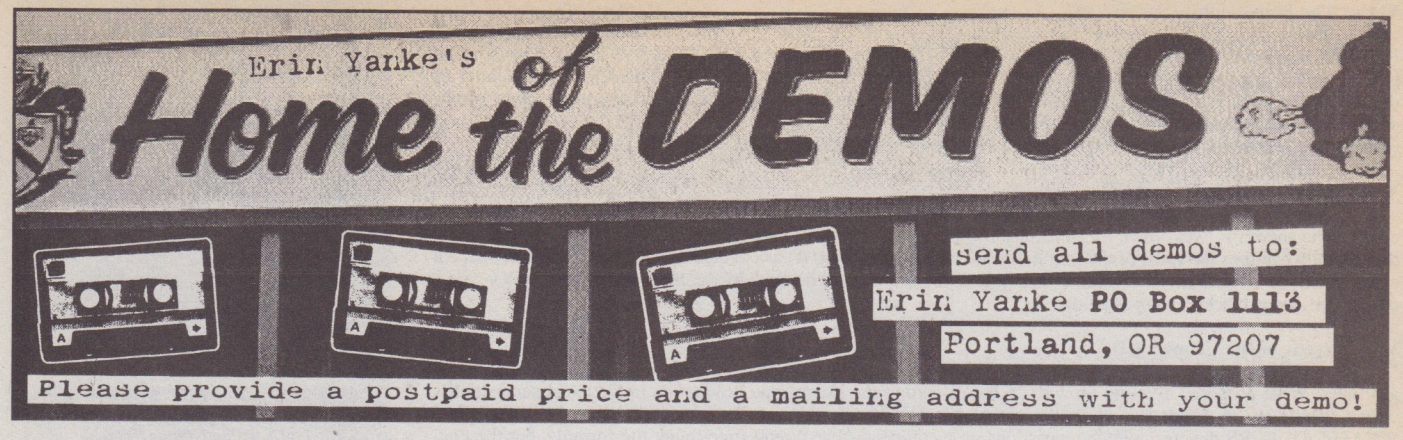
V/A - "The United States of American Oi, Vol. 2" CD

OK, all you super working class heroes! Here's a compilation of a selected number of Oi! bands from mainly the East and South. Highlights include: PIST AND BROKE, ANTI HEROS, TEMPLARS, THOSE UNKNOWN, and BROKEN HEROS. As a bonus, there's a terrible hip hop song at the end. (SR)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

V/A - "We Don't Need Society" CD

Oh, the tributes continue...this time to DRI—you remember them, they put out one amazing 7" (which was later put onto the 12" format) and then promptly turned into a shitty metal band—leading the crossover "movement." OK, yeah I know it wasn't that black and white, but I don't have much space. So here we are in 2002 with a 37-song CD that is a tribute to DRI. See there is problemo numero uno—DRI only has 22 good songs. Onto the CD—most of it is too metal in its delivery and lacks the raw pummeling power that early DRI packed. Standouts, though, would be CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, STFU, RATOS DE PARAO, and L'AMICO DI MARTUCCI. REALLY RED was a much better band. (MT)
(Malt Soda, PO Box 7611, Chandler, AZ 85246, www.maltsoda.com)

RECORDS



ABLE WAS I have a textured moody emo sound, room for super quiet soundtrack style parts, and stop-on-a-dime switching from simple sort of FIREHOSE-ish parts to more metal and/or distorted parts. So there's all the musical variations going on, and on top of that, the vocals vary between the moping kind and the screaming kind. It sounds like a mess when I try and describe it, but it works well together; the parts balance out. ($4 ppd. 3 song CD, lyrics included. 1305 N. Tyndall, Tucson, AZ 85719.)

AUSCULTATION is a "label showcase" (that sounds stuffy, but ignore your preconceptions and read on!) sort of comp with quite a range, from the immediate sweet pop of **ANGRY DAISIES** to the hardcore of **DESTROYER**; then it sort of slowly slides back down the scale, getting less fierce and more emo as the side progresses, with **LEVAL BLESSING**, the **CONFORMISTS**, and **KUNG FU RICK**, who actually up the fierceness and emo. Side two starts in a lo-fi plaintive style with **COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY RHYTHMS** and goes heavy with **SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA**, then goes into a weird groove thing with **IFIHADAHIFI** doing a PRINCE cover (with a little too much of the chunka chunka guitar for me, but maybe it's right up your alley). The direction goes back towards the emo with **FORTSELLA FORD** and we end up with the amazing **MODERN MACHINES** and a catchy dance number. ($3 ppd. 11 song cassette, no lyrics, but liner notes. 4023 N. Bartlet Ave., Shorewood, WI 53211.)

BACTERIA play a mix of early aggressive hardcore and contemporary metallic hardcore, with the heavy rhythm section sound. The vocals are in your face shouting style, that have the guttural maybe-about-to-puke-at-the-end-of-the-song edge. Brilliant lyrics include "so what if I've got thunder thighs / there's just more to hold onto for the ride." Yee Haw! (10 song cassette, lyrics included. 4507 N Gantenbein Ave., Portland OR 97217.)

BASEMENT RECORDINGS VOLUME THREE is a wide ranging compilation tape put together by Trrevor Pennsylvania. It starts out pretty poppy (**THE SECRET MUSEUM**) then immediately into a fast, dark crusty world with that sort of slower fancy bass work groove part going on to break it up, with **MEPHTOPHEIES DEATH CANISTER**. Then to **ROBERT BLAKE**, the great acoustic guitar player with the sad songs, and then to a moody electronic soundtrack style bit by **OCTOPUS**. Back to straightforward punk **UNLEASH THE BASTARDS**...The yo-yo of this comp just keeps going, and later on on side B it even features **OMAR AND THE LESBIANS**, reviewed down below in proper alphabetical order. The tape quality is fine but on the low fidelity side of things, but that just means you have to turn your tape player up louder than normal. ($3 ppd. 18 song cassette, no lyrics included. PO Box 31, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.)

THEE BLACK ONE is probably a group of friends who go really high and in the middle of jamming, turned on the tape recorder. There's lots of slow cymbal action with just a bass note getting hit, and a flute, and some sort of instrument that you blow in making spooky harbor noises. Maybe a little later there are some string instruments in there? On the other side of the tape the instruments that take electricity get their turn. (Lets just call it two long songs, no lyrics included. PO Box 31, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.)

COOTERFINGER play mid tempo and easy going rockabilly. the vocals are straightforwardly sung, yet well enunciated. They come close to letting loose on a couple of songs, but they never follow through and get wild. ($3. 6 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 924, Blue Ridge, GA 30513.)

DEAD IS DEAD play moody, dark, and slow songs that have vocals over a minority of the song. They punch it up with some fast breaks, but it sounds like a tantrum, then back to depression. The vocal style switches between dark screams, and guttural yelling. It really captures a mood, a certain depression that you don't know if it's going to go outward or inward, homicide or suicide....really good. (9 song cassette, no lyrics included. 2224 Klein Rd., Wilmington, NC 28405.)

THE DEAD PEOPLE play straightforward smartass punk rock, that has a pretty good balance between the rockin' songs and the songs with the pop style hooks. Think of the smooth pop punk bands, then remember back when they were rough around the edges, and you'll have this bands number. Bonus special included is a live CD, one of those tiny ones, that has 7 of these 8 songs live, plus one different track. This just flat out rocks, and they sound really fun and energetic live. And it's included for no extra cost! ($6 ppd. 8 song CD, no lyric sheet. 651 Chestnut, Richland, WA 99352.)

DOPPELGANGER has a manifesto and encourage you to join their thrash coalition. Their thrash coalition is blazing fast, high on the treble, and with screaming vocals where you can feel the agony when he holds out the screams. They sound fun to flail around to, but beware those with bad eyes, I can't read what the lyrics are about because they favor small print. (This Demo Is Free! 18 song CD, lyrics included. 5568 Pine Hollow Road, Concord, CA 94521.)

KENJI have a great solid rock sound underneath the emo sort of straining screaming singer guy, so the whole thing sounds like a cathartic exercise in rocking out. And I do mean like the hard rock days of the early 70s, not classic rock radio. The earlier recordings on here are way more screamo. Great drummer. (9 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 3441, Ventura, CA 93006.)

OMER AND THE LESBIANS have another super long intricate CD out, and what have you been doing with your life? This time, I have to admit, my reactions were less polar. Last time you might remember I was laughing out loud hysterically and cringing. They are a toy instrument and bad joke band that pull off roping you in, even when you don't understand the inside jokes. This time there's a lot more leaning on the vocals, and the music is not as crazy. One note music beds over ranting about how sex is weird, meatloaf, and TV. My favorite lyrics this time "I'm not retarded, I'm just white." Still fucking funny, probably just as good as the first one, really, but once you've been exposed to this sort of thing, it's hard to reach those pinnacles again. ($3 ppd. 23 song CD, no lyric sheet, Peabody Hall Room 421, 2029 N. Broad St., Philadelphia PA 19122-1115.)

PAINTED YOUTH bring on the melodic emo. It's pretty catchy for the genre, I'd say there's about 60% melody pushing these songs along, and the slow bits and fast bits fight it out for the remaining 40%. The vocalist switches equally between shouting and a kind of speaking in earnest tone. ($2 ppd. 5 song cassette, lyrics included. 1682 Frances St. Vancouver, BC V5L 1Z4, Canada.)

THE PASSION are strange, the first song having the sweetest guitar bits and slow moody drums with this fucking eerie echo crusty voice going on over it. The most haunted song I've heard in a long time. Then the next song is sort of an rockin tempo changing thing with the same creepy vocals. They go through different styles of music, pop songs, and "all the bitches sing" is emo as hell, all with creepy demon vocals. A screamer guy is in there about half the time, too, singing along. ($2 ppd. 8 song CD, no lyrics included. 114 Drake, San Antonio, TX 78204.)

UNDERGROUND ATTACK is a wide ranging fucking great international comp put out by Where's Your Anger. Plenty of variety from straightforward thrash, to d-beat driving hardcore, and many stops in between. It features **DIOS HASTIO** from Peru, **PARACONFLICT** from The Philippines, a **DISLIKE** from Indonesia, **THE STEWDUCTS** from South Korea, **COACCION**, from Tijuana, Mexico, **BESTHOVEN** from Brazil, JACK from Hungary, **PTVP** from Russia, **LIE DETECTOR** from The Philippines, **PESMENBEN IV** from Ecuador, and to round it all off, a **DISLIKE** from Croatia. This is a great resource to start writing punks in other places, and I learned a lot about the international goings on. Thanks! ($4 US, $5 World. 37 song cassette, lyric booklet included. PO Box 471, Boston, MA 02134.)

VOLUME 4 play tiny blasts of mayhem, you know the score, but their longer songs surprise you with danceable parts and melody, and cool driving bass parts, under the guy screaming his gut out. The longer songs are still short, one just under 2 minutes, and one just over one minute. ($2 ppd. 12 song cassette, although 4 are repeats played live on the awesome KDVS. There are no lyrics included. 1826 D Street #2, Sacramento, CA 95814.)

ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (JB) Julia Booze, (CB) Chanel Bowman, (KC) Karoline Collins, (BD) Ben Ditch, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (SD) Sara Double-Ears, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (CJ) Chloe Jensen, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (MT) Mike Thorn, (GZ) Gordon Zola.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

15th PRECINCT #6 / $5
8.5 x 11 - printed - 82 pgs
My favorite part of this zine was the Australian scene reports from all over down under. There are interviews with The Virus, Nekromantix, Vicious, Thought Riot, Tiger Army, and many more. There are also interviews with two Christian "punk" bands, which is of course totally absurd. Lots of reviews etc. All over the map genre wise, which is cool. Some political pieces about the war and also a thing about Operation Ivy, which was good if a little over dramatic. Recommended.... Christian punks.... pfft. (GF)
PO Box 1390 / Capalaba, QLD 4157 / Australia
info@15thprecinct.net

ABORT! #10 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 36 pgs
Wow! This zine actually inspired me and gave me hope. I've always thought that the sign of a good zine is that it makes you want to write, and *Abort!* may have given me the inspiration I need to finish my own long overdue projects. Jonathan writes with a personal style which draws you in and makes it seem like you're reading a letter from a friend. Other than his infectious stories you will find record and zine reviews, a beer review (which I kind of disagree with), and a funny drunken interview with Speed Crazy, who are some psychobilly band that I've never heard of. Interviews with bands that no ones ever heard of are important for zines I think, and much more worthwhile than interviewing some huge punk band that doesn't really need or want your help anyway. (BD)
40 Adelphi St #3 / Brooklyn, NY 11205

ATTACK! #4/$?
8.5 x 11 - copied - 8 pgs
Pretty good, albeit brief, zine filled with info about new records, labels and projects in the hardcore scene, record reviews and a short interview with everyone's favorite firearm advocate, Felix Von Havoc. (MT)
c/o Krogh / Edgrensgatan 27 / 67150 Arvika / Sweden
attackfanzine@telia.com

AZMACOURT #8 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
I've been to the small town of Norman, Oklahoma, where *Azmacourt* is from. It was hot and I went to some great thrift stores, yet the pervasive slowness of the town chaffed me with a rash of boredom. Through comics and handwritten stories Mr. Parker does indeed hit the nail on the head in capturing this boringness, though unintentionally. People like to write about their crappy jobs, but unless there is some truly crazy shit going down, these stories are nearly as bad as having to work the actual job. Other topics in the zine touch on veganism, drug use, and asthma. (SD)
1012 Townhouse Cir / Norman, OK 73069

BARRICADA #18/19 / $3
8.5 x 11 - printed - 40 pgs
I appreciate this anarchist news monthly. While it is tragically sectarian in its call for a type of social transformation that looks like some cross between 19th century union organizing and the Night of the Long Knives, it also is a regular news source from an anarchist perspective. Reading the commentary on the Festival del Pueblo as a failure of organizing, reminds me that the motivation for political/anarchist work is very different for each of us. (AR)
PO Box 73 / Boston, MA 02133

BLACKTHORN #2 / free
11.5 x 17 - printed - 20 pgs
From Portland comes this big newsprint zine with articles about the IWW, homebrewing, the Intifada, the political state of Argentina, urban permaculture, and DIY mental health care. (CR)
PO Box 11046 / Portland, OR 97211

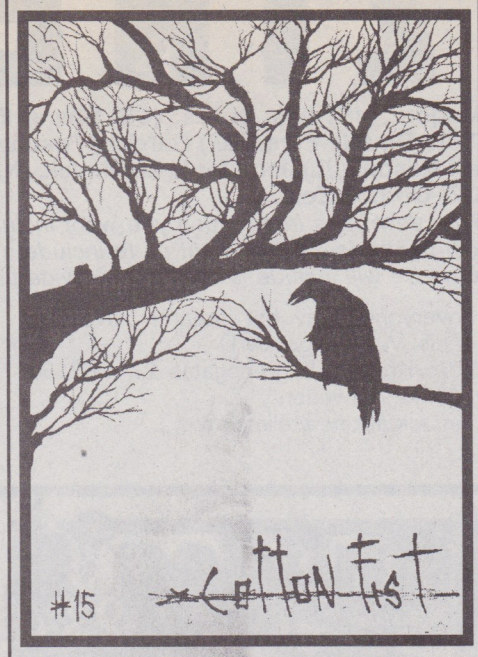
BULLDOG #23 / $5
11 x 8 - printed - 152 pgs - Czech
Although this zine comes across as skinhead heaven, there is a lot here for the rest of the punk rock scene too, including a great interview with the band Kud Idijoti from Croatia. Other interviews and band articles cover Astro Zombies, Beltones, Oi Valcans, Roots and Boots, Youngang, Skinflicks, P38, and plenty of others. It is unique how this zine has its record reviews scattered throughout the zine. There are plenty of cool photos of skinhead/mod gals, I guess to prove the scene is not only for boys. But I must admit the Red Meat cartoons throughout the issue suck. One or two was enough! (HH)
Vladimir Cerveny / PO Box 48, 199 21 / Praha 9 / Czech Republic
www.streetpunk.cz

COLDHANDSDEADHEART #10, 11, 12, 13
4.25 x 5 - copied - 40 pgs each
Hm. I'm not sure if these are for sale—I believe the primary reason artist Michael Twohig published these little books of his sketches and drawings is for a little feedback, so here goes. I dislike almost all art that involves dripping, gouging, nerve endings, bulbous masses of diseased flesh, etc. When I saw a few of these things, I was gearing up for some really critical constructive criticism. But looking a bit closer, I realized that Michael has talent and some good ideas—he just needs focus. These are all single-frame comics or drawings representing events in the news, characters in the neighborhood, bands, and more. Perhaps he would be able to create something more solid and coherent if he teamed up with a writer, or just put his efforts into a longer, themed piece. If you're curious, or need a competent illustrator, go ahead and contact him at the address below, and send some stamps. (AC)
83 1/2 Howell St #2 / Rochester, NY 14607
m_twohig@hotmail.com

COMMON SENSE $1 or trade
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 62 pgs
Contributors hold this zine together, if only because you don't have to read anything that just sounds the same. But there is no sense of cohesion here at all. Nothing relates to anything else. There isn't a theme to connect it, yet there are stories that stand alone. In the beginning there are some book reviews that shed light only on the personality of the reviewer, then a series of random stories and rants. The highlight of the whole shebang is some thoughtful commentary on internalized racism by Joe Biel of Microcosm. Not a lot of attention to layout, and the best story in here gets cut short for no explicable reason. (JB)

Tyler Yount / Common Sense / 655 Clear Creek Ct / Ballwin, MO 63021

COTTON FIST #15 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
This politically charged zine from Ireland has a very dark feel with some really great drawings. Most of the writing revolves around the shortcomings of living in a city, the sad vapid state of consumerism, misogyny, and the new Europe-wide police force and the need



for an international response to it. (CR)
32D Greygates / Stillorgan Rd / Stillorgan / Co. Dublin / Ireland

DAYBREAK! #3 / $1
11 x 17 - printed - 12 pgs
A free anarchist tabloid, *Daybreak!* features some local news and plenty of typical screeds. I was impressed by the comic and the cross word puzzle, and those oppressed by the state for their youth can learn to make four gallons of wine, but otherwise there are better places for your buck. If I lived in the area I would leaf through this and set it down again. They are looking for distributors and donations (JM)
PO Box 14007 / Minneapolis, MN 55404

DEADBEAT #4 / free, $1 postage
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 38 pgs
'Nother free zine this month, which is making for an encouraging trend. Brief histories of Black Flag, the Zero Boys, and Tacoma, Washington's immortal ever-lovin' Sonics (hooray for our side), current hitmakers Aus-Rotten and the Suicide Machines, record reviews, a laundry list of upcoming shows in the Ft. Lauderdale area, and a few rants and raves. Could have used a few more pretty pictures to go along with the literary content, but that's my personal bias speaking. The dead-serious recipe for Guinness ice cream has my curiosity piqued. (JH)
PO Box 460106 / Ft Lauderdale, FL 33346-0106
deadbeatmagazine@hotmail.com

DIG IT! #26 / $5
8 x 11.5 - copied - 48 pgs - French
Long-running rock 'n' roll superfanzine includes, this time around, interviews with the Raunch Hands, the Mighty Hannibal, Off The Hip Records, Superhelicopter, Mike Ness, and more. One nice feature is a review of punk labels in their (garage, 60s garage, "punk 'n' roll") genre. Packed with crap for fans who speak French. (AC)
c/o Armadillo / 32 rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse / France
digitfanzine@chez.com

DISUNDERSTOOD #1 / 50¢
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Three words to describe *Disunderstood*? Pure fucking genius. Sara takes her notebook to shows and writes down what she thinks the bands are singing about, then puts it all in here... I was laughing all week thinking about things I read in this zine. And honestly, I think the world would be a much better place if Tragedy actually sang about vegetable gardens and Amdi Petersen's Armé really did say "We don't need to go to skateboard university!"

There's even a cute dog on the cover! What more could you want?! Seriously, find this zine or suck at life. (CJ)
PO Box 190054 / San Francisco, CA 94119

DORIS #20 / $1
5 x 8 - copied - 32 pages
I was so refreshed when I found out I got *Doris*. Her previous issues have been amazing, and yet she manages to do it all over again. She talks about her adventures moving to a desert, and a little comic about goin' fishin'. Her layout is cute and works really well. "Dear Inga" is the best article in this zine. Just go get it! (KE)
PO Box 1734 / Asheville, NC 28802

FORGOTTEN YOUTH FANZINE
#1 / $2
5.5 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs - Spanish
Goofy adolescent cut 'n' paste zine from Puerto Rico, "edited" by two kids calling themselves "Flash Booger" and "Poop Bandit." Poop Bandit! Interviews with the Blind Pigs, PA Scouts, and the Queers. There's also an "art" section that's a real gem, a word search game, and other stupid shit. I'm glad zines like this exist, really, but hell, two bucks is a shitload of money. (AC)
FYFZ / PO Box 8987 / San Juan, Puerto Rico 00910
angrysk8dwarves@yahoo.com

GO FUCK YOURSELF / $?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 38 pgs
DIY sex toys! Fairly detailed (yet simple) instructions on how to make harnesses, whips (and paddles, and riding crops and), clamps, cock rings, dildos, uh, knot tying, all out of stuff you can find lying around Gilman St. Totally awesome and sex positive. This is apparently the "new and improved" edition. I know that *you* aren't into this kind of stuff, but if, you know, like your *friend* is you should get this for *them*... (GF)
Annie Danger / 379 40th St / Oakland, CA 94609
touchtwice@yahoo.com

GREEN ANARCHY #10 / $2 ($3 Canada / $4 World) free to prisoners
8.5 x 11 - printed - 28 pgs
Anti-civilization/primitivist news and theory. Includes an anti-organization essay, history of the Greek N17 movement, a Zerzan article, interview with Ann Hansen of Direct Action, "Towards a Paleolithic Existence," and anarcho-bash and trash reviews from around the world. I'll say this for *Green Anarchy*, though I disagree ideologically with almost everything here, this is much more well-written than many primitivist journals. I guess the big question I always have after reading these types of publications (besides whether after the rev I'll have to take on a name like "Mountain Goat" or "Wise Dolphin") is what becomes of the majority of people on the planet when "we" destroy civilization? Not "our" problem, I guess, since we should "work and play with only those people whom (we) feel solidarity with in any given situation." (GZ)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440
Greenanarchy@tao.com

GREEN ZINE #12 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 52 pgs
I definitely sense a *Cometbus* influence in this travel-oriented zine as it weaves together tales of adventures, interpersonal dynamics between people when they become intimately involved, the trials and tribulations of mobility, and the sense of uprootedness that is juxtaposed with a sense of loyalty to place and community. I enjoyed the layered, emotional narrative style—it was very dramatic and teetered on the edge of taking itself too seriously, but sucked me in, nonetheless. A much appreciated publication that I highly recommend. (JL)
Greenzine / c/o Cristy Road / 14222 SW 83rd St / Miami, FL 33183

HOME EC #1 / $1
5.5 x 8 - copied - 20 pgs
A homey little zine with no agenda other than to pass along a few good recipes: for eating, for luxurious bath type stuff, for quilting, and even for dogs and cats. There's a nice little home-improvement based story by a contributor, and a short interview with a DIY (around the house, that is) pal of the editor. (AC)
PO Box 948 / Athens, GA 30603

I CAN'T BE BOTHERED
#1 / £1, $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 22 pgs
Contains a "contacts page and a few little bits and pieces for your reading pleasure." Apparently this ish of *I Can't Be Bothered* (which bills itself as an "info newsletter" up front) comes with a 27-track CDR that is conspicuously absent from my copy (so I can't speak to its quality). For your buck/Euro you get interviews with Brazil's Nauzia, Willbreaker, and Toxic Holocaust (!), and the usual record reviews and verbal harangues. Nice to see that the Exploited are still getting lousy record reviews three years into the 21st century. (JH)
Tony / 25 Planthill Rd, Higher Blackley / Manchester M9 6WH / UK
kirktscotty@aol.com

JERSEY BEAT #72 / $3
8 x 10.5 - printed - 120 pgs
If I can be superficial for a second, this issue of *Jersey Beat* has a totally rad cover. Inside, you'll find a similarly rad zine that lets you know what's going on right now in the fine state of New Jersey. I was lost on some of the articles pertaining to the local scene, but the interviews with Tear It Up, Submission Hold, and others were interesting. Sometimes it tended a little towards the mainstream (with a piece about Bright Eyes and photos of MTV darlings The Vines), but I'm sure they still mean well. There are also a whole bunch of record reviews and a comic or two thrown in for good measure. (CJ)
418 Gregory Ave / Weehawken, NJ 07086

JUNIE IN GEORGIA #10 / $2
5.5 x 8 - copied - 26 pages
Blah. That's the first word that came into my mind when I picked up this zine. It's totally boring. The handwriting is somewhat hard to read, and very very light. It's not bound together, so all the pages got scattered across the floor. Geesh. So, I decided to read it and see what it was all about. There is a picture of Ozzy Osbourne and his family on the cover, mind you. Then I read about four pages on Junie's first acupuncture experience. There was a really good article by an anonymous writer who lived in a jail for quite some time. Very interesting. It follows up with letters from companies such as Dairy Queen about their "mystery flavored soft serve." That I enjoyed reading. This wasn't the worst zine, but because of the text and layout, it almost could have been. An OK read. (KE)
Junie in Georgia c/o W4656 / Swan Acre Dr / Cecil, WI 54111
junieingeoriga@hotmail.com

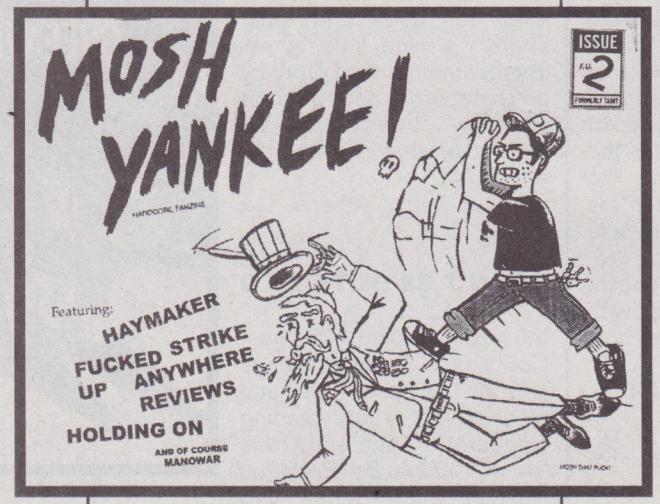
KING-CAT #61 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 24 digest pgs & 24 pg mini
John's drawings leave me with impressions of summer, hot pavement, love affairs with birds, missing someone, and curling up with the kitty. This new *King-Cat* is beautiful, sparse in the way it leaves you imagining the rest of the thought, expanding like dissolving a sugar cube on your tongue. These simplified images evoke emotions that spread through me, and that is why I adore this comic.There is a story about John and his mom trying to find the right album at Tower and she bags the place for not selling tapes. This issue is full of cute moments like these, plus the mini-zine that comes inside is all drawings of Maisie the cat. (JB)

Spit and a Half / PO Box 881 / Elgin, IL 60121

LITTLE BLACK STAR #19 / 1 stamp
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 4 pgs
This little broadsheet reads a bit like a series of reprints from Indymedia, but with a more or less anti-authoritarian feel. This issue contains articles with titles like "Is This Whole Thing Just for Some Oil?" and "9-11; How Much Did the US Know?" These questions seem to indicate that our dissatisfaction with the current regime is based on being kept in the dark, and not on our rejection of the principle underpinnings on which our current civilization rests. (AR)
PO Box 197 / Lewisburg, PA 17837

LOITERING IS GOOD #8 / $1
5.5 x 8 - copied - 48 pgs
"I write a lot, and only a minute amount of that shit ends up in my zine," the prologue reads, and the editor wonders if he's erring by editing out so much. But what's here is a thick zine, all writing (and a few photos) and all fucking great. It's a collection of personal stories, but stories with a larger point behind them—not just that trespassing is fun but that some things about private property are fucked up, or not just that there are interesting characters in the street but that breaking down barriers between people makes your world a better place. This issue is focused on the city of Chicago in particular. Highly recommended. (JM)
PO Box 424881 / San Francisco 94142-4881

MOON RUST #3 / stamp or trade
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 30 pgs
Mike and Alex share this zine, and even though the name is the same it's more like a split. Alex's writing is endearing and reminds me a lot of Aaron Cometbus's (which makes sense, since the kid's a Crimpshrine fan), while Mike's is more intense, dark, and a little more confusing. Alex extols the virtues of Gilman coffee (yeah!) and makes a tree sound interesting, and Mike writes about disease, hamsters, and road trips. Both sides focus on short stories and anecdotes and they both end on really inspiring notes that almost make me forget that summer's over. I'm supposed to pick a favorite side but I don't think I can—they're both awesome in very different ways. (CJ)
23 Alger Dr / Rochester, NY 14624



MOSH YANKEE #2/?
Mosh Yankee is a pretty fucking rad hardcore zine from Toronto. Interviews with Haymaker, Fucked Up, Strike Anywhere, Holding On and a reprint of the discussion between Dave MDC, Vic AOF and Ian Minor Threat from *MRR* number eight. Plus the standard reviews section and brief rants from the creators. Good quality guts, though I could do without the overly clean computerized layout. Thumbs up kids. (MT)
c/o Matt Bickle / 2 Stewart St #202 / Toronto, ON M5V IH6 / Canada

NYFRAELST #1 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 40 pgs - Swedish
Yeah, there are still people out there doing small xeroxed zines! There are a couple of band interviews including Shank, Cripple Bastards, Coche Bomba, and Mats Jonsson. There are a bunch of cool record reviews and best of all, lots of great cartoons and graphics. (HH)
Joel Abrahamsson / Brattens Vag 6A / 311 35 Falkenberg / Sweden

OX #48 / $7
11 x 8 - printed - 156 pgs - German
As always, *Ox* is packed full of punk rock. This issue features band interviews with Dag Nasty, Anti-Flag, Mudhoney, Dirtbomb, the Vandals, Murderdolls, and plenty more. There are also the usual columns and the hundreds of new record reviews. There is also a historical article on one of Germany's great punk bands, Big Balls and The Great White Idiot. Finally, the zine comes with its usual free CD sampler with a couple of decent tracks including those by Distraction, Kings Of Nuthin, the DeRita Sisters, and the Travoltas. (HH)
PO Box 102225 / 42766 Haan / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PARIAH #1 / free with 2 stamps
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 36 pgs
Political zine done by a bunch of high school guys. This is a pretty impressive collection of writing by teens trying to figure out what to do after realizing that they live in the dominant country of a fucked up world. Good article on "free range" eggs and meat, a little news, and lots of

short column rants by a number of contributors on a number of social evils. I even like the tape aesthetic though I'm not sure it was intentional (a glue stick is invisible, FYI). (GZ)
Daniel Shea / 201 S Ashland / La Grange, IL 60525

PLACENTA #1 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 36 pgs
This self-described "punk rock vegan parenting zine" was very enjoyable to read, covering stories about the author's labor, child-rearing advice that challenges values of consumerism transmitted to parents, anecdotes from other punk parents, lists of resources for parents, and other tidbits. I am curious about this realm of people's lives around me who are raising kids while identifying and being identified outside of dominant culture, so I really appreciated a lot of aspects of this zine. (JL)
4412 Ave A #204 / Austin, TX 78751

POMPADOUR BLUES #1 & 2 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 36 pgs each
In the intro to #2 Tyler advises you to go out and make your own zine if you are upset with his—he is recommending that one contribute to the scene by strengthening it instead of standing around and criticizing it. Even if I hate his zine, he has a very good point. That said, this guy publishes chat sessions on AOL, articles on the history of rock 'n' roll and "The Iroquois and the Result of European Settlement in New York" (essay from school?), and a breakdown of all the best Nickelodeon shows from the late 80s/early 90s. What bugged me the most is a very poorly written story where the "protagonist" dismembers his girlfriend because she didn't deposit a check for him. Yay. (JB)
Tyler Yount / 655 Clear Creek Ct / Ballwin, MO 63021

RESERVED #5 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 26 pages
Well well...a music zine that really isn't all too shabby. The had lengthy interviews with Q And Not U, the Distillers (ha!) and some other bands I wasn't too interested in. No matter what bands they reviewed/interviewed, it wasn't a bad read at all. I liked the pictures they incorporated with each article as well. I give it a 6 out of 10. (KE)
2602 Hartford Rd / Fallston, MD 21047

SET THEIR YARDS ON FIRE AND GIVE THEM DIRTY LOOKS
#1 / $1 or stamp
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 26 pgs
This seems like it was written as various personal letters from Sarah, the author, to a bunch of different people. Reading these short and conversational stories about friends, adventure, and getting drunk and wreaking havoc in Beverly Hills almost makes me feel like I'm on speed, which can be kind of disorienting but also really fun. Sarah seems super tough and a lot of what she says makes me laugh, and her handwriting, although sometimes hard to read, is totally adorable and reminds me of a nine-year-old boy's sloppy cursive. You'll either really like this zine or really hate it, but either way you'll definitely think it's interesting. (CJ)
1214 North 7th Ave / Pensacola, FL 32503

SKAM #7 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 56 pgs
No, not a new issue of *Scam* magazine by SF writer Iggy Scam, but instead a second printing of New Orleans based *Super Kick-Ass Magazine*. In what reads as a memoir, with chapters, Jamie writes a witty, but often dry and stiff catalog of his drug experiences, ranging from smoking pot with his brother in Jamaica to a slew of trashed nights in college. When the stories drift into dialog, a creative energetic world shines through. But a whole collection of high-times is a tedious read. It seems like this guy has a creative interesting life which could offer up great tales, possibly in other issues of the zine. (SD)
New Mouth from the Dirty South / PO Box 19742 / New Orleans, LA 70179-0742

SKIRT / $5
7 x 8.5 - copied - 68 pgs
This earnest production is the collaborative effort of several women in Iowa City. A lot of what is in here has been said a million times before...and as the Riot Grrrl zine explosion passes the ten year mark (hasn't it already?)—it is time to say something new! I guess it is the supposedly self-empowering, "you are beautiful inside and out" commentary and the tired criticisms of fashion magazines (why give them the publicity?) that seem like a rehash. Of course, I am probably older than the "target audience" of this zine, so this may be inspiring or helpful to others. On a positive note, there are some basic instructions that demystify playing the guitar, a punk rock crossword puzzle, those top ten lists that everyone loves, and information about local community center / punk show-house the Mouse Trap, which sounds like a really cool place. I also really liked the piece on solitude and spending time alone. My main gripe is that five bucks is a lot, given the huge print, number of graphics, and lack of substance (it's not a long read). (MD)
Scenester Credentials / PO Box 1275 / Iowa City, IA 52240
skirt@mail.com

SKYSCRAPER #12 / $4.99
8.5 x 11 - printed - 210 pgs
We probably shouldn't be reviewing this anymore... perhaps I can get us off their mailing list. Rarely have I seen a magazine that depressed me so much, and so perfectly summed up all that is wrong with the state of punk these days. Hefty as a book, reading like a collection of promo pieces, complete with promo photos. See if you can find the guy who looks like Ian Svenonius! It's a trick-- they all do! PA-THET-IC. Emo losers posing and talking about their major label deals. *Punk Planet* without the punk. Why bother? Go get a job at *Spin* already. Just in case this sounds interesting to you, I should mention that this looks great mechanics-wise, and shows so much effort that it hurts me all the more. Save the trees, dude. (GF)
PO Box 4432 / Boulder, CO 80306
skyscraperzine@hotmail.com

SLUSHPILE #2 / $5
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 84 pgs
Slushpile is a fanzine put out by a group

of disgruntled zine editors and underground writers known as the Underground Literary Alliance (ULA). Basically, this zine is a compilation of previously released material from ULA members as well as writers who they deem to be sincere, inspirational, and

most importantly, independent. It's hard for me to review *Slushpile* without sounding kind of vague as there is so much content and the writing comes from so many different sources. However, I do like the ideas of the ULA and their direct action approach to putting literature back into the hands of those who it belongs to: the people. My personal favorite contribution is "I don't know," the excerpt from *Urban Hermit* #11, but there are also a whole bunch of other good stories from the likes of Michael Jackman, Jack Saunders, Lisa Falour, and many more. In conclusion, I would have to say that *Slushpile* #2 is definitely worth checking out. (BD)
Underground Literary Alliance / PO Box 42077 / Philadelphia, PA 19101

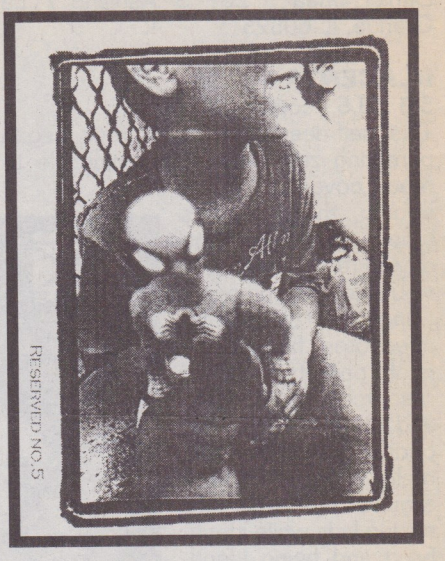
STARDUMB #6 / free, 1 Euro postage
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 38 pgs
Stardumb Records diversifies and enters the world of desktop zine publishing...doesn't that constitute a conflict of interest? Say what you will, the mag ("take it! It's free!") features stuff on the likes of Boris the Sprinkler, Toys That Kill, the Mallrats, Sogo Ishii (none other than "Japan's Premiere Punk Filmmaker"), a nice cartoon fold-out of the Cramps' Lux Interior & Poison Ivy, some reviews, some cartoons, some ads, some nudity. Icing on the donut: *MRR*'s lovable delinquent Bobby Manic guest-stars as a featured columnist. (JH)
Stardumb Enterprises / PO Box 21145 / 3001 AC Rotterdam / The Netherlands
www.stardumbrecords.com

STEALING BABIES #1 / $1
8.5 x 7 - copied - 26 pages
From the makers of *Reserved* comes this personal zine, *Stealing Babies*. Overall it's pretty boring. Not many pictures, and the same computer text just really get old. As far as content, it was just as exciting as the text. Comparing depression with comics in the newspaper is a funny way to start off your thoughts... (KE)
2602 Hartford Rd / Fallston, MD 21047

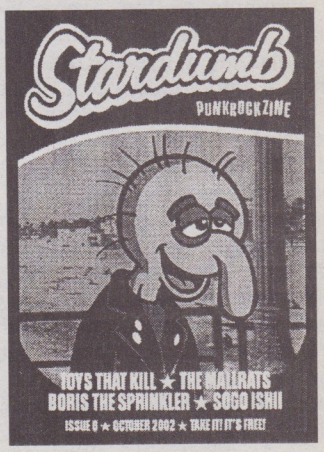
STREETMUSIC #7 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 36 pgs - Swedish
I like the clean austere layout of this zine. It includes a review of the Holidays In The Sun 2002 Festival. There are also articles on the bands Charta 77,and Loikaemie, both of which have been around since the mid-80s. There are also articles on Anti-Flag, Red London, and Perkele. Finally, there are the usual record reviews. (HH)
Stefan Fels / Ekholmsvaegen 24 B / 589 25 Linkoeping / Sweden
stefan_fels@hotmail.com

STUPID OVER YOU #12 / 3 Euros
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 82 pgs - German
"Nur echt mit der CD!!" sie sagen. Dieses ist ein deutsches punk 'zine... ganz auf Deutsch, natürlich. Es enthält Interviews mit Soko Durst, die Revolvers, die Pretty Losers (in Russland) und viele Aufzeichnung. Wenn sie diesen Bericht lesen können, dann ist dieses die Zeitschrift für sie. (JH)
Marko Drawe / Herzog Ernst Str. 7 / 85276 Pfaffenhofen / Germany
stupidpunkrock@gmx.de

THESE ARE THE DAYS #5 & 6 / $2
4.25 x 5.25 - copied - 64 pgs & 76 pgs
These two zines were a pleasant surprise to me. Essentially they are the journals of your average post- collegiate punk / activist / artist. The first issue reads more like a diary, to the point that you wonder why someone would feel the need to share all of their intimate life experiences. Somehow, though, Kyle is able to make it interesting for the reader with both his writing and his drawings. The second issue is a collection of postcards written while on a honeymoon, sharing the story of his trip and his new life being married. The front of each postcard is a drawing; the back is a brief message to a friend describing that day's travels. Both issues are interesting and fun to read. (CR)
PO Box 788 / Chapel Hill, NC 27514
hotironpress@hotmail.com



THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE / $3
8.5 x 11- copied - 15 pgs
I know Moe from her powerful conversational stories about commercial fishing in the zine *X-Tra Tuff*. Her new project is part art project, part zine, and part craft project: a cut and paste non-religious novena (prayer candle) zine. Each page offers a story and an illustration (eye-catching drawings and block prints) for your edification and education. You'll need to get yourself a bunch of those tall candles to actually make these, but the artwork and stories stand alone. There are candles to ward off danger, cope with jealousy, and garner good luck. A cheerful accompaniment to the other mental health regimes that we the punks embrace. Moe lives by her wits and makes a living writing zines and fishing. Support her: get yourself a copy of this. (SD)



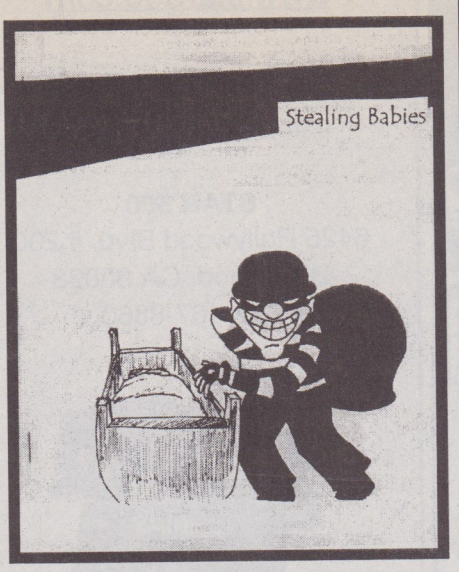
Moe Bowstern / PO Box 6834 / Portland, OR 97228

TOWN OF HARDCORE #1&2 / $2/$3 world
8.5 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Mr. Vinnie Miret loves himself some hardcore, and it certainly does show through these two solid issues of his zine *Town of Hardcore*. Issue one features interviews with RNR and Fucked Up, while numero dos features Haymaker and an interview with the Neos which rules! Both are chock full of opinions about the scene, show, and record reviews. The only downfall is this zines apparent love of Biohazard—what the fuck is that all about? I mean for fuck's sake they were the precursor to bands like Limp Bizkit and Korn. As Matt Gard from *Radio Riot* once said—stop homey-core before it stops you. (MT)
1458 Reynolds Ave / Burlington, Ontario L7M 3B7 / Canada

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 15 / #3
11 x 17 - printed - 16 pgs
I am really excited to see this magazine broaden its scope. Even though I find the rhetoric asphyxiating (People Against Racist Terror? Give me a break.) the length of time that this magazine has been put out, plus its dedication is undeniable. This issue includes a questionable essay called "Dual Power at Pacifica" that brings people up to date on the political struggle that has been happening around the radio network. It contains an analysis of the war from a radical perspective. Copwatch (and other anti-police activism) is discussed along with *Turning the Tide*'s usual reporting of anti-fa actions from around the states and the globe. (AR)
PART / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL
#60 / $1 & $.83 in stamps or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 52 pgs
Wow, ten years and Boone is still taking on most of doing *TTWN* himself. This is the anniversary issue, although it contains the regular straightforward show reviews, interviews and political commentary that keep *TTWN* going strong. This one has interviews with The Washdown, UK Subs, and Xiu Xiu. There is a really good article on the Abortion Non Discrimination Act, and information on how the Bush administration is trying to confuse the facts on Iraq. What I really appreciate about this zine is the attention to so many issues at once, especially a wide variety of music. You can expect an objective, non-jaded voice that focuses both locally and beyond. (JB)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329
ttwn@hotmail.com

TRUST #96 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 68 pgs - German
There are columns, gig listings, interviews with the bands Beatsteaks, One



Dimensional Man, Los De Abajo, Gomez, and Erase Errata. There are lots of cool ads, and plenty of new record reviews. This zine is punk, this zine is good, so check it out! (HH)
PO Box 110762 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
www.trust-zine.de

UNAFFILIATED
#3 / free
8.5 x 11 - printed - 32 pgs
You start to worry when a zine intro talks about the editor not really being into putting out the paper you hold in your hands. So I was immediately surprised when this zine starts off with a very well-written lefty history of Afghanistan (starting in the 70s) and continues with Part 2 of "A Radical Guide to Women's Health." Otherwise contains collages, resource lists, and CD reviews. (GZ)
PO Box 368 / Lyons, CO 80540
Unaffiliated2@hotmail.com

UNCERTAIN NERVOUS SYSTEMS: ANT TRACKS / stamps or trade
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 50 pgs
This is one of the best political zines I've seen in ages. Written in response to what the author calls "information panic," the speed and over-availability of "news" from electronic media destroying our ability to actually process and analyze it. The articles here are unique, interesting, well-written and researched. There are two big pieces in this issue. The first is about the ubiquity of product placement in the entertainment industry, impressive because the author presents the history of commercials and the rise of the blending of advertising and plot while looking at our lack of historic knowledge as a nation. In a longer piece, writings and speeches by Donald Rumsfeld, the Secretary of Defense, are examined for the melding of business metaphors and warmongering. Almost *Baffler*-esque, this article shows the amount that capitalism's homilies have come to stand in for "common sense." Highly recommended. (GZ)
Love Bunni Press / 2641 Euclid HTS Blvd #3 / Cleveland Heights, OH 44106

WEINER SOCIETY #6/$3/free to prisoners
8.5 x 11 - copied - 68 pages
Another massive edition of this zine from one Mr. Neil Edgar. Unapologetically queer and punk as fuck, this issue contains more of Neil's excellent writing which serves as a window into his world, plus a pretty rad interview with Martin from Limp Wrist. Always a pleasure to see this come through here, and you should check it out if you've got the gumption. (MT)
c/o Richard E Bump / 109 Arnold Ave / Cranston, RI 02905

ZOOP! #19 / $2
6 x 8.25 - copied - 56 pgs - French
Another fine issue of *Zoop!* The cover is attractive, silkscreened on thick red stock, and the guts are better organized, visually, than in previous issues. What's consistent, though, is the content: a well-balanced mix of cultural, political, and punk coverage, rooted in the French scene but with a healthy integration of foreign material. Interviews in this issue include Catharsis, Ugly Pop (reprinted from MRR #221), and the Organic label. There are also political event listings, and thoughtful, mid-length reviews of zines, records, and books. (AC)
Bokal Infoshop / 3, rue Lazare Carnot / 01 000 Bourg en Bresse / France

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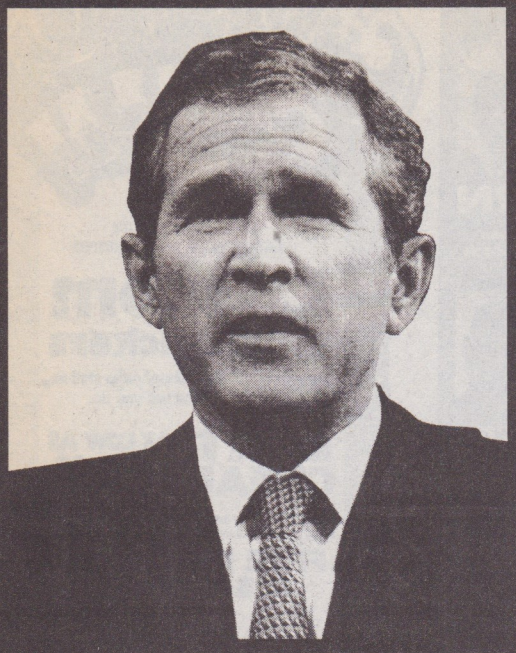

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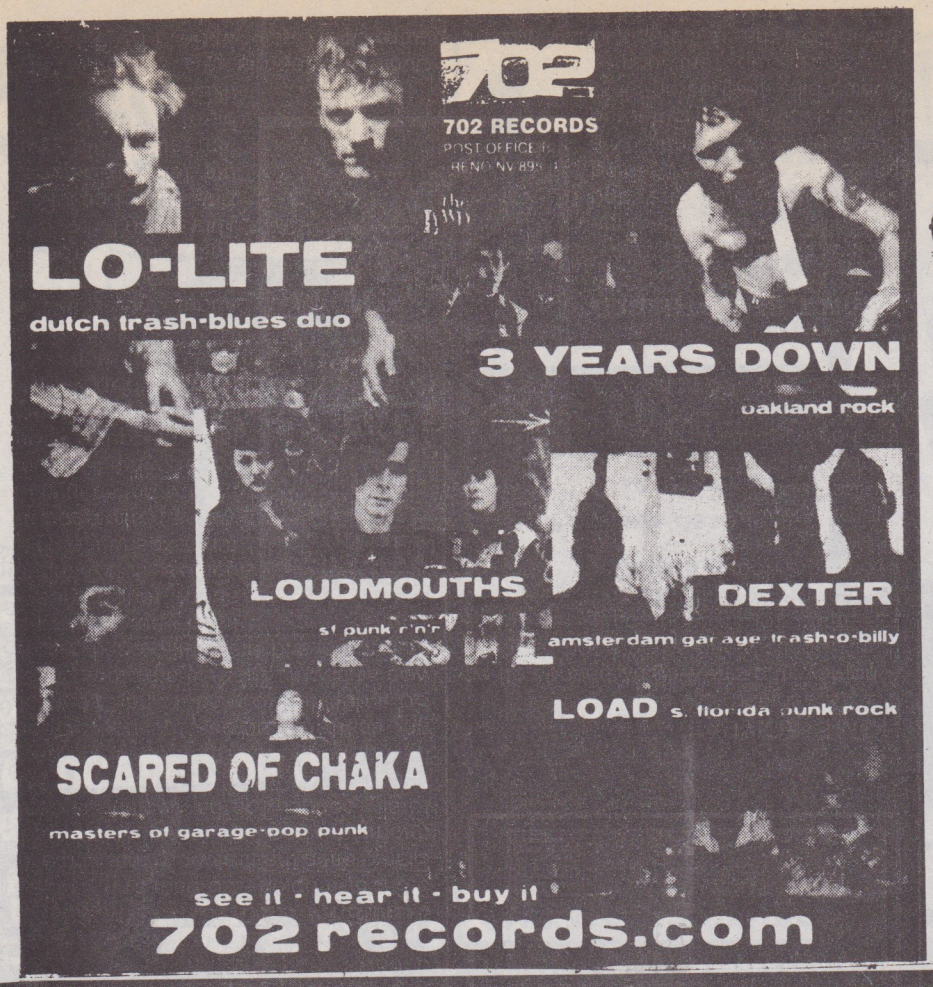
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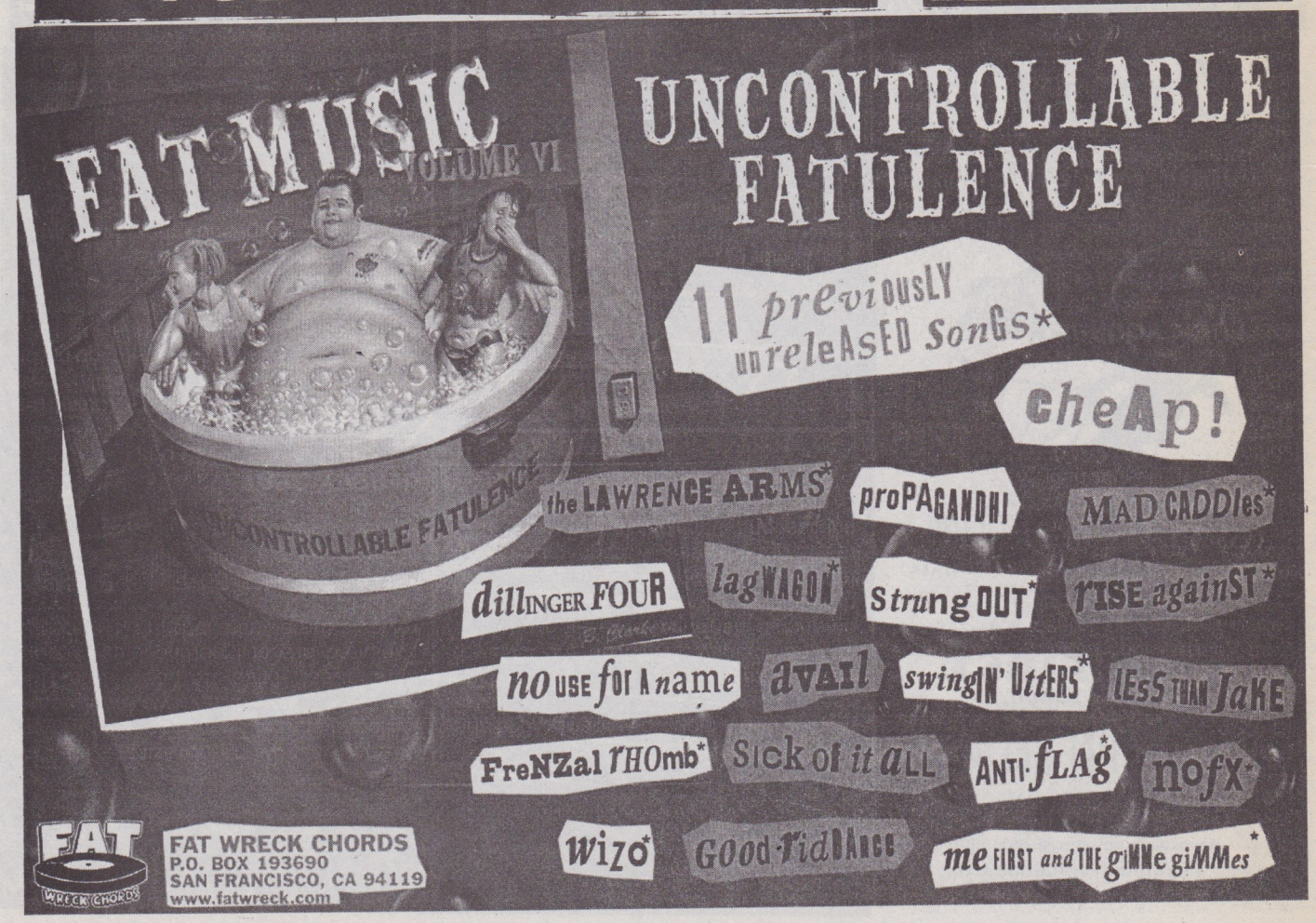
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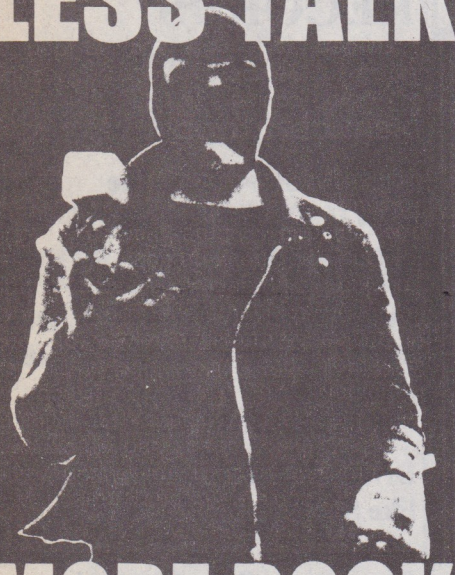

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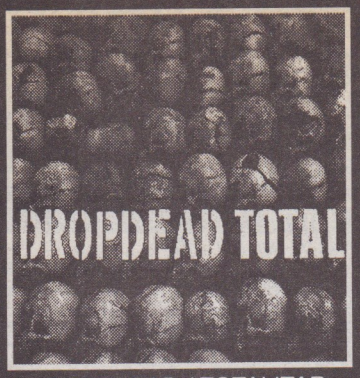

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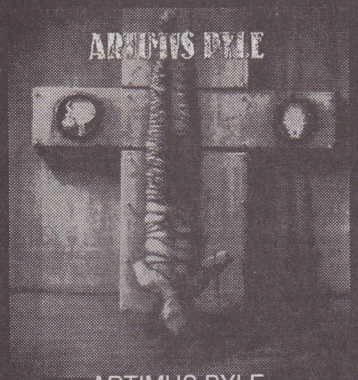

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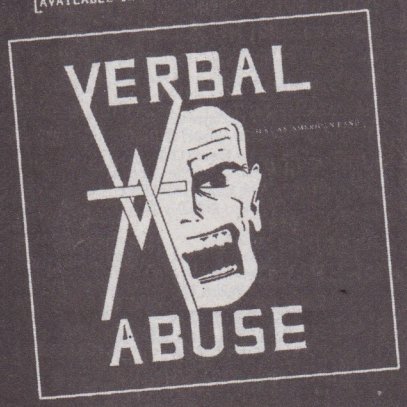

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